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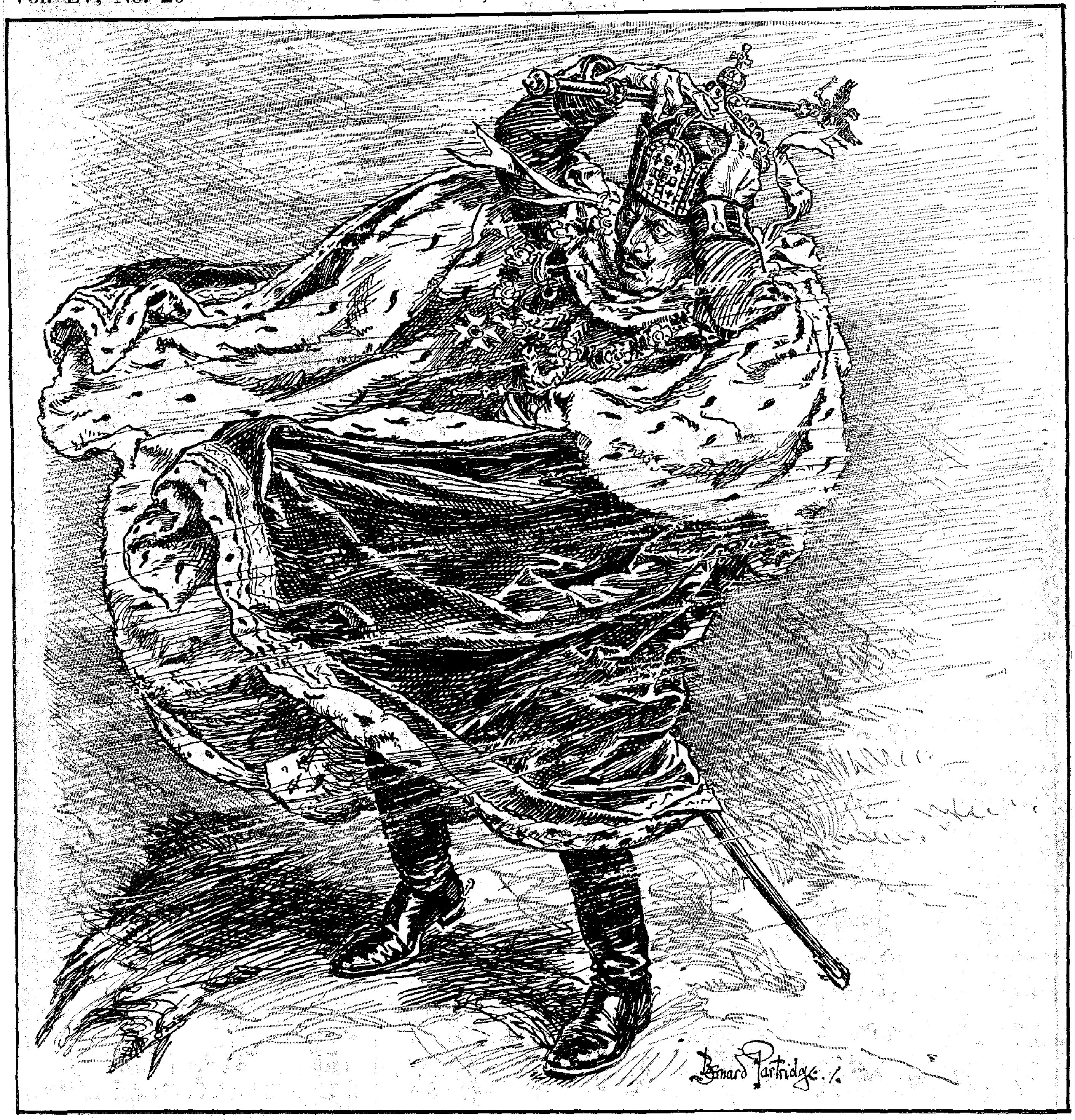
Bernard Partridge.

THE BREATH OF LIBERTY.

THE GERMAN AUTOCRAT—"They may find this wind very bracing in Russia; but it makes me feel extremely uncomfortable."

—Bernard Partridge, in *Punch* (London).

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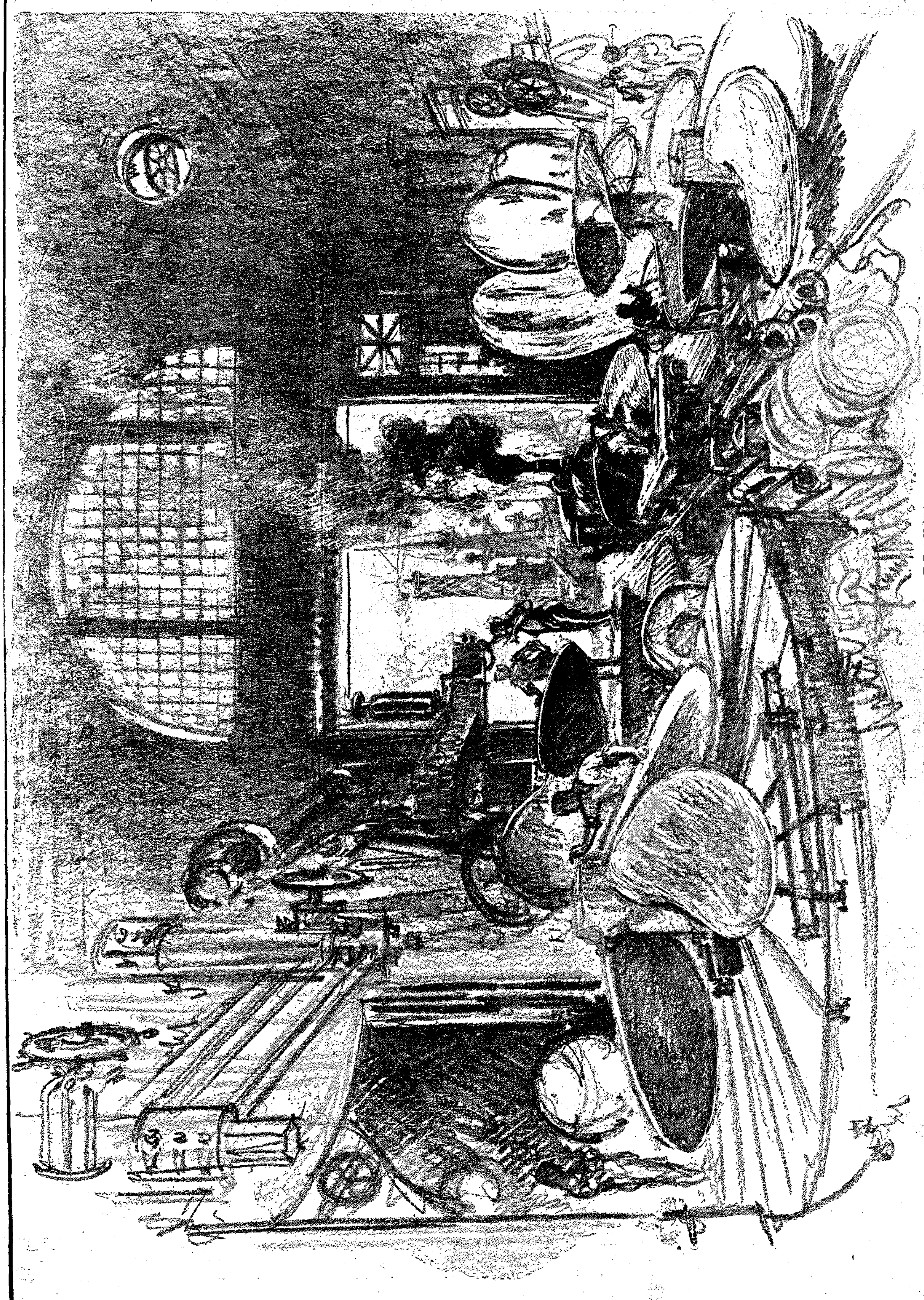

MAKING PROPELLER BLADES.

FROM A LITHOGRAPH BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

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TOPICS - OF - THE - DAY

BOLSHEVIKI AT RUSSIA'S THROAT

NO GREAT ALARM when the Bolsheviki seized Petrograd was felt by American editorial observers, who predicted an early collapse of the rebellion. Bolshevik success, of course, would mean a Russo-German peace that would solve Germany's food-problem and release 147 German divisions, or over 3,000,000 men, for use in the West. But "there is little chance of an immediate peace," declared the New York *World*, "because there is no Government with the authority or power to speak for the Russian people or the Russian nation." In fact, the ultimate effect of this seizure of the Government by the extremists, according to some competent authorities, will be to "purge Russia of the poison which has turned democracy into a nightmare." For, as Mr. Roger Lewis, an Associated Press correspondent just returned from Petrograd, remarks, it gives the Bolsheviki the rope with which to hang themselves; and this view is shared by the *Russkoye Slovo*, a Russian daily published in New York. Says Mr. Lewis, writing in the New York *Tribune:*

> "The Maximalist *coup d'état*, resulting in a temporary overthrow of Kerensky and his Government, has brought Russia perceptibly nearer her remote destiny—that of bringing order out of chaos and building out of the broken pieces of democracy a stable, permanent Government.
>
> "The collision between the two political camps into which the country has been divided is an event which has been ardently hoped for by every Russian sympathizer since the revolution. For in such a conflict the Bolsheviki are doomed to final and decisive defeat. The Bolsheviki may occupy all the palaces and strongholds of Petrograd, as they did during their insurrection of last July; they may impose their will briefly upon the members of the Government, and claim control of the capital, but they can not dominate for more than a brief period the indignant, loyal forces of the Russian nation.
>
> "The Bolsheviki as an element of opposition have constituted a dangerous and sinister menace to the country, poisoning the loyalty of the people, obstructing industry, and defying the Government to exercise its authority. But the Bolshevik party in power, assuming the responsibility of a government, is a helpless and futile anomaly."

To make this clearer, he thus sketches the composition of the Bolshevik party, which he divides into three groups:

> "First, there are innumerable German paid agitators and propagandists whose sole purpose is to reduce the country to complete anarchy.
>
> "The second class is composed of fanatics, escaped criminals, released political prisoners, and expatriated Russians whom political amnesty brought back to the country. These, the sense of accumulated wrongs, real and imaginary, of half a century has driven into a frenzy of anarchistic revolt, and without sharing the motives of their German leaders, they find their doctrines quite congenial.
>
> "The third and largest class is a tremendous body of ignorant workingmen and soldiers with nebulous notions of democracy, who have been taught by their leaders that freedom is a debauch of idleness and that properly interpreted liberty means a complete reversal of power which will give them a gratifying tyranny over their old masters.
>
> "This, briefly, is the Bolshevik, Maximalist, or extreme Socialist faction in Russia. It is made up of the disgruntled, unfit, defective elements in the population, which, without conscious disloyalty to their country, have formed the easiest possible prey for German propaganda."

To speak of a Government by such a faction, he argues, is palpably absurd, even in Russia:

> "And the Bolshevik leaders themselves know it. The day before I left Petrograd, in a friendly argument with one of the Bolshevik leaders at their headquarters, in the Smolny Institute, I told him that I hoped the Bolsheviki would take over the government, demonstrate their complete incompetence to represent Russian democracy, and bring the party as speedily as possible into the discredit which it deserved.
>
> "'Ah,' he said, 'but we don't wish to govern or to have any responsibility. Frankly, we don't know how. But what we want is for the "*bourgeois*" to govern and to discredit themselves.'
>
> "That explains the Bolshevik purpose and the Bolshevik power in a sentence. Their function is one of obstruction. As an opposing faction, criticizing the 'capitalistic' or '*bourgeois*' Government for undemocratic policies, it is powerful and threatening, for it gathers around it an indefinite wavering portion of the population which finds that democracy has brought them neither food, wealth, nor power, and argues, therefore, that the Government is guilty.
>
> "But give the Bolsheviki power and responsibility and a chance to demonstrate their own pitiful lack of constructive ability or definite notion of what the remedy for the country's ills is and their movement automatically collapses."

Turning to the New York *Russkoye Slovo*, we read:

> "By their quick and decisive action the Bolsheviki of Petrograd, led by the Executive Committee of the Petrograd Council of Soldiers' and Workmen's Deputies, snatched the nominal governmental authority from the hands of the Provisional Government. They have declared the Provisional Government as non-existent, Prime Minister Kerensky as deposed, and the Provisional Council of the Republic as dissolved. They have asserted that all governmental authority in the state of Russia has passed into the hands of the All-Russian Council of Soldiers' and Workmen's Deputies and that the executive committee of the Petrograd Council and its president, Leon Trotzky, are now vested with full governmental authority until such time as they shall be able to pass it over to the All-Russian Council.
>
> "This is what happened in Petrograd. The Bolsheviki call this a *coup d'état*, a revolution. But it is neither the one nor the other. It is a rebellion, pure and simple. It is a revolt against the legal, established Government, recognized by the Russian people. It is treason to the people of Russia, and Russia will regard the actions of Trotzky and of his companions as a rebellion—as high treason.
>
> "Petrograd has become the nightmare of Russia. But Petrograd is not the whole of Russia. Russia will not follow the mad Petrograd. A handful of madmen and fanatics will not be able to seize power over the whole country.
>
> "The Bolshevik 'Government' in Petrograd will reenact the bloody Paris Commune. But this Commune of our days will be shattered to splinters by cannon and machine guns. No doubt the bloodshed and the loss of life will be appalling. But there is no doubt that this newest attempt at rebellion is also doomed to dismal failure."

Many days before the Maximalist *coup d'état* of November 7 the extremist element among the Soldiers' and Workmen's Delegates had frankly admitted that they were planning civil war. But when a deputation of Don Cossacks urged Kerensky to take drastic action against these open plotters, reports a Petrograd correspondent of *The Times*, "he pathetically replied that in *Soviet* eyes 'I am a despot, a tyrant, a friend of the *bourgeoisie*, and a betrayer of democracy.'" Nor were other indications lacking that the strong man of the revolution was beginning to lose confidence in the heart-breaking struggle against anarchy within and a powerful and subtle enemy without. Addressing the Preliminary Parliament on October 23, he recalled with emotion Russia's brief but brilliant offensive of July, exclaiming: "If only we could rekindle the enthusiasm of those days in the heart of each man we should have peace by Christmas, an honorable peace for free Russia, with the war fought to an honorable end." But "the Army in the trenches seems to have lost the sense of duty and honor," he added. "It seems to be possible to end anarchy only by German bayonets," exclaimed War-Minister General Verkhovsky on the same occasion. And it was only about a week later that the harassed Premier gave to the Associated Press that famous interview which was so generally interpreted as a confession that Russia was out of the war. It will be remembered that he said in part:

> "Russia at the beginning bore the whole brunt of the fighting, thereby saving Great Britain and France. She is now worn out by the strain and claims as her right that the Allies now shoulder the burden. . . . . . .
>
> "The masses are worn out economically. The disorganized state of life in general has had a psychological effect on the people. They doubt the possibility of the attainment of their hopes."

While some of our papers at the time exprest sympathy with Kerensky in his weariness of spirit, others were outspokenly impatient. "Kerensky as the leader of a well-nigh lost cause was an impressive and sympathetic figure," remarked *The Wall Street Journal*, "but Kerensky crawling under the bed becomes an impossibility, even in Russia." "The French might suggest that if the Russians are worn out it is by talk, and remind them that revolutionary France whipt the armies of Europe," said the Chicago *Tribune*, which added: "The Allies are all struggling loyally to overthrow the German militarist juggernaut. Russian democracy has lost its breath arguing out every shade of politics in the whirling brains of its radicals, and if it sits down by the road now while its comrades fight on, excuses will be hard to find and recriminations will come home to roost." If Russia is worn out, remarked the New York *World*, it can not be by war. For—

> "Belgium, driven from all but a fragment of her soil, is not worn out. Servia, exiled from home but grim and terrible, is not worn out. France, invaded, bleeding, for three years the immovable fortress in faith and courage of the whole Entente cause, is not worn out. These countries, like Russia, have been in the war from its first day. Russia, like them, has invading armies as an incentive to fight on."

LEON TROTZKY,

Lenine's lieutenant and leader of the Bolshevik forces that rose against Kerensky.

But the grounds of Kerensky's pessimism became evident a few days later when he was deposed and his Government overthrown in Petrograd by the Maximalist *coup d'état*, under the joint leadership of Nikolai Lenine and Leon Trotzky. With the cooperation of the Petrograd garrison these counter-revolutionists took possession of the capital without bloodshed, and immediately issued a proclamation declaring that the new Government will propose "an armistice to the end of an immediate and just peace," will hand over the land to the peasants, and will summon the Constituent Assembly. The program of the new authority is thus defined by the Military Revolutionary Committee of the Petrograd Council of Workmen's and Soldiers' Delegates:

> "1. The offer of an immediate democratic peace.
>
> "2. The immediate handing over of large proprietary lands to the peasants.
>
> "3. The transmission of all authority to the Council of Soldiers' and Workmen's Delegates.
>
> "4. The honest convocation of a Constitutional Assembly."

In the Entente embassies at Washington, we are told, this Russian development is regarded as a triumph of insidious German propaganda—a view more than hinted at by Kerensky himself when he declared that "the people who dare raise their hands against the will of the Russian people are at the same time threatening to open the front to Germany."

The refusal of the Allies to discuss war-aims at the Paris conference is resented by the Bolsheviki, who have had their own peace terms ready for submission for some time. This peace program, which consists of fifteen articles and covers the whole ground from Panama to Persia, was drawn up by the Central Executive Committee of the Council of Workmen's and Soldiers' Delegates. It is perhaps sufficient to say that it requires the Central Powers to evacuate Russian territory, Roumania, Belgium, Servia, and Montenegro, which they are not likely to do without compulsion. Lenine makes no reference to these terms now, but advocates immediate peace, which would presumably have to be on German terms, as it takes two to make a bargain.

The fact that Petrograd is virtually a Bolshevik city made it easy for the extremists to seize control there. But as Ambassador Bakhmeteff points out, "the intent and spirit of Russia as a whole should in no way be judged by the news from Petrograd." And in proof of this he reminds us that in the recent elections in the provincial and county local bodies only 10 per cent. of the Bolshevik candidates were elected. These Bolsheviki, or extreme radicals, include many returned exiles from Siberia, as well as Germans and Austrians who have escaped from Russian prison-camps, and German agents. In the New York *Globe* we read:

> "The Maximalist, or Bolshivik, element comprises the most extreme class of the Russian revolutionary-socialists. It first sprang into prominence in the early days of the revolution under the leadership of Nikolai Lenine, the Radical agitator, who later was put under the ban of the Provisional Government because of his ultraradical preachments and his suspected pro-German leanings. He is known to have been in Petrograd for some time past, however, but a Government order for his arrest failed to result in his apprehension. Meanwhile the Maximalists were under the leadership of his chief lieutenant, Leon Trotzky, whose home was in the United States when the revolution broke out, but who sailed for Russia shortly afterward. He was one of the leaders in the 1905 revolution.
>
> "The strength of the Maximalists has lain in the support which they obtained from the military, chiefly in the Petrograd garrison, among which they have been able to work with little interference from their Government. They had failed, however, to impress their policies upon Russia as a whole, as has been shown by the manner in which they were outvoted in the All-Russian Congress and the minority part they played in the organization of the preliminary parliament, in which they refused to participate after they were shown to be outnumbered.
>
> "Nevertheless, their influence upon Russia's policy, both internal and external, has been marked, because of their predominance in Petrograd, the seat of government. It was this sinister influence that in part prompted the recent proposal by the Kerensky Government to remove the capital to Moscow, where it was believed the Government would be freer to represent adequately the will of the whole Russian people."

Mrs. Rheta Childe Dorr, recently returned from Russia, writes in the New York *Evening Mail* that Kerensky's deposition "was certain to be accomplished sooner or later when Leon Trotzky became chairman of the executive committee of the Petrograd *Soviet*, or Council of Workmen's and Soldiers' Delegates."

"Trotzky, the Jewish agent of the German Government, expelled from France and Spain for his pro-German activities, given an American passport to return to Russia last March, is the lieutenant of Lenine, proved to be Potsdam's direct agent in Russia. Lenine fled from Petrograd last July after the bloody revolt of the Bolsheviki and the mutinous regiments of Cronstadt, in which an unknown number of peaceful citizens were slaughtered.

"Lenine, who is now back in Petrograd, fled, but Trotzky remained, and was soon elected chairman of the central and governing committee of the Workmen's and Soldiers' Delegates. Always the crafty and powerful Lenine, with his insistence on a separate peace with Germany, was in the background directing Trotzky's policies. He was probably not farther away at any time than Sweden, and part of the time at least he was in Finland within telephone call of Petrograd. Directing him constantly was the Potsdam office. . . . . .

"America played directly into the hands of Germany when she gave Trotzky a passport, and when she sent back to unhappy Russia the horde of plotting Russians and other 'reds' from the dark corners of New York, Chicago, and other cities."

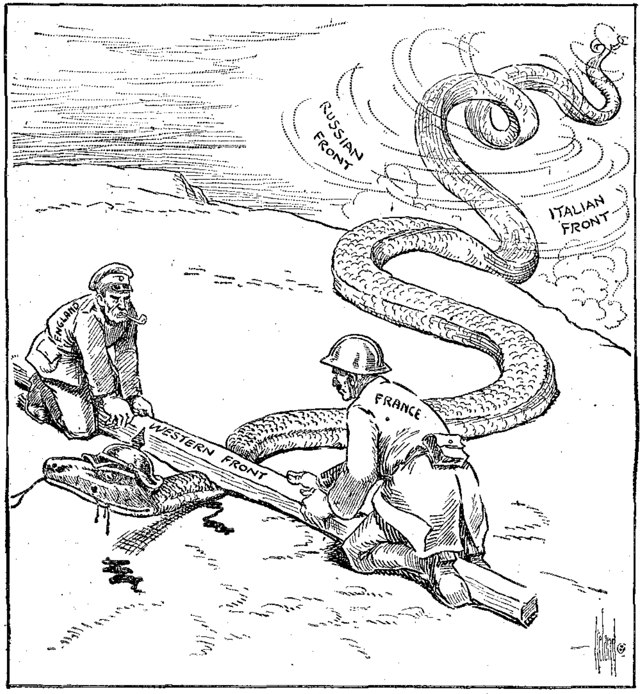
But disaster may yet be averted, Mrs. Dorr goes on to say, by setting up a strong Government in Moscow, the real heart of Russia:

"Moscow has its *Soviet*, or Council of Workmen's and Soldiers' Delegates, but these men and women have never been as extreme in their policies or their methods as the Petrograd *Soviet*. There has been little rioting in Moscow at any time, and the murder of officers has taken place on a smaller scale than in the capital, or in Cronstadt and Helsingfors. Moscow is amenable to reason, if any Russian city is.

"The new moderate or anti-Bolshevik Government, if it is formed, faces a terrible and an extremely doubtful future. Winter is closing in, cold and starvation wait at the gates, and sedition is spreading in the ranks of the ignorant and bewildered people. This is apparent by the action of the Petrograd garrison, which, up to a short time ago, supported Kerensky. . . . . .

"The first step of the moderate Government would undoubtedly be the release of General Korniloff, if such a thing were physically possible. After that, civil war, with the Germans backing Bolsheviki."

Here is Nikolai Lenine's own definition of the aims of the Bolsheviki as published in the New York *Evening Post*. It was written before the Bolshevik revolution. He now seems to be in favor of immediate separate peace. He wrote then, however:

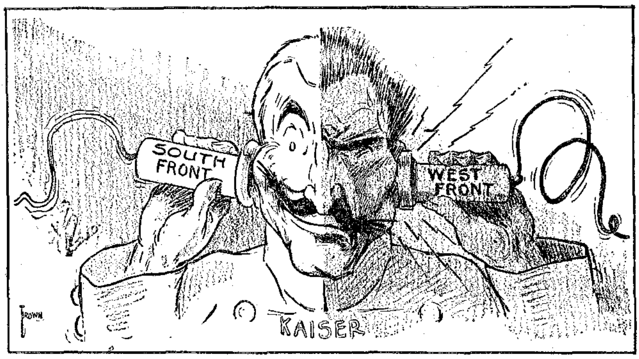


WE EXPECT HIS TAIL TO WIGGLE.

—Ireland in the Columbus *Dispatch*.

"I can not protest too energetically against the slanderous statements spread by capitalists against the Bolshevik party, to the effect that we are in favor of a separate peace with Germany. To us the capitalists of Germany are plain pirates, like the capitalists of Russia, England, and France. Emperor Wilhelm is a crowned robber, like the rulers of England, Italy, Roumania, and other nations.

"If we are opposed to the prolongation of the present war, it is because it is being waged by two groups of Powers for purely imperialistic purposes. It is waged by capitalists anxious to increase their profits by extending their domination over the world, conquering new markets, and subjugating small nations. Every day of the war adds to the profits of the financier and merchant, but spells ruin and exhaustion for the industrial and agricultural workers of all the nations, belligerent or neutral.



NEWS FROM THE FRONT.

—Brown in the Chicago *Daily News*.

"As far as Russia is concerned, a prolongation of the war may jeopardize the success of the revolution and prevent it from attaining its ultimate goal. . . . . .

"The workers' party can not agree to continue the present war, nor support the present Administration, nor help it in floating war-loans, without departing from the spirit of internationalism which demands brotherly solidarity among the workers of all countries in their struggle against capitalism.

"We can not accept with any measure of faith the statements of the present Administration that there will be no annexations; that is, that no part of any foreign country will be seized, and that no foreign nation will be compelled forcibly to remain a part of Russia.

"In the first place, capitalists, bound together as they are by the thousand ties of business, could not renounce the idea of annexations, for they could not give up the profits accruing to them from war-loans, concessions, war-industries, etc. In the second place, the present Administration, while committing itself, in order to deceive the people, to a non-annexation policy, has betrayed many a time its annexationist aims. We must warn the nation against the empty promises of the capitalists, and draw a clear distinction between words and facts in the question of annexations. We must recognize at once the right of all nationalities to vote freely upon the question as to whether they wish to be independent or to cast their lot with this or that nation."

Of the military program of the Bolsheviki he goes on to say:

"The war must be fought on by a different military organization, not by an army organized as the present army is, but by a militia whose members shall receive for their services wages equal to those of a first-class workingman.

"The officers of the militia should be elected by the soldiers, and subject to recall, and every order of the officers or generals should be approved by a vote of the men. For it is only elected officers whom the men can be expected to obey and respect.

"In order that the soldiers be better fed, a repartition of the lands should be arranged for as soon as possible by the Council of Workmen's and Soldiers' Deputies, and the supply of bread and meat thereby increased.

"Finally, we must encourage at once every attempt made by the soldiers on both sides of the line to fraternize, in order that these instinctive manifestations of solidarity may ripen into a conscious, organized movement to place the Governmental owners of every belligerent nation in the hands of the revolutionary proletariat, which alone can restrain the whip-hand of capitalism.

"This will be the only democratic way to put an end to this war; that is why our party shall continue patiently but stubbornly to make it clear to the people that wars are waged by governments and that wars are always waged in the interest of one special class."

NEW YORK'S RETURN TO TAMMANY

WHAT HAD HAPPENED IN NEW YORK was clear enough to watchers of the bulletins by nine o'clock on election night, but why it happened is a question over which students of politics are still puzzling. It will be remembered that practically every important newspaper in the country, regardless of party lines, all but three or four in the city itself, and a large number of the city's best-known public men, including a Republican ex-President and a former Presidential candidate from each of the great parties, demanded the retention of what they considered the best administration in the city's history, and the reelection of a Mayor whom they held up as a conspicuously patriotic and zealous war-time official. Mayor Mitchel himself linked together the names of "Hearst, Hylan, and Hohenzollern," and many of his supporters asserted that a victory of either of the Mayor's chief opponents would encourage Germany. Yet the citizens of New York, rejecting this editorial and personal advice from near and far, gave the mayoralty candidate of Tammany Hall a plurality of 147,975 votes over Mayor Mitchel, while the Socialist candidate, running on a frankly antiwar platform, received only a few thousand votes less than the Mayor. The victory of the Democratic organization was, in short, the most emphatic and most complete given to any party in the history of Greater New York.

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"I AM ONE OF THE COMMON PEOPLE,"

Said Judge John F. Hylan after he learned of his election to succeed John Purroy Mitchel as Mayor of New York. His declared purpose is to support the Government and represent the common people of the city—"the people of my own class."

But tho New York's "Fighting Mayor" was so decisively beaten, even his most zealous supporters do not seem to be proclaiming the event as a German victory. Outside of New York we do indeed note the Boston *Herald's* characterization of the success of Tammany as "in this hour of national crisis, a moral defeat of the first magnitude." The Baltimore *Sun* laments that there were "not enough loyal and disinterested citizens in New York to swing the election to the one man who represented Americanism in its purest form and who has given New York City the best administration it has ever had." "Fortunately," it adds, "New York is not the nation." But while many of these editors would have preferred the reelection of an official who had been so active in war-work and the preparedness movement, they are cheered by the patriotic declarations of the new Mayor-elect and seem to think with the Des Moines *Register* that whatever satisfaction the Kaiser gets out of the New York election will be due to the large minority vote cast for the Socialist candidate. Other papers, like the Los Angeles *Times*, set down the defeat of Morris Hillquit, the Socialist candidate for Mayor, as a great and glorious thing. The inglorious element they find to be what the Hartford *Courant* terms a deliberate repudiation of decent government in supplanting a non-partizan administration by Tammany. "The country was beginning to be proud of New York," the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* remarked, "but now Tammany is once more on the neck of the metropolis and the outlook is not pleasant." And the New York *Tribune* represents the opinion of the New York Fusionists by declaring that New York has shamed itself by allowing Tammany to lay its "unclean hands" upon the town.

This tendency to emphasize the local rather than the national aspects of the New York election is shown not only by the press in New York City and without, but by the candidates themselves. Mayor Mitchel, in a post-election message to the city, called for cooperation with the new administration and declared:

> "With our nation at war there is no room for division at home. The people of this city have selected Judge Hylan as their representative to coordinate the city's energies with those of the nation. Every one will wish Judge Hylan the largest measure of success in discharging the great responsibility which now is his."

In his own election-night statement, Mayor-elect Hylan emphasized his loyal support of the war, saying:

> "I want to make it plain to the world that there was no issue of Americanism or loyalty involved, so far as I am concerned. There could be none, for I am as good an American as any man, as loyal to my flag, as loyal to my country, and as firm and determined in support of every act of the Government in this war as any man.
>
> "I ask the editors of the newspapers in this city and in other cities to give prominence to this declaration, so that there may not go abroad to the people of this country who have no appreciation of our local situation the slightest intimation that the question of the war or the war-policies of President Wilson and the United States Government is in the slightest way involved."

Charles F. Murphy, whose leadership of Tammany Hall is thought to have been made even more secure by the overwhelming success of his candidate for mayor, sent out a statement asserting that the Democratic ticket won because candidates and platform "are progressive and in accordance with the world-wide progressive tendencies of the day." Mr. Murphy thinks "it must gladden the American heart now to note that the great, loyal American citizenship of New York City" believed that "Mr. Mitchel's assumption of a monopoly of patriotism" was a false issue, "designed to distract attention from the shortcomings of the present administration."

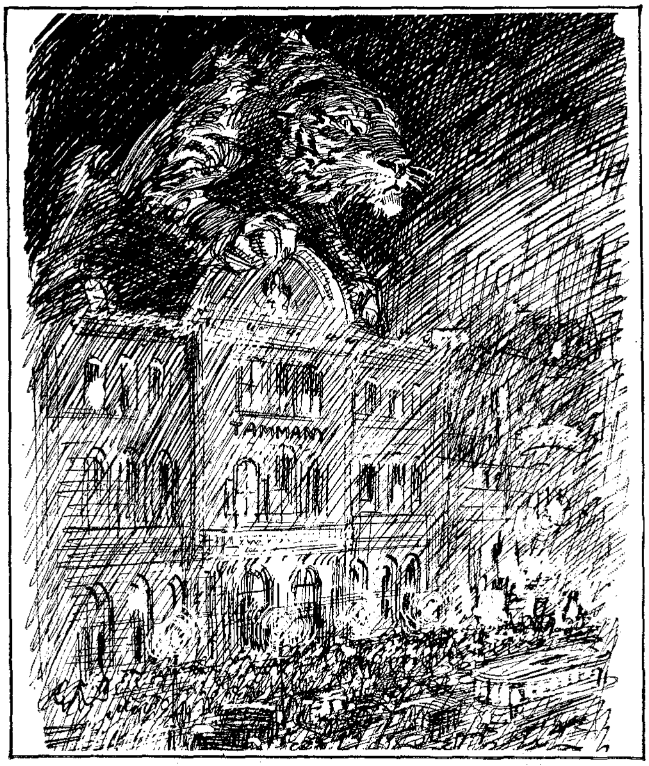
Morris Hillquit, who made a spectacular campaign opposing the war, even to the extent of refusing to buy Liberty bonds, nearly won second place over Mayor Mitchel, with 142,000 votes, as against 32,000 polled by the previous Socialist candidate, and saw several of his associates elected to minor offices. He declared himself highly gratified with the result, saying in part:

> "The election has shown an increase in the Socialist vote of about 500 per cent., I should estimate, and has established the Socialist party as an important and permanent factor in the politics of the city. . . . . .
>
> "Mayor Mitchel . . . has deliberately made the issue upon his own brand of fire-eating patriotism, and upon the issue of

the aggressive continuance of the war to a finish. The citizens of New York have repudiated that policy in no uncertain manner."

Such a decisive defeat of Mayor Mitchel is something his newspaper supporters find it hard to explain. One, indeed, would leave the complicated and elusive causes to the statisticians to figure out for their own amusement. Another recalls the ostracism of Aristides "the Just," and concludes that the voters simply went "on a political jamboree." The small minority of metropolitan papers which favored the successful candidate are more willing to explain why he won. The New York *Morning Telegraph*, a Democratic organization paper chiefly devoted to theatrical and sporting interests, calls Judge Hylan's election "at once a rebuke to that relatively small coterie of self-satisfied reformers who believe that they have a commission to keep the conscience of the city, and a repudiation of the insolent assumption that all the patriotism, all the Americanism, and all the virtue to be found in the largest municipality of the country are confided to the keeping of a single individual." Beginning next year, it adds, "New York will not be regarded as a 'settlement' to be benevolently administered by a glorified group of welfare-workers, but as a political division of the State to be governed along common-sense lines by men of affairs who do not look upon people as defectives and who do not draw their executive inspiration from the annual reports of institutional secretaries." In Brooklyn, *The Citizen*, which supported Judge Hylan, found the decisive factors in the defeat of the Mitchel administration in certain aspects of the taxation problem:

> "The large tax rate, the rapidly growing burdens of the taxpayers, the loose manner in which great expenditures had been made, and, incidentally, the failure of the Mayor to exercise proper supervision over certain real-estate transactions, were the actual causes of his defeat."



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THE MENACE.

—Cesare in the New York *Evening Post*.

The only newspapers of large circulation to oppose Mayor Mitchel were Mr. Hearst's morning *American* and *Evening Journal*. These papers attributed his defeat largely to the reaction against what they called his "flag-wrapping." The morning after election, *The American* thus paid its respects to the Mayor:

> "He was defeated by hundreds of thousands of citizens who sternly resented his effort to claim as his sole property the loyalty that is inherent in every American heart, and in time of war overshadows every other sentiment that Americans can feel. . . . . . .
>
> "The people of New York still stand firmly behind the President in the war against the common enemy, and have fully vindicated their patriotism by brushing from their path the charlatan who proclaimed to the country and to the world that by refusing him a reelection this great city of six million people would become a city of traitors."

The *New-Yorker Staats-Zeitung*, a German opponent of Mayor Mitchel, similarly calls Judge Hylan's election "a vindication for a real American as opposed to the false brand of Americanism."

Returning to the numerous editorial supporters of the Fusion cause in New York, we find them all emphasizing and deploring New York's return to Tammany rule. *The Times* dwells more largely than some of its contemporaries on the war-issue, thinking that the efforts made to secure a German-American vote for the Tammany candidate were most effective and that all the influences controlling that vote were exercised in its behalf. *The Times* fully believes that Germany will rejoice over the New York result and "misinterpret it as usual." It further believes that all pacifists will say that New York has voted against war. And loyal New-Yorkers are told to bear up against flings from such sources by remembering all that the city has done with money and service for the cause. The New York *World* regards the election of Judge Hylan with the gravest apprehension, when it considers the "sinister" influences behind him. The New York *Evening Post* calls the result of the election "a black eye to the city," and looks back regretfully upon the administration which goes out of office at the end of the year, for "there had been both intelligence and zeal, expert knowledge and humane feeling, in the conduct of the most important offices." *The Globe* thus sets down what it believes to be some of the chief causes for the defeat of this highly praised administration:

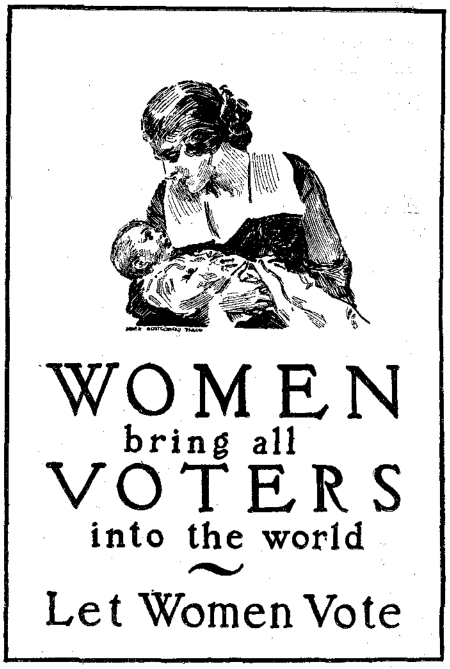
> "Hearst, who with utmost bitterness had fought Tammany as now constituted and managed, turned on the Mayor when Mitchel refused to do his bidding. Many members of the Roman Catholic Church resented the administration's treatment of the eleemosynary institutions of the Church. Many school-teachers and many members of school-children's parent associations opposed the methods used in introducing the Gary system in the schools and were led to believe that the Gary system itself and all connected with it should be put out of the way. Persistent misrepresentation started among the credulous and ignorant a suspicion that the Mayor was a tool of great corporations."

A careful attempt to explain a result so surprizing as the landslide against Mitchel is made by Mr. W. M. Houghton for *The Tribune*. He does not believe that the patriotic issue either won or lost many votes for the Mayor. Mr. Mitchel was beaten first of all "because the good citizens of this town swallowed what Hearst said about him, that he was a frivolous tango-dancer, that he was a social climber and snob, that he was a friend of the 'plunderbund,' a little brother of the rich, an arrogant ally of Rockefeller." Then the Mayor was unfortunate enough, we are told, to have flouted the interests of powerful, organized groups. And finally, the Fusion campaign was badly mismanaged.

Outside of New York there were few elections whose results were of more than local interest. New Mexico adopted prohibition, while Ohio came so close to doing the same that the State may not know whether it will be dry or wet until after a recount. Philadelphia had a minor election in which independents were unable to wrest control of minor offices from the dominant and scandal-spattered Republican organization. In Chicago, Socialist and pacifist candidates for judgeships were decisively beaten by non-partizan Fusionists favoring vigorous conduct of the war.

SUFFRAGISTS TAKE NEW YORK STATE

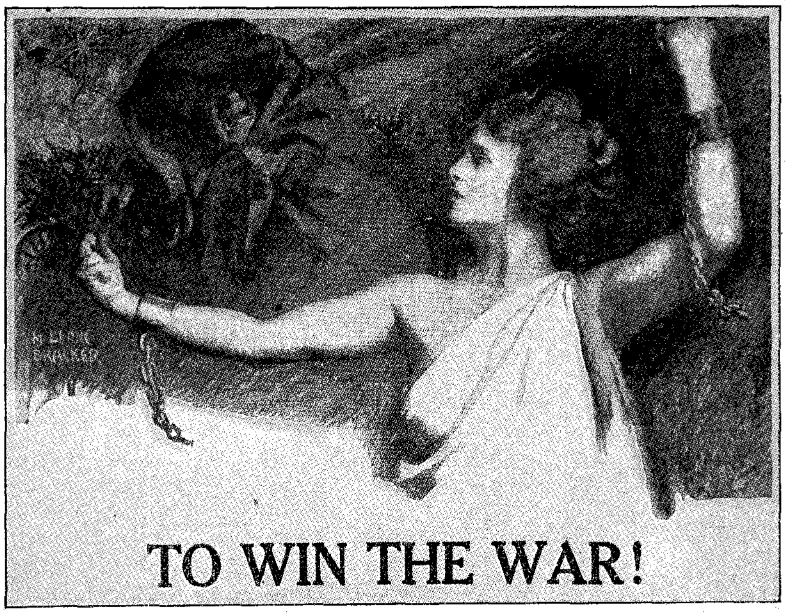
THE CONQUEST OF THE NATION is seen near at hand by suffragists in the capture of the Empire State by a majority of 94,000. Editorial observers who have favored the enfranchisement of women are loud in rejoicing, and some predict a regeneration of politics through the adoption of the amendment to the State Constitution by which women are admitted to the polls after January 1, 1918. Press calculations estimate that the State's normal quota of voters will be increased by 1,000,000 and New York City's by 400,000. The Philadelphia *Public Ledger* discerns in the result the beginning of the end of opposition to woman suffrage, for nowhere has it been so stubbornly resisted as in the great Eastern States. There has been strong opposition elsewhere, this journal admits, as it notes the suffrage defeat in Ohio, but the taking of one of the strongholds of conservatism is "too significant for the most skeptical to question." The New York *Tribune* recalls that two years ago, at the first appeal to the voters, woman suffrage lost by 194,000 votes. Of that negative majority, 82,000 were cast in the city of New York. This year the whole adverse majority up-State and down was wiped out and a sweeping victory piled up, and *The Tribune* thinks that "after this decisive vote the Federal amendment enfranchising the women of America must be pushed forward in Congress with every energy." While the overturn of the adverse majority up-State indicates a general drift of sentiment in favor of women voting, the votes of Socialists and of Tammany Hall in New York City are thought by some to have added the impetus which gave the women victory. To a degree this opinion is confirmed by Mrs. Hillquit, wife of the Socialist candidate for Mayor of New York, who is quoted by the New York *American* as saying that "if it had not been for the Socialist vote, woman suffrage would not have had such an overwhelming victory. There is not a Socialist who did not cast his vote for the amendment." Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, who has worked for the cause twenty-eight years, gives her explanation in the New York *Sun* as follows:



A SUFFRAGE POSTER FOR "MOTHERS OF MEN."

"What gave us our victory? Organization and intensive work. We realized two years ago, in our 1915 campaign, that the education of the people of New York State was not complete. The people had got the arguments, but they needed two years of reflection for the arguments to sink in. They have not been allowed to forget.

"Unquestionably the war-spirit has helped. The result was inevitable, but the war and women's service have centered attention on the suffrage question as could not have happened in peace. We thought war would hinder our success, but, instead, it has helped."


TO WIN THE WAR!

A CAMPAIGN POSTER FOR SUFFRAGE AS A WAR ISSUE.

A resolution of appeal to Congress to submit the Federal amendment to the legislatures of the several States was adopted at a meeting at Cooper Union, New York, when the victory was celebrated by what the press term probably the largest crowd that historic edifice ever held. A second resolution tendered thanks to the President and solicited his further aid, and a third exprest thanks to the press of the State for its valuable service. It is noted that the only serious speech on this occasion of jubilee was that of Dr. Anna Howard Shaw, a worker for the cause forty years, who said in part:

"From the moment last February, when after the rupture of diplomatic relations with Germany the National American Woman's Suffrage Association was the first woman's organization called together to organize for service, we have done a magnificent work for the country. I am here to ask my fellow citizens of the State of New York to pledge in the presence of Almighty God our citizenship to our country; not with that pseudo-patriotism of too many who cry, 'My country right or wrong,' but with the patriotism that springs from the soul, and says: 'My country if right; but if wrong by every power of my being I shall seek to make her right.' . . . . . .

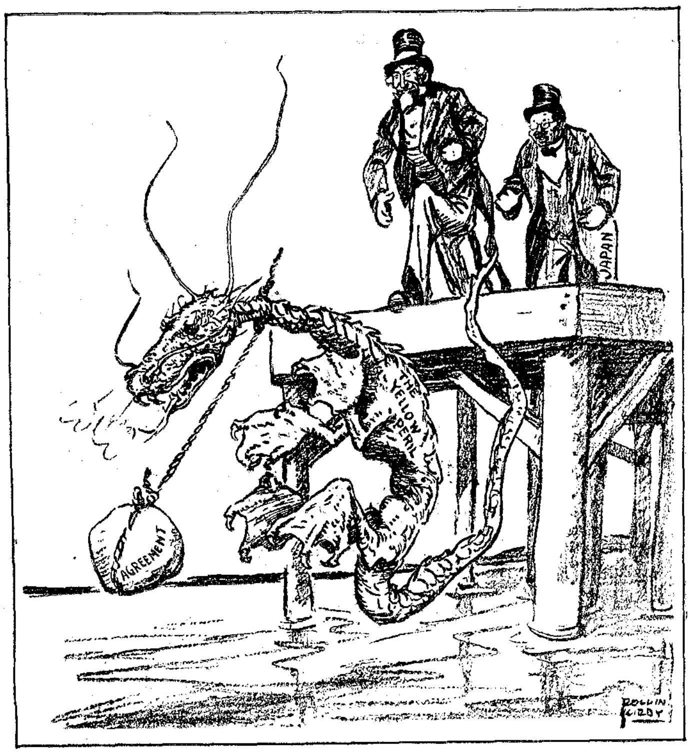
"Our country needs our support. Our men are going forth to fight our country's battles, to fight for the democracy of the world. There is a service which we can all render. The war is not for men only. The country calls on all citizens. The army in the field will hate us unless we stand loyally at hand to do our duty by them. After the war we shall need to conserve the moral and spiritual forces of the nation, to turn the people toward their highest ideals of patriotism. Together let us serve our country, our homes, and our God."

Hereafter decency will prevail in polling-places and campaigns be conducted on issues, remarks the New York *Morning Telegraph*, and "women will settle the question of who shall hold offices." This means "honest men will fill all places," and it hopes to see the day when good, intelligent women also shall sit in high places, for there is no reason why women should not fill offices of mayor and aldermen, sit on our school boards, and lend the "dignity of their presence" to the legislature. Among other dailies enthusiastic over the suffragist triumph are the New York *American*, *The Evening Journal*, *The Evening Post*, and *The Globe*, which points out that one-tenth of the population of the United States is at one stroke added to the domain of equal suffrage, and it is made as certain as any future political event can well be that women are to be enfranchised in every part of the country. We read then:

"For a few years it will doubtless be said that the only effect of the change is to double the vote. It may be that our radical friends will have reason to complain of the inertia of the new body of voters. But in the end, with all of our adults politically trained and experienced instead of only half of them, we may look to a far more intelligent working of the democratic machine. . . . Not the least thing about equal suffrage is that it puts influences at work to extinguish the woman who does not know or care to know anything about public affairs."

The triumph of the suffragists, says the New York *Evening Sun*, is the outcome of patient campaigning done in a manner to convince the voters the women "were not in sympathy with the White House pickets, whose conduct bade fair to smash the suffrage cause"; and the New York *World*, of similar mind, utters this word of caution:

> "In congratulating the women on their well-earned victory it may not be amiss to remind them that it was won on democratic lines. They gain the ballot precisely as every white man in the United States gained it. By no other process has the suffrage been conferred upon anybody except the negro, and unless he is aided by State laws and sentiment he is without a vote to-day.
>
> "Bearing these impressive facts in mind, the women who now plan a hasty raid upon Washington in behalf of a national amendment would be wisely restrained."



CHUCKING HIM OVERBOARD.

—Kirby in the New York *World*.

The antisuffragist New York *Times* ascribes the success of the suffragists to the failure of a great many voters to vote, the general absorption in the war, the limitation of the State officers to be chosen to two Associate Justices of the Court of Appeals and the Attorney-General, the indifference of the opposition, and the enthusiasm of the faithful; and this journal observes:

> "By a great vote in 1915 this change in the electorate, this startling innovation in the polity of the State, was rejected. By a much smaller one, when the world is afire, it seems to have been adopted.
>
> "*The Times* will not pretend to rejoice at the result to which it made no effort to contribute. May the experiment disappoint the fears and predictions of its adversaries. May the women justify by their behavior their fitness for the ballot. And, all division removed, may the feminists give henceforth the full measure of their strength and energy to the cause of freedom and democracy!"

The much smaller vote cast on the suffrage amendment this year than in 1915 is a point of comment made in an interview in *The Times* with Miss Alice Hill Chittenden, president of the State Association Opposed to Woman Suffrage, who predicts that "the men of New York, within a brief period, will rue the day they permitted woman suffrage to carry by default." Miss Chittenden is further quoted as saying:

> "The result of the election showing the large majority given in New York City for the suffrage amendment confirms what we have always maintained, that when radicalism and socialism prevail, woman suffrage will carry. To these elements there must also be added this year pacifism, which is rampant in New York City at the present time. The pacifists' vote would naturally be cast for woman suffrage, because, despite the fact that the suffragists have advertised their patriotism from one end of the State to the other, the fact remains that many well-known suffrage leaders like Jane Addams, Lillian Wald, Fola La Follette, Florence Kelley, and others are strong pacifists, and some of the present suffrage leaders in New York loudly denounced all efforts toward preparedness up to within a short time of our break with Germany."

TORPEDOING THE YELLOW PERIL

GERMANY'S YEARS OF INTRIGUE to embroil this country and Japan and the propaganda of professional Japan-haters here are blown into nothingness, some observers think, by the Lansing-Ishii agreement, which recognizes Japan's "special interests" in China, guarantees China's independence and her territorial integrity, and also the maintenance of the "open door." Instead of a "dangerous rival" Japan is henceforth the "trusted ally" of this nation, remarks the New York *Evening World*, and thus the full power of both peoples remains free to "concentrate upon the task of hammering Prussianism out of civilization." The morning *World* tells us that in Washington the agreement is held to resemble Pan-Americanism rather than Monroeism, and there is a decided preference for the first-named term. But it will not matter much what it is called "if in practise it shall be found to work out as the Monroe Doctrine, authoritatively interpreted by President Wilson, is working out." The original Monroe Doctrine, we are reminded, "restrained the crowned heads of Europe from extending their system on this hemisphere," and finally came to mean that no European nation was to gain anything here by conquest. The doctrine has been expanded by Mr. Wilson, and indorsed, this journal believes, by the American people, "so that what we forbid to others we deny also to ourselves." From the terms of agreement signed by the Secretary of State and Viscount Ishii, November 2, we quote as follows:

> "The Governments of the United States and Japan recognize that territorial propinquity creates special relations between countries, and consequently the Government of the United States recognizes that Japan has special interests in China, particularly in the part to which her possessions are contiguous.
>
> "The territorial sovereignty of China, nevertheless, remains unimpaired, and the Government of the United States has every confidence in the repeated assurances of the Imperial Japanese Government that while geographical position gives Japan such special interests it has no desire to discriminate against the trade of other nations or to disregard the commercial rights heretofore granted by China in treaties with other Powers.
>
> "The Governments of the United States and Japan deny that they have any purpose to infringe in any way on the independence or territorial integrity of China, and they declare, furthermore, that they always adhere to the principle of the so-called 'open door' or equal opportunity for commerce and industry in China."

According to a Washington correspondent of the New York *Times*, the drift of diplomatic opinion there is that one of the most important effects of the Lansing-Ishii negotiations is not so much the recognition of Japan's special interests in China as the collateral pledge given by Japan for more active participation in the war. Japan has consented to furnish a great amount of tonnage for transport purposes, say the diplomats, and to risk her war-ships, these forming her immediate contribution to the Allied and American cause. There is a rumor that troops also have been promised, but this question, we are told, would naturally be reserved for discussion by the

Entente nations and the United States. In return for her concessions, Japan will obtain, added to the recognition of her special interests in China, the promise of an amount of steel and iron adequate for her needs, and we read:

"One of the considerations which have agitated American minds in respect of the partial lifting of the iron and steel embargo in behalf of Japan has been the fear that, taking advantage of the war-situation and of the virtual abandonment by European interests of Far-Eastern trade, Japan would emerge from the war as sole possessor of trade opportunities in China.

"American business men are understood to take the view that Japanese competition, assisted with materials by the United States, can not close China's doors to them, as the amount of steel and iron to be exported to Japan may always be regulated by this country. Japan, it was pointed out, will be dependent upon America after the war for her iron and steel, which she will not be able to obtain from England, as the British output will be needed in the reconstruction of Europe."

There is danger along with advantage in the new pact, thinks *The Times*, for China is a sovereign nation, and it is a very delicate matter for two other nations to execute agreements recognizing the special interests of either in her affairs. We are reminded that our Monroe Doctrine gives us no special interest in the internal affairs or shadow of control over the foreign relations of the other republics of the Western world save in the case of Cuba, and this journal adds:

"The Government of Japan, of course, understands that our recognition of its special interests in China concedes no right or authority over the destinies of the Chinese people, and does not, can not, in any way impair the sovereignty of their Government. If through any misunderstanding of this fundamental fact China, feeling herself aggrieved, should be forced to appeal to us for protection against Japan, or to Japan for protection against us, the Lansing-Ishii agreement, as we have said, would become a source of danger to the friendly relations existing between the two parties to it.

"For our part, we can have no intention of trenching upon the territory or upon the sovereign rights of the Chinese Republic. We accept this agreement as a solemn engagement on the part of Japan to respect the territory and the sovereign rights of China as we shall respect them, and it is a reassuring pledge. . . . The agreement will be put to the test, not at once, but when the commerce of the world resumes its flow in the usual volume and through natural channels after the war."

The essential thing, says the New York *Evening Post*, is to "approach the problem with a presumption of Japanese good faith instead of hunting for Machiavellian conspiracies," and it points out that the agreement contains the restatement of a basic principle and the frank recognition of a concrete fact. The basic principle is equality of opportunity for all nations in China, grounded upon the independence and integrity of the Chinese Republic; the concrete fact is that such equality of opportunity "can not be distorted to the disadvantage of the natural opportunities which Japan possesses by virtue of her proximity to the mainland of Asia and recent historical developments." *The Post* concludes:

"The professional Japanese hater, to be sure, will find in the recognition of Japan's special interests in China an open road to the establishment of Japanese predominance. Under 'special interests,' the Hearst publicists will find, no doubt, a free hand for Japan in the control of the Chinese Army, or the monopolization of the management of Chinese arms-factories, or the establishment of Japanese police power within Chinese territory. To these the only, and the sufficient, answer must be that the reality of the danger is precisely in proportion to our readiness to scent it. If we are convinced, as Mr. Hearst is convinced, that Japan is out to grab China, then every Japanese move will be an act of aggression. If we give credence to the pledges of the Japanese Government regarding Chinese independence and territorial integrity, we can await the event calmly. On the basis of these pledges we can formulate our protests whenever we disagree with Tokyo upon the implications of a specific act."

TOPICS IN BRIEF

Speaking of enemies within, there is the great American appetite.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

This war has made Socialism largely a synonym for autocracy.—*Cincinnati Times-Star.*

Try to be one of the ancestors to be bragged about in the next century.—*St. Louis Globe Democrat.*

The Russians are declining as a military force, but are greatly improved in their ability as debaters.—*Dallas News.*

Americans who are ready and willing to sink or swim with their country are going to swim.—*Toledo Blade.*

Premier Kerensky is about a year and a half late with the news that Russia is tired of fighting.—*New York World.*

There is a growing theory that the surest way to keep Germany fully occupied is to let her take Russia.—*Emporia Gazette.*

New York City had a Billy Sunday revival in the spring and then elected a Tammany Mayor in the fall.—*New York World.*

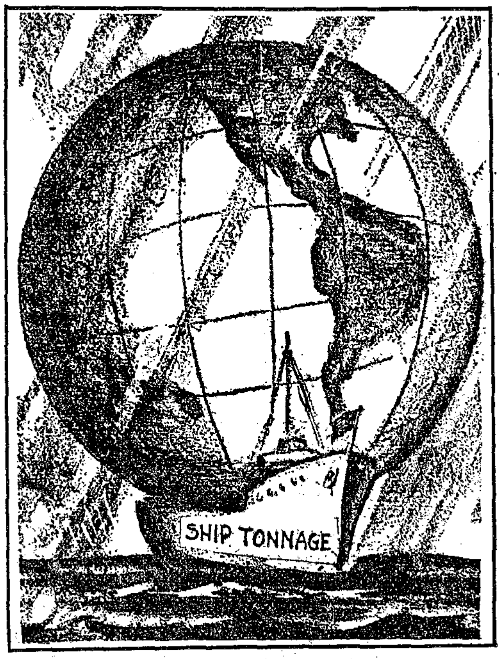
Mr. Hoover predicts a voluntary drop in milk-prices. Mr. Hoover evidently does not know the milkmen of this locality.—*Helena Independent.*

When Norway can go one whole week without losing a ship by submarines it feels that the neutral game has been fully vindicated.—*Helena Independent.*

The dispatches from France announce that the Missouri mule has reached the fighting-line. The Germans will do well to keep in front of him.—*Topeka State Journal.*

Billy Sunday has persuaded 15,000 Los Angeles people that they want to go to heaven. Such disloyalty to the climate of southern California!—*St. Louis Globe Democrat.*

A simple way to insure good municipal government in this country would be for citizens of New York to elect the Mayor of Philadelphia, those of Boston to choose the Mayor of Chicago, and so on. To ask a city to elect a good mayor for itself seems too much for some.—*New York Evening Post.*



THE MODERN ARK.

—Fitzpatrick in the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch.*

Four hundred years make a long wait between Reformations in Germany.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

We wonder if Cadorna didn't try to stretch a three-base hit into a homer.—*Newark News.*

Before loving our enemies this time we are going to make them worth loving.—*Chicago Daily News.*

It is much easier to fix the food-prices than to fix the food-price fixers.—*Spokane Spokesman-Review.*

Hindenburg's retreat on the Aisne may be a strategic retirement, but the strategy is Pétain's.—*Springfield Republican.*

Is this proposed eating of shark something in the way of reprisal, or just mere frightfulness?—*St. Louis Globe Democrat.*

Hoover says we shall win the war with the hogs. Usually we have won our wars in spite of the hogs.—*New York Evening Post.*

Too often those little groups who are fond of calling themselves "the intellectuals" voice an aspiration rather than a fact.—*New York Evening Sun.*

The German officers are said to be losing control over their men. It is hoped that the lists of atrocities will now decrease.—*Philadelphia North American.*

Kerensky says that it took five years for the French revolution "to develop." Yes, but the revolution was fighting like thunder during that particular period.—*Chicago Post.*

Germany exults over the success of her latest war-loan, which reminds us that when Lee surrendered the most plentiful commodity in Dixie was Confederate money.—*Boston Transcript.*

"The trouble with this war," a German statesman is quoted as saying, "is that it will be ten years after it is over before I can go to London, twenty before I can go to Paris, and forty before I can go to Vienna." And yet a good many German statesmen after the war will have to go somewhere.—*New York Evening Post.*

FOREIGN - COMMENT

AMERICAN TROOPS MARCHING TO THE TRENCHES.

Despite German reports to the contrary, we really have an army in France. Here are some of our boys equipped with the steel helmets that save them from shrapnel fragments. Note the French officer, on horseback, under whose instruction they learn trench warfare.

AMERICA'S MILITARY "WORTHLESSNESS"

A VERITABLE OBSESSION that America and all her works is a thing of naught seems to have settled down upon the German mind, and the organs of public opinion in the Fatherland actually appear to think that the insistence and strength of this belief on their part will really influence stubborn facts. Judging from the comment in the German press upon our Army, one is forced to the conclusion that the German has made up his mind that America will effect nothing, and that therefore, because he thinks so, nothing will be effected. For some occult reason the German editor has elected to regard America, which incidentally has a population of a hundred million, as about the equal of Roumania with her prewar population of seven millions; and argues that because Germany has given Roumania "a pretty trouncing" she will be able to do the same when it comes to the question of grips with America. The *Kölnische Zeitung*, probably the foremost and best-informed paper in Germany as regards foreign affairs—at least that was its reputation before the war—is actually committed to this Roumanian hypothesis, and remarks:

> "There is justification for the opinion that the American Army will be perhaps equal to the Roumanian Army at the commencement of hostilities. America can certainly fight in 1918, but has she really the intention to transport troops and to fight in Europe? If America is to use her troops for useless frontal attacks, months will be required to train new men.
>
> "Also on other fronts America's help is not anticipated, either in the colonies or Mesopotamia, owing to transport difficulties. Some have arrived at the conclusion that America will be neither in a position nor have the desire to join in the struggle in 1918. She is in earnest about building a fleet, training an army, and the acquisition of a mercantile marine, and for this Wilson has used the world-war. Her Army must have European experience to be worth anything."

Another influential and usually well-informed organ, the Bremen *Weser Zeitung*, publishes an article by Major Hoffe, of the German General Staff, who blandly informs a credulous public that America may be safely ignored by Germany. With a great show of detail he writes:

> "Before the declaration of war, the military resources of the United States consisted of an insufficiently trained regular Army of only a hundred thousand and a National Guard of 120,000 hardly trained at all. The various measures taken to increase the Army will result by spring in the formation of an Army of about 1,400,000, which will only have received a minimum of training.
>
> "No considerable part of this army can reach Europe before next summer, while in any case a large number must be retained at home so that not more than 400,000 or 500,000 men can be sent to Europe.
>
> "The transport difficulties will be enormous; two and a half million tons of shipping will be necessary to transport and supply sixteen divisions, while the total of American shipping, even allowing for confiscated ships and new construction, will only total four million tons by the spring, of which the Navy alone requires two and a half million. . . . . . .
>
> "Finally, the fighting value of American troops is not great. Probably about equal to that of the Roumanians, and there certainly will be fewer of them than there were of the Roumanians. So Germany will have an easy task. In fact, it is doubtful whether the Americans will risk the venture of sending an army to Europe at all."

Berlin, too, adds its quota to this optimistic chorus, and in the *Tägliche Rundschau* Dr. Carl Jenny discusses "the great American myth" with a lightness of touch characteristically Teutonic. He says:

> "Whatever may happen, one thing is certain—the millions of soldiers and the hundred thousand airplanes which the Americans threaten to let loose upon the wicked Germans will resolve themselves into the clouds of dreamland. It is only a piece of that boasting at which the Americans are unsurpassable masters. It is really marvelous to see what they are able to do in the way of opening wide their jaws, as tho they were sluice-gates, without dislocating them. They owe this faculty to their splendid practise in that chattering which so faithfully portrays the degree of their *Kultur*, for theirs is a mentality which combines, in a way truly remarkable, richness of vocabulary with poverty of thought. Viewed from a practical standpoint, however—that is, free from all psychological niceties—it would seem that things will come about in this wise. For the moment, by dint of much brain cudgeling and worry, a little tonnage could still

be found for the transport of the war-lusting Yankees, but no army of any importance is there to be transported, while later, should any military force worthy of the name really be in readiness, there will be no more ships to convey them to face the enemy."

The Berlin correspondent of our optimistic friend, the *Kölnische Zeitung*, tells the readers in the Rhenish city what the Berliners really think of us, and with airy persiflage writes:

> "However highly one rates human intelligence, large figures do make a certain impression, because the average newspaper reader does not really think matters out; he merely reads the colossal figures and receives an overwhelming impression of the immense war-preparations of the latest helpers of the Entente. American war-reports, however, wisely say nothing about the training of the troops for war or about the transporting of these masses to Europe. That is not really necessary for the purpose. The present situation is such that the Entente has the very greatest interest in making its determination to hold out. In former times there was in some country or other a military order which ran, 'Make a savage face.' How the troops carried out the order is not known, but that is what America is doing."

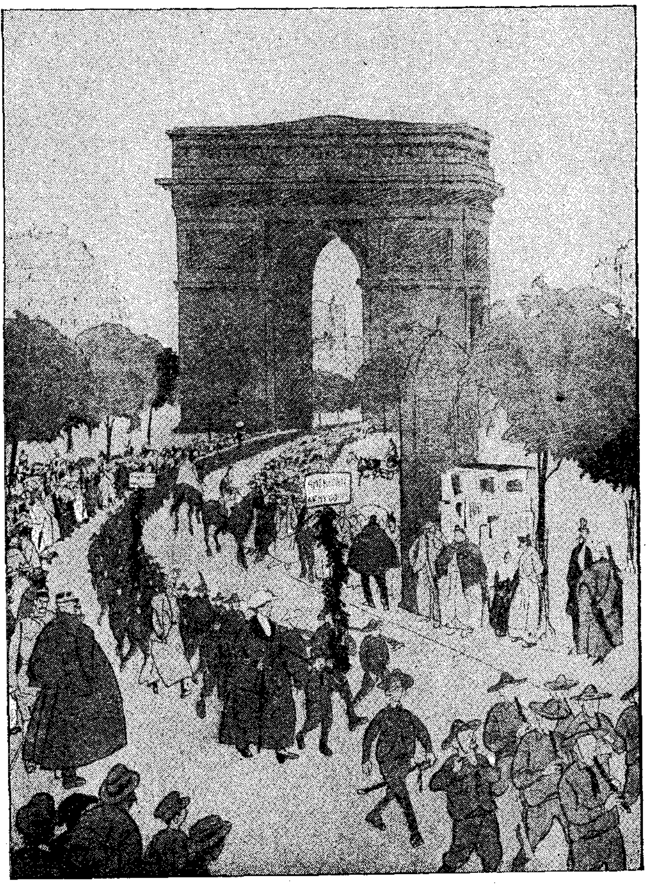
In view of these remarks, the London *Saturday Review* has a few trenchant observations that are very much to the point:

> "If the Kaiser, or Baron Kühlmann, or Dr. Michaelis only knew how many American troops had already landed, and are now being drilled in France, a strong and pacific key-note would at once be struck. But among the innumerable blunders of the German High Command the greatest is the assumption that the Governments of other nations bluff as impudently as themselves. The German Staff refuse to believe that the Americans will be able to transport any considerable number of men across the Atlantic, because they believe their own Admiralty reports that the *U*-boats are steadily destroying our command of the seas. The facts, however, are the reverse of all this; and when once the German Staff ascertain these facts, which very soon they can not help doing, there will be a rapid change of tone."

INDIA'S VICEROY INDORSES HOME RULE

NO SMALL COMMOTION has been caused in Anglo-Indian circles by the frank pronouncement of the Viceroy of India that "the Government has come to the conclusion . . . that the endowment of British India with self-government is the goal of British rule," doubtless in recognition of India's unswerving loyalty to Britain in this war. In this attitude he is supported by the Imperial Government in England under the new Secretary of State for India, Mr. E. S. Montagu. The first question asked by the press was: How are the Indian people to be advanced to this goal? The Viceroy's answer is contained in a speech reported by the Lahore *Bulletin*, in which he said:

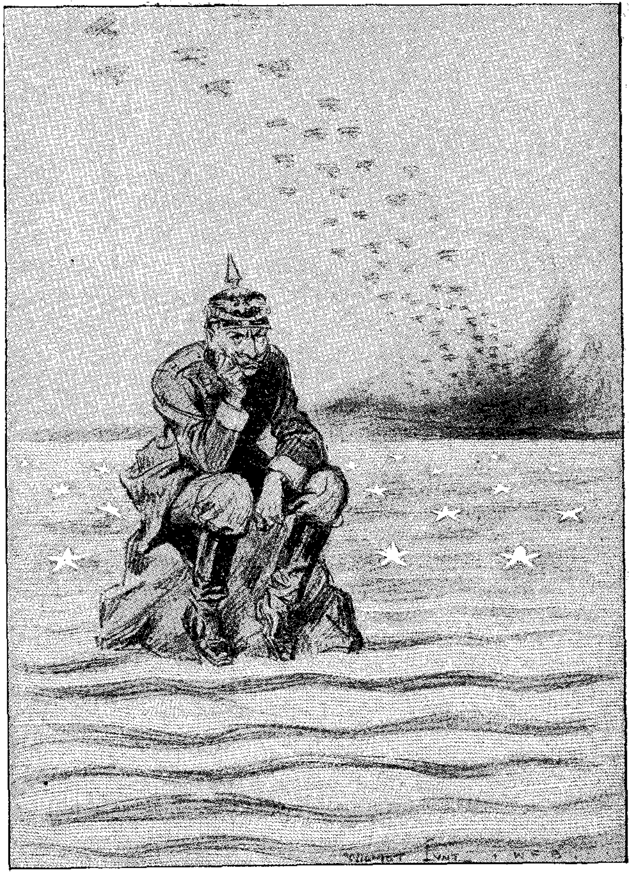
> "After a careful and detailed examination of the ground, we arrived at the decision that there were three roads along which an advance should be made toward the goal.
>
> "The first road was in the domain of local self-government: the village, the rural board, and the town or municipal council. The domain of urban and rural self-government is the great training-ground from which political progress and a sense of responsibility have taken their start, and we felt that the time had come to quicken the advance, to accelerate the rate of progress, and thus to stimulate the sense of responsibility in the average citizen and to enlarge his experience.
>
> "The second road in our opinion lay in the domain of the more responsible employment of Indians under Government. We felt that it was essential to progress toward the goal that Indians should be admitted in steadily increasing proportion to the higher grades of the various services and departments and to more responsible posts in the administration generally. It is, I think, obvious that this is a most important line of advance. If we are to get real progress it is vital that India should have an increasing number of men versed not only in the details of every administration, but in the whole art of Government. . . . .
>
> "We come now to our third road, which lay in the domain of the legislative councils. . . . There is no subject on which so much difference of opinion exists, and with regard to which greater



A GERMAN MYTH.

"The entry of the American troops into Paris—only boy scouts who had been sent to ask the way to Berlin."

—*Simplicissimus* (Munich).



THE RISING TIDE.

He may turn his back on America, but the force is there just the same.

—*Bystander* (London).

OPPOSING VIEWS OF OUR ARMY IN EUROPE.

need is required for careful investigation and sober decision. I may say frankly that we, as the Government of India, recognize fully that an advance must be made on this road simultaneously with the advance on the other two, and his Majesty's Government, in connection with the goal which they have outlined, have decided that substantial steps in the direction of the goal they define should be taken as soon as possible."

The Governor-General appealed to Indians to cooperate with the British for the good of India. He went on to say:

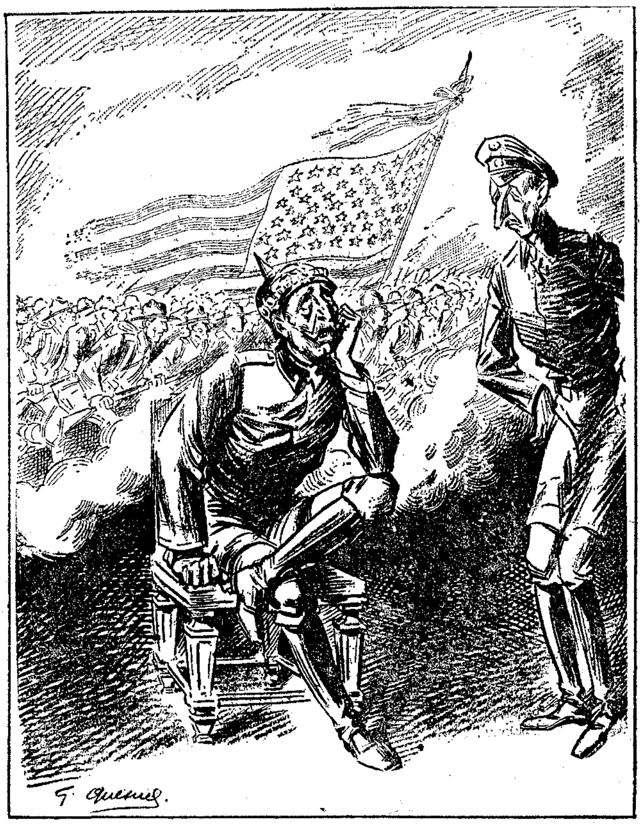
"Let us look upon the bitterness of the past merely as the growing pains of a great people straining toward fuller development. Believe me, the years of guardianship and tutelage have not been so barren as some would have us think. The pace of India's political growth as measured by the development of her political machinery may have seemed slow, but who would deny that meanwhile her intellectual, economic, and national faculties have gone on from strength to strength? . . . . . .

"Do you for one moment think that in their relation with India the British people and the British Government will be guided otherwise than by those standards of justice and good faith which alone have kept India attached to the Empire, and on which you have learned to rely? From the King-Emperor down to his humblest subject the British people are proud of the bonds that link them to India, and never more so than at this moment, when the sons of India are fighting the battles of the Empire with such courage and devotion. Can anybody doubt that the persistence of these ties of affection is a matter of vital importance to the future well-being of India and that it will be an evil day when those who are working together in this country are no longer inspired by their common share in a great and glorious page of history? . . . Let it not afterward be laid at the door of this generation that in these spacious times of Imperial regeneration we allowed the sense of Imperial attachment through any fault of our own to lose its vitality.

"Of the Indian leaders I have a special request to make. It is that at the present juncture and throughout the difficult stages of transition which lie ahead of us they will believe in our good-will and in our sincerity of purpose. After all, whatever our differing points of view, we all have at heart the same thing, the welfare of India. The task we have to approach is no easy one. There are conflicting interests to adjust, grave difficulties to overcome. Who knows them better than yourselves? Heroic remedies endanger the body politic no less than the human organism."

The Indian section of the press in India is delighted with Lord Chelmsford's speech. The Bombay *Chronicle*, the organ of the Indian National Congress, writes that his Excellency "has gone as far in a general declaration of policy as we have any reason to expect, or as is desirable." The Calcutta *Amrita Bazar Patrika*, an outspoken critic of the Government and a Nationalist organ, heartily welcomes "the tone and spirit of Lord Chelmsford's pronouncement."

The ruling classes in India—that is, the British civil and military officials—are furious, and regard the Viceroy's pronouncement, taken into conjunction with Mrs. Besant's release from internment, as a pointblank surrender to the revolutionary element. We find their views reflected in the London *Morning Post*, which says:



DREAMING OF THE STARS.

"You are dreaming, father; you seem to be far away, far away from the world!"

"Yes; I am dreaming of the stars."

—*Le Pêle-Mêle* (Paris).

"Mrs. Annie Besant, best known in this country for her views on religious questions, has long lived in India, where she had always protested that her activities were not of this world. Recently, however, she developed a passion for what is euphemistically called Home Rule in India. The real aims of the agitators, whose innocent tool she no doubt became, are something far more desperate. They desire nothing less than the expulsion of the British power from India. Their aims are violent; their means are unscrupulous and subtle, but their numbers are small. And, like the Sinn-Feiners in Ireland, they become dangerous by our concessions and grow strong by our weakness. Mrs. Besant was very useful to this organization, for she is an English lady, surrounded by a certain halo of an odd but no doubt sincere form of spiritual culture. The agitation was so dangerous, in the judgment of the Madras Government, that Mrs. Besant was confined to the pleasant asylum of a hill station. . . . . . .

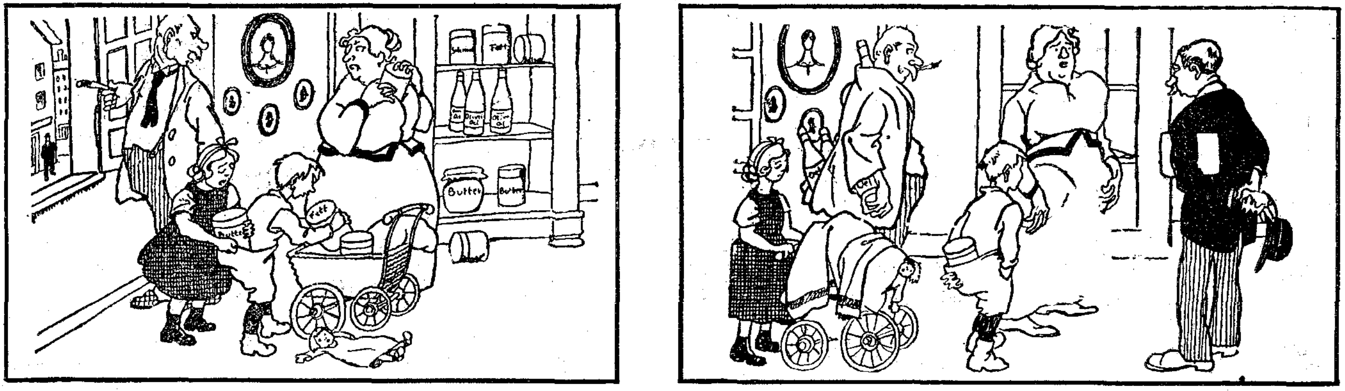
"An act like the release of Mrs. Besant is symbolical to the people of India. They do not understand it as clemency, since the precaution had been clement; they could not look upon it as justice, for justice is unchangeable. They see it with their shrewd, observing eyes for what it is—a cringe, an attempt to court popularity and conciliate hostility."

The Socialist London *New Statesman*, however, vigorously defends Lord Chelmsford, the Viceroy, and writes:

"Lord Chelmsford's offense is that he not only ordered the release of Mrs. Besant, in Madras, but instructed the Governor of Bombay to rescind the order which forbade Mrs. Besant's entry into the presidency, and, furthermore, rebuked the Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab for trying to repress the hopes of Indian reformers in respect of the promised measures. This is condemned as a degradation of provincial government; but surely the answer is that there is no such bulwark of British prestige in India as the decisive correction by the highest authority of executive mistakes made in the provinces; and there can be no question as to the unwisdom of the internments and the impropriety of Sir Michael O'Dwyer in the Punjab and Lord Ronaldshay in Bengal making public pronouncements in advance as to the character of the constitutional reforms now under discussion. It is greatly to be hoped that the good sense of the Anglo-Indian press and public will be mobilized against the attack."

TURKEY WEEPS FOR GREECE—Oozing with sympathy, Turkey regards the present situation in Greece with a heart almost breaking with compassion. The Constantinople *Tanine* writes:

"King Constantine gives up his crown and his throne and, leaving his younger son in Athens, turns his face toward a neutral country accompanied by his wife. The future of Greece is shrouded in darkness. Greece is surrounded by enemies and traitors. She has no hope from any quarter of a friend who will protect her, and not only is she the prey of enemies without, she is exposed to the treachery of foes within. She is condemned to be a sacrifice to the wiles of a vagabond Cretan on the one hand and on the other to states that care for nothing but their own selfish interests. In whatever way she may struggle to escape from this condition the difficulties she will meet and the losses she will sustain will be great. We can say without hesitation that in the history of wars never has there been a nation that has suffered from such oppression and treachery."



"THE FOOD INSPECTOR IS COMING!"

"WE HAVE NOTHING, SIR!"

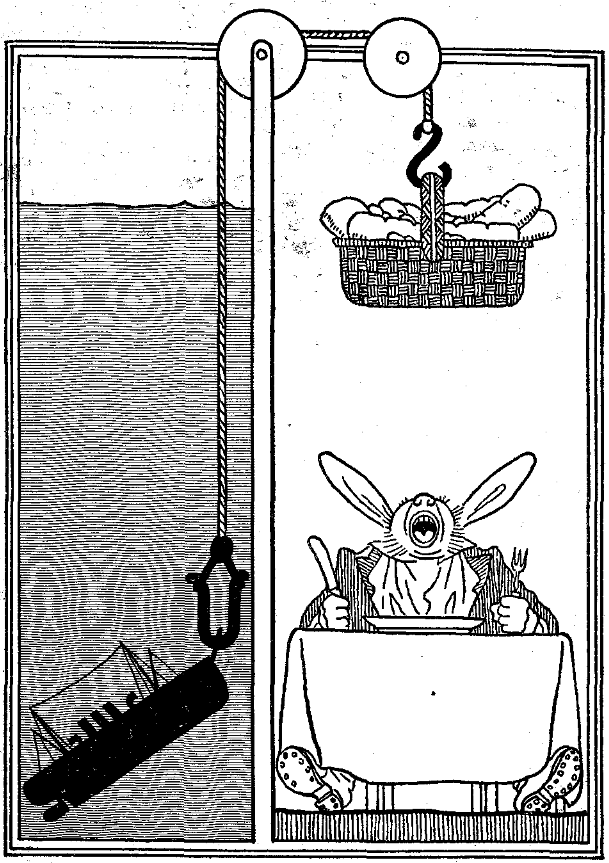
—*Nebelspalter* (Zurich).

THE FOOD INSPECTOR AS THE TERROR OF EUROPE.

THE FOOD-PROBLEM IN EUROPE

THE PINCH OF WAR is being felt in all belligerent countries, especially as regards food-prices, but it is difficult to compare conditions in Europe with those here, as many commodities in France, England, and Germany are sold at prices fixt by the Government. In England bread is being sold under a subsidy from the Government at eighteen cents for a four-pound loaf, actually, we are told, well under the cost of production. The London *Labor Gazette*, a semiofficial organ of one of the departments of the Government, the Board of Trade, notes a general fall of prices as regards foodstuffs, and this in spite of the much-discust submarine problem. It says:

"In consequence of reductions in the prices of flour, bread, and meat under the operation of recent food-control orders, the general level of retail prices of food on October 1 was considerably lower than a month earlier. The effect of these decreases was partially counteracted by upward movements in the prices of other important foodstuffs, but on the balance there was a reduction in the general percentage increase since July, 1914, from 106 per cent. on September 1 to 97 per cent. at the beginning of October.



AS GERMANY HOPES IT IS.

The more *U*-boat victims, the higher the British bread-basket.

—*Kladderadatsch* (Berlin).

"The subsidized 'ninepenny loaf' (18 cents) was almost universal for cash over the counter on October 1. An additional charge for delivery, usually of 1 cent, but sometimes of 2 cents, per 4-pound, was reported from over one-third of the places from which returns are received. Up to the introduction of the ninepenny loaf the average price had been about 23 cents for some months. In July, 1914, it was about 11½ cents. The present price of bread is therefore 22 per cent. lower than a month ago, and about 55 per cent. higher than just before the war. The alteration in the price of bread was accompanied by a similar tho somewhat greater reduction in that of flour.

"The decrease since September 1 in the prices of British beef and mutton averaged about 2½ cents and 4 cents per pound respectively, the fall being more marked in the large towns than in the small towns and villages, while the limited supplies of imported meat showed a smaller fall in price. The prices of the various cuts now show an average excess over prewar prices of about 16 cents per pound. On the other hand, the scarcity of bacon and butter resulted in further important increases in the prices of these articles to the highest point reached during the war—roundly about double the prewar level.

"The price of milk was advanced, as permitted by the recent milk order, in about half of the places from which returns are received. The usual amount of increase was 2 cents per quart, and the average price of milk on October 1 was 11 per cent. higher than in September, and 78 per cent. higher than before the war. Eggs, fish, and tea were also dearer than a month ago, while potatoes, margarine, cheese, and sugar showed but little average change in price during the month."

The Paris correspondent of the Manchester *Guardian* tells us that the cost of living in the French capital, despite Governmental price controls, is 50 per cent. higher than in London. He writes:

"With the approach of winter food restrictions increase. Applications for bread-cards have been made during the last three days, and the cards will shortly be distributed. The bread allowance is at present liberal—500 grams per day for each person, with an additional allowance of 200 grams for anybody that can show that he needs it, and 400 grams for persons engaged in manual labor, who can thus obtain 900 grams, or nearly 2 pounds a day. In view of the great shortage in the wheat-supply it is not certain that this allowance can be maintained.

"Meanwhile the sugar ration has been reduced from 750 grams to 500 grams (1$\frac{1}{10}$ pounds) per month for each person; several of the papers have suggested that, before this reduction was made, the trade in cakes and bonbons, which are still sold except on Tuesdays and Wednesdays, should have been prohibited.

"Coal-cards are already in force. Prices continue to rise in alarming proportions; during the last two or three months the shops have put up their prices about once a fortnight. No steps have yet been taken to prevent profiteering, and the cost of living is causing considerable unrest among the working classes, as wages have not risen in anything like the same proportion.

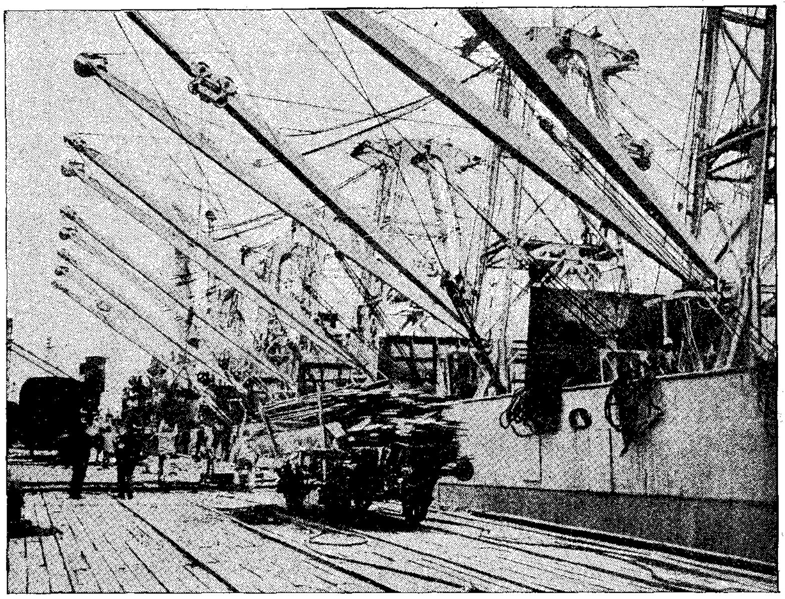
"According to persons coming from London the cost of living in Paris is about 50 per cent. higher than it is there."

How folks in Germany are faring it is almost impossible to say, for the newspapers preserve a discreet silence on the subject. An occasional official utterance, however, shows that there is a distinct scarcity of almost every commodity.

SCIENCE AND INVENTION

SHOWING THE FRENCH HOW TO UNLOAD

AMERICANS HAVE BEEN DEMONSTRATING to the French port authorities how the handling of cargoes at their docks may be speeded up. Saving time at the docks helps offset the ship-losses by submarine, and the improved methods and machinery will keep right on aiding Franco-American trade after the war. Under the heading, "The Americans in Our Ports," a contributor to *La Nature* (Paris, September 15) asserts that French ports are all normally under-equipped to handle congested traffic. They are like "big faucets on little pipes," to quote a French engineer, Mr. Dupont. Altho hundreds of cranes have been erected since the war began, miles of new track laid, and thousands of feet of wharfage built, making it possible to handle 57 million tons in 1916, as compared with 42 in 1913, these ports can still be speeded up, "and the Americans," says this writer, "are teaching us what methods will bring this about." Such an increase, he goes on to say, results easily from multiplying the number of hoisting engines used and operating them on both sides of the ship at once. We have demonstrated this to the satisfaction of the French with our ships *Jupiter* and *Neptune*, built originally as navy colliers, which have been lately utilized to carry supplies of all kinds to French ports, where, "they," says the reporter, "they have made a sensation." He goes on, in substance:



THE *JUPITER* UNLOADING IN A FRENCH PORT.

The hoisting machinery of this American naval auxiliary is a lesson to the French.

"The *Jupiter* and the *Neptune*, which have recently been carrying provisions to France, can each transport over 10,000 tons of merchandise. The *Jupiter* alone carried lately 5,000 tons of flour, 3,430 of oats, 220 of iron, 280 of benzol, 73 of coal, and 100 of munitions.

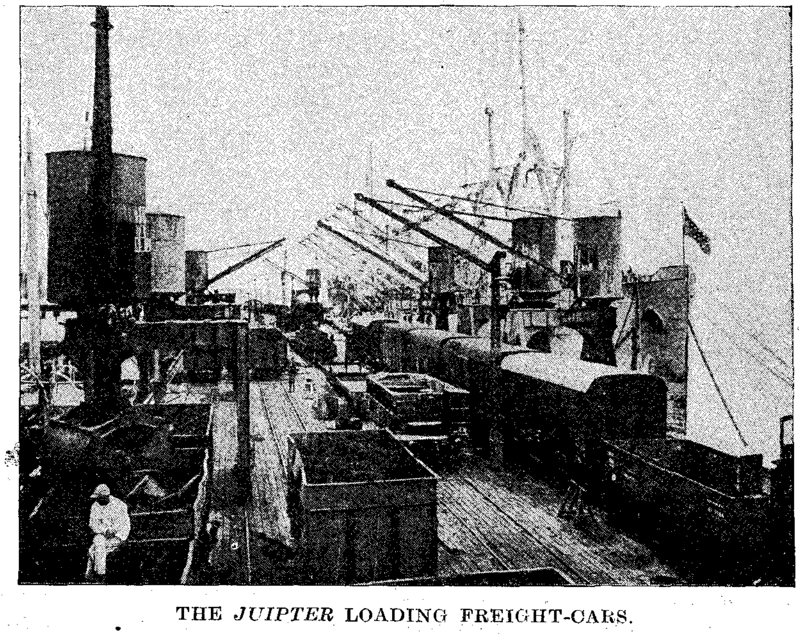
"To facilitate operations, the designers placed all the machinery in the stern, thus leaving the greater part of the bow and midship zone for the cargo. The *Jupiter* is provided with all necessary cargo-handling devices, such as pumps and piping for oil, cranes for coal and other solid products. These devices are installed beneath the bridge, which has no mast near it. Over the partitions of the water-tight compartments, which act as their foundations, are erected steel towers, from whose feet protrude the spars used for loading and unloading. The towers forward and aft have two spars each, the midship ones four. When the ship is not unloading, these spars are hauled up against the towers. Pedals and levers operate motors which set in motion the various trolleys and unloading devices.

"It has been proved that ships of this type can unload, even when in motion, 600 tons of coal an hour, and in some cases as high as 1,000 tons; and that operations can be carried on simultaneously from both sides.

"The illustrations show the American colossi at work. Our readers will salute with emotion these faithful servants by whose aid they will now be provisioned with speed and regularity.

"The Americans are not content with sending us the most modern of their commercial ships, those best fitted with machinery. They come also to our aid by lending us their practical spirit.

"The port of Bordeaux was congested and its relief was absolutely necessary. The American Chamber of Commerce at Paris formed an organization in charge of Mr. G. W. Lopp, who had proved his capacity as an official of the American ambulance.



THE *JUIPTER* LOADING FREIGHT-CARS.

"Mr. Lopp, in conjunction with the chief engineer, Mr. Clavel, director of the port of Bordeaux, succeeded, with characteristic American skill, in unloading 100,000 tons of merchandise, by loading cars for six hours to the limit of their capacity. Marseilles then requested the formation of a similar organization and voted the necessary funds.

"We shall soon see the Americans making over all our national methods, many of which date back to a former age. We shall not complain. Under the impulse of our American Allies the regeneration of France is beginning, to our great good fortune."

CATCHING COLD

ONE CATCHES A COLD, says Dr. J. H. Kellogg, in *Good Health* (Battle Creek, October), because for some reason the skin lacks resistance. Apply a cold-water compress to a person's head for several hours, and he will begin to complain that his forehead is sore and painful; he will have neuralgic pains in his forehead; the skin and the flesh become sore. This pain is called "rheumatism," for lack of a better term. It is simply a painful, sensitive condition due to the lowering of the blood-temperature which permits waste matters to accumulate in the tissues, causing the nerves to become abnormally sensitive. He goes on:

"Thus in a general way we may say that the cause for taking an ordinary cold is lowering of the temperature of the blood, either locally or generally. If a person has been perspiring from exercise and sits down and lets the wind blow on him he soon begins to feel chilly. While he was exercising, his muscles were generating heat.

"For a muscle generates heat, just as a dynamo generates electricity. By its action, heat is generated, just as by the revolution of the armature of the dynamo electricity is generated—and, in fact, in a very similar way; not in the way a stove generates heat, but in the way in which a dynamo generates electricity.

"If a person perspires when exercising, it is because he generates more heat than is needed to keep the body warm, so it is necessary that the body should be cooled, and perspiration is simply the effort of the body to cool itself off. Bathing the skin with water and allowing the water to evaporate also have the effect of cooling the skin.

"Now, when the perspiring individual ceases to exercise and sits down, the effect is that of putting out a fire or blowing out a light. The extra generation of heat ceases, so the evaporation goes on without any extra heat being produced, because the skin is wet and the clothing contains moisture and the evaporation causes a chilling of the body.

"It takes but a few minutes to produce this result; then in order to warm the body up, the muscles are set into spasmodic contraction. There are shivering and sneezing, which are signs of a kind of general spasm.

"When one sneezes, he does not sneeze with his nose, but through it. It is the entire body that is exercising. Every muscle contracts. The feet are lifted up from the floor. There is a jump of the whole body. It would be quite impossible to hold anything steady in your hand when you sneeze; but the motion is particularly of the expiratory muscles. There is a sudden contraction of these muscles, with an explosive effort of nature to warm the body up.

"When you sneeze, you say, 'Oh! I am taking cold.' That is a mistake. You have taken cold. Your temperature has been lowered and you already have the cold, and the muscular spasm is the effort of nature to cure it.

"Now if you want to help Nature, the best way is to keep right on exercising. You feel a little shiver started here and there, and you feel chilly. Now set your muscles to work as hard as you can. That is the quickest way to stop the shivering.

"Certainly one can prevent himself from taking cold. One sits in church and a draft blows on the back of his neck. He says: 'I am going to get a cold. I shall have a stiff neck to-morrow.'

"You do not need to have a cold. Just make the muscles contract as hard as possible; keep them working so they will keep the skin warm, and you will not take the cold.

"And the best of it is that one does not have to take gymnastic exercises or walk in order to exercise. One can sit perfectly still and work so hard as to make himself perspire freely—by making every muscle of the body tense. The hands can be kept straight at the sides, with the muscles perfectly rigid. Make every muscle of the body rigid and you will see pretty soon that you are breathing hard. Pretty soon you are taking deep breaths.

"You may say that it is hard to do that, but nevertheless one can sit quietly in church or other gathering and look the speaker in the face, and at the same moment work as hard as tho he were running to catch a train, or one may sit at his desk and dictate important letters or papers and at the same time be doing hard physical work.

"Thus one does not need to take cold because he is sitting still, for one does not need to be idle and relaxed just because one is sitting still."

REBUILDING RUINED FRENCH TOWNS

A SILVER LINING to the cloud overhanging devastated France appears in the plans already making for rebuilding ruined towns and villages along lines which will notably benefit their inhabitants in convenience, comfort, and health.

It is proposed not to be content with the hasty shelters erected in recovered territory to meet the immediate needs of the repatriated population, but to encourage permanent rebuilding along improved lines, which shall assume the collective interest of the community. The essential improvements demanded are increased facility of traffic, a plentiful supply of uncontaminated water, and sanitary methods of disposing of all varieties of waste and sewage. Mr. G. Espitallier outlines the requirements of the situation in *Le Génie Civil* (Paris), as follows:

"Good streets are the chief essential, and the smallest hamlet should have a rational plan for them that will do away with the chaos of the former maze of roads laid out at the mercy of chance and the caprice of each proprietor. . . . Where only ruins are left there is nothing to prevent the adoption of a methodical and rational route for this principal roadway . . . ; but must we not have an eye also to all the little streets that lead into it—those narrow, tortuous, ill-paved little streets, which a downpour of water transforms into muddy sewers?

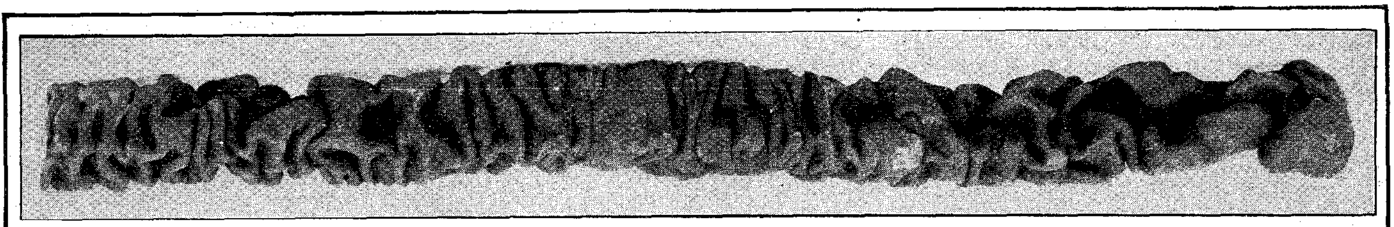
"And to begin with, there must be no more infected ponds, no more sewage running outside into blind pits, and spreading even to the middle of the road. This is the proper moment to examine into hygienic necessities and to impose their benefits upon the rural populations, whose deplorable habits often render them refractory in this respect. . . . . . .

"What, then, are the essentials demanded in a rural community? They comprise, before everything, the whole collective hygiene: provision of drinking-water, disposal of waste, the suppression of harmful germs, together with the observation of the rules of health involved in planning and building the dwellings themselves—rooms big enough to prevent crowding, large windows admitting the air and light, which are the worst enemies of infectious microbes . . . floors high enough above ground to avoid dampness. . . . There is nothing more important in particular than to guard rural populations from tuberculosis, much more frequent in the country than is often supposed, from too great crowding in damp and airless rooms."

Disease germs infest the whole battle-area—on the earth and in the waters which penetrate it. The water of wells and streams is everywhere suspect. It is impossible, therefore, to insist too strongly on so treating all drinking-water as to make it harmless. Mr. Espitallier goes into methods of destroying waste in considerable detail and recommends to his readers the example of the British troops, who have small furnaces for burning up matter that might become a menace to health. His plans for village improvement sketched above by no means imply a determination to lay out rural villages on the stiff rectilinear lines so general in America. Historical development and esthetic values are to be taken into consideration. After mentioning the "garden cities" of England with approval, he says:

"It is in this direction that the reorganization of our villages should tend. There is, of course, a great difference to be observed between farm communities and factory towns, where the people have a solidarity due to common occupations. The farm village will doubtless derive a greater freedom of action and a more necessary variety from the individualism of each of its inhabitants. But it is very desirable, too, that these little groups to be reborn should preserve that regional character which in some sort gives each of our provinces its own personality. . . . 'It is needful,' writes Mr. Vaillat, 'that the house should belong truly to i[illegible] province, like the lace head-dress to the Boulognaise.' . . . . . .

"It is not by chance that particular styles of construction are implanted and perpetuated. They are the result of an infinity of influences, some material and others imponderable. The materials of the region doubtless play an important part, but the character of the race, the manners, and even the mentality of the inhabitants have also had a part in the formation of the local style."



Illustrations by courtesy of "Railway and Locomotive Engineering," New York.

FIG. 1.—A PIPE THAT CRUMPLED, BUT WOULD NOT BREAK, WHEN 40 GALLONS OF NITROGLYCERIN EXPLODED.

PIPE THAT WILL NOT BREAK

THE FIRST OF THE ACCOMPANYING PICTURES represents, not a section of rubber tubing or a piece of textile fabric, but a piece of steel pipe that has been subjected to the shock of some forty gallons of nitroglycerin exploded in an oil well. Only a few years ago the best steel pipe then obtainable would have been shattered to fragments by such an experience, but modern pipe is eminently "punishable"—as the slang of the industry puts it. The case just mentioned is not at all unusual, we are told by a writer in *Railway and Locomotive Engineering* (New York, October). A volume might be filled, he says, with similar ones, all going to show the great advance that has been made in the production of material of this kind. We read:

"Among the striking improvements in the manufacture of metals in recent years there are none more remarkable than the advance that has been made in material for pipe. A few years ago it would be impossible to obtain pipe that would withstand the unusual strains involved in present-day service. Some of these unusual experiences would scarcely be believed if they were not verified by a 'cloud of witnesses.' These incidents, while in a sense they may be unusual, are valuable as showing the progress made in metallurgical science, and are of interest to all who are interested in the improvement of mechanical appliances.

"A volume might be made of these experiences, all showing the inherent qualities or 'punishability' of pipe, the result for the most part of unusual accidents. Indeed it would be impossible to duplicate the circumstances under which many of these unlooked-for tests occurred.

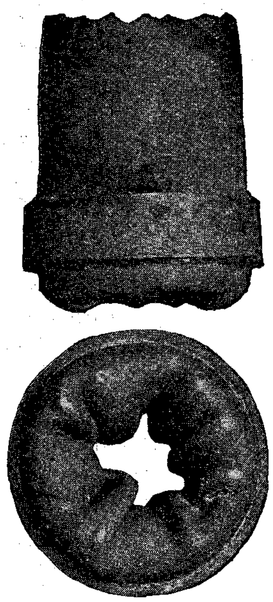


FIG. 2.—The end of a heavy pipe that fell 236 feet without breaking.

"In our various illustrations Fig. 1 shows a piece of $5\frac{5}{16}$-inch steel casing that was originally about 18 feet long, and was stuck in an oil well. About 170 quarts of nitroglycerin had been placed in the well and was suddenly shot off with the idea of blowing this piece out, and at the same time 'shooting' the well. Instead of shooting it out, however, the casing was reduced in length from 18 feet to approximately 6 feet. It was drawn to the surface after great difficulty and was found to be crushed, twisted, and distorted, but no fracture was shown.

"The incident reproduced in Fig. 2 occurred when a string of 340 feet of 10-inch oil-well casing fell 236 feet when an elevator let go. The picture shows what happened to the lower length of pipe when the casing hit the bottom of the well. The thread protector was forced over the threads and up over the pipe approximately 12 or 13 inches and the pipe was bent backward and inward. As will be noted, however, the material shows no fracture. This happened in the Oklahoma oil-field.

"Fig. 3 shows a '3 in 1' section of casing. There was a string 1,440 feet long of $8\frac{1}{4}$-inch steel casing; the elevator let go and the string of pipe, weighing something over 34,000 pounds, dropt 200 feet to a bottom of limestone. The three sections on the bottom were telescoped—one inside and one outside. It will be seen that there was no failure in the weld, and the three lengths telescoped without a crack. The exterior apparently shows a straight length of casing. The particular piece here given was machined to show the three separate sections as telescoped.

"The circumstances are substantially the same as those in Fig. 2, but the results are very different. This incident occurred in the Ohio field, and such experiences might be multiplied from numerous sources as well as from files of the research department of the National Tube Company."

A POTASH LAKE—At the annual meeting of the American Chemical Society, on September 11, Dr. Nichols, of the National Research Council, said that "the greatest known deposit of potash in the world, estimated to be worth more than one billion dollars, is awaiting development." Immediate utilization of this potash, he added, depended upon Congress. The deposit is in Searles Lake, California, whose waters, it is estimated by the Geological Survey, hold in solution 20,000,000 tons of this mineral. Says the writer of an editorial in the New York *Times:*

"Before the war our supplies of potash came from Germany. Imports were 529,000 tons in 1913, but only 10,000 last year, and the old price has been multiplied by ten. We are producing small quantities from feldspar, alunite, cement waste, and sea-weed, but very much more is needed.

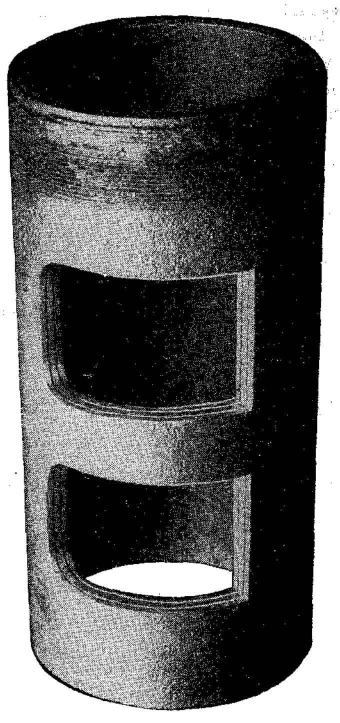


FIG. 3.—The three sections of this casing telescoped without cracking when 34,000 pounds of pipe fell 200 feet.

"Development of the lake deposits depends upon Congress, because the lake and surrounding land were withdrawn some time ago by the Government from the operation of mining and land settlement laws. A bill to permit and promote utilization of this potash was passed in the Senate on August 10. It provides for leases, if satisfactory terms concerning rentals and royalties can be made. The potash should be taken out by private companies or the Government. Two companies have accessible reduction plants which could begin the work at once, but it would be necessary for the Government to expend $1,000,000 in preparation. We suggest that the American Chemical Society by resolution ask Congress to take final action upon the bill without delay. It has the support of the Council of National Defense. In committee hearings and the Senate debate reference was made to the remark of Dr. Wilhelm Ostwald, German Privy Councilor, that 'America went into the war like a man with a rope around his neck, a rope which is in enemy hands,' because Germany, having 'a world monopoly of potash, can dictate which of the nations shall have plenty of food and which shall starve.' Even if we can get no potash fertilizers for the farms, we shall not starve, but in Searles Lake there is an ample supply for many years to come."

OUR HUSKY CITY BOYS

THE RESULT OF PHYSICAL EXAMINATIONS shows that in the National Army the young men from the country are more likely to be rejected as defective than those from the city. This statement was made recently by Dr. J. A. Nydegger, in charge of the United States Public Health Service in Baltimore, as reported in the New York *Times*. Statistics so far gathered by the Government show, according to Dr. Nydegger, that the number of children and young men defective or in need of medical attention is from 7 to 20 per cent. higher in rural districts. While there was an alarming number of instances of poor eyesight, underweight, bad teeth, flat feet, and other defects among young men examined in cities, the results were even more startling in the country, and this was due, says Dr. Nydegger, to the fact that the health of school-children is almost entirely neglected in rural schools. Says *The Times:*

"While physicians who had made extensive studies of the condition of health and physique of the youth of the country expected the percentage of rejections to be high, few believed that conditions would be as bad as they were shown to be by the medical examinations of drafted men. The showing made by this medical survey will have great moral value in awakening the country to the need for better medical and sanitary care for children in schools, especially in rural schools, Dr. Nydegger said. He added that the United States was behind most European countries in provisions for the health of school-children. In Europe, the need for strong and healthy men for armies has turned the attention of governments to the health of school-children. England was aroused, Dr. Nydegger said, when the medical examination of recruits during the Boer War showed that many were unhealthy and defective and that their troubles in a vast number of cases could be traced to bad physical surroundings and methods in English schools.

"'As soon as the Boer War was over,' Dr. Nydegger said, 'the British Government proceeded to introduce throughout the United Kingdom a well-devised medical inspection of schools, compulsory athletics, and mild military training to correct, as far as human endeavor was able, the physical defectives. Other European countries arrived at the realization of this defect in their school systems at an even earlier date, and provided systems of athletic training and medical inspection in their schools, beginning with kindergartens.

"'While in this country most of the city schools have adopted medical inspection, most of the rural institutions have none. In this lies the fact that the unsanitary conditions in these places produce 75 per cent. of the physical defects which are to-day barring men from the United States forces. Defective eyes, ears, teeth, and throats among the youth of rural communities have been found to be due largely to conditions in the rural schools. Improper desks and seats also have caused much spinal curvature, leading to other faulty conditions. These conditions ought to be corrected at once, and school-children all over the country should be examined because defects arising at their period of life as a rule can not be overcome later.

"'The introduction of a single innovation or procedure is not going to correct all of the physical defects existing in our young men. It must be a gradual process, beginning with an efficient universal medical inspection in our public schools at the age of six years, coupled with a well-devised system of physical training and mild military exercises to harden young men for the more strenuous universal military training which is to follow after school-days are over.

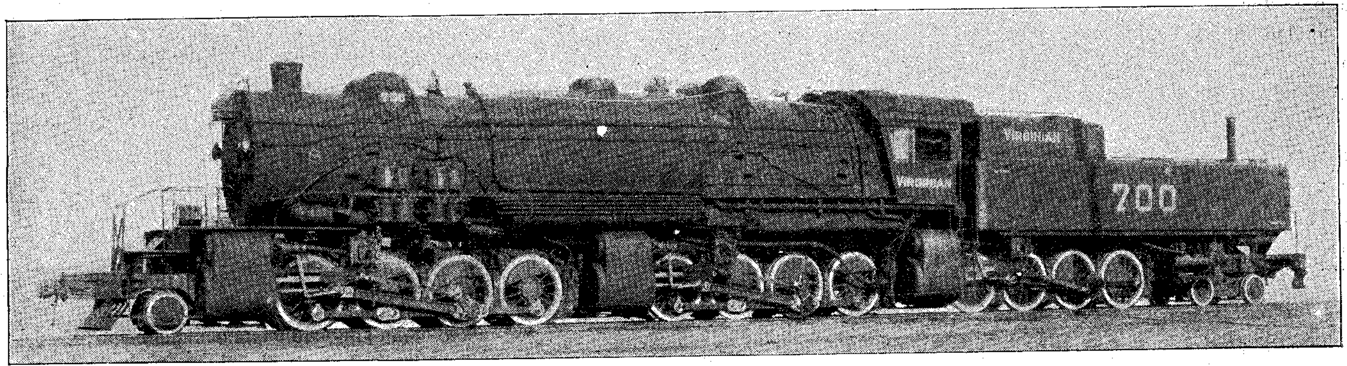
"'This is a great national problem, and the Federal Government should handle it, or at least cooperate with the States to the extent of seeing that defects are corrected, with the view of remedying conditions, if not for the present generation of young men, for the generations of the future.'"

A DEFENSE OF THE LOCOMOTIVE

IS THE LOCOMOTIVE A "CRIME"? This characterization, made by George H. Gibson in an article quoted recently in these columns from *Power*, is asserted by H. S. Vincent, of the American Locomotive Company, writing in the same journal (New York, September 25), to be quite misapplied. Taking up Mr. Gibson's charges one by one, he weighs them and pronounces the abused locomotive innocent on all counts. Locomotive building and operation, Mr. Vincent assures us, are no longer carried on in the dark. They have become exact sciences, since it is now possible to subject a locomotive to precise tests of its performance in any and all particulars. In the first place, it will be remembered, Mr. Gibson holds up as a horrible example of inefficiency the locomotive-boiler and furnace—asserting that it is "most wasteful" and "fails to meet the requirements of business." If this is true, Mr. Vincent rejoins, a comparison of its boiler and furnace with that of the stationary plant should demonstrate this inefficiency. This comparison he proceeds to carry out with typical examples, giving his results in tables of figures, which he translates thus:

"A stationary plant having about four and one-half times as much heating surface and about six and one-half times as much grate surface as the locomotive evaporated less water, and each square foot of heating surface in the locomotive evaporated about four and one-half times as much water as the stationary boiler.

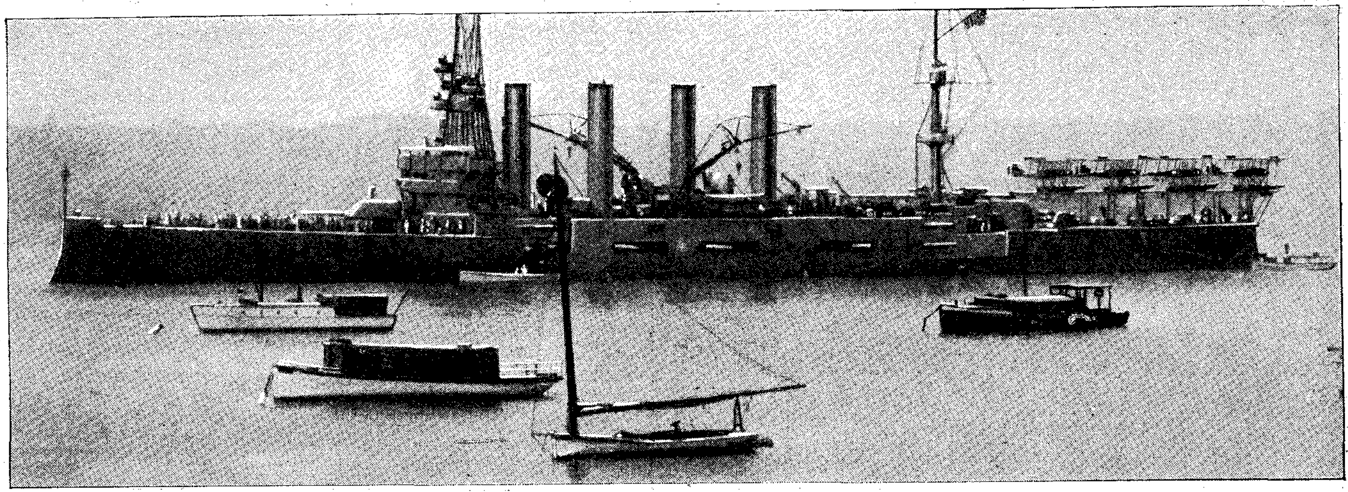
"The stationary plant was working at 105 per cent. capacity against 485 per cent. capacity for the locomotive. From tests when working at 200 per cent. overload the locomotive has shown a boiler and furnace efficiency of 76 per cent. The average stationary plant working at an equal overload, when equipped with all the fuel-saving devices proposed for the locomotive by Mr. Gibson, will show only about 73 per cent. efficiency. Such a comparison gives some idea of the problems confronting the locomotive designer, and how well he has solved them even when the entire power-plant is in a space approximately 10½ by 50 feet; whereas, the boilers alone of an equivalent stationary plant will occupy a space approximately 20 by 90 feet.



Courtesy of the Baldwin Locomotive Works.

IF THE LOCOMOTIVE IS A "CRIME," THIS MUST BE A DASTARDLY OUTRAGE.

It is the biggest one in the world, up to date, and was built for the Virginian Railway by the Baldwin Locomotive Works.



Courtesy of "Popular Science Monthly," New York.

A WAR-SHIP WHICH LAUNCHES ITS SEAPLANES DIRECTLY INTO THE AIR.

A little elevated railway is built on the after-deck of the ship. On the track runs a little car which carries the seaplane, projecting it into the air when the end of the track is reached.

One must further consider that this immense power output must be developed while the power-plant is moving on a base 56½ inches wide at a speed of 20 to 90 miles per hour."

Taking up some further counts in the indictment, the attorney for the defendant proceeds:

"Mr. Gibson states that 'some roads are experimenting with mechanical stokers' to replace the human fireman. He should have known that these experiments began about fifteen years ago and that to-day there are approximately 2,000 locomotives on American roads so equipped. In fact, it is impossible to operate the monster locomotives of to-day to anything like their capacity by hand-firing. Experiments have been under way for two or three years looking to the substitution of mechanical draft for the exhaust jet, but so far the results have not been entirely satisfactory. Reliable estimates of cost of operation made by the builders of this type of equipment place it far above the figures given by Mr. Gibson. Nevertheless, the railroads are continuing experiments along this line as well as toward the diminution of the cinder loss, and as soon as something practical is evolved it is sure to meet with general acceptance. . . . . . .

"The fact that the locomotive is a moving power-plant with relatively high cost of maintenance, also that chances of failure must be reduced to a minimum, has operated to keep the design as simple as possible. In other words, any device that bids for acceptance by the railroads must show a relatively high economy to offset its natural increase in cost of upkeep; it must also be reduced to its simplest terms to insure against failure in service. This fact has operated to restrict the use of such devices as feed-water heaters and economizers. Nevertheless, several American roads are now testing out experimental heaters, and with the rising cost of fuel it will probably be but a short time before they will become part of the standard equipment of the modern locomotive.

"Perhaps the most remarkable inference to be drawn from Mr. Gibson's article is his lack of information with regard to the status of the locomotive superheater. From his statement one would assume that the locomotive designer is, as yet, ignorant of the economies obtainable from this device. It may surprize him to learn that there are to-day over 22,000 locomotives equipped with superheaters, nearly 6,000 having been applied in the year 1916. This fact would seem to indicate that the responsible mechanical officers of the American railroads are not slow to adopt meritorious devices.

"Far from being a 'crime against civilization,' the American locomotive can challenge comparison with the product of any other branch of engineering; and it is constantly being improved both in capacity and economy, but its sponsors do not claim that it has yet reached the summit of perfection. The most radical changes in design are resorted to when necessary to meet new operating conditions, but changes are not made unnecessarily, and any suggested improvement must meet the acid test of efficiency. The development of the American locomotive is an interesting and instructive field for investigation, and it would doubtless repay any one interested to take the necessary trouble to post himself on it."

CATAPULTING SEAPLANES

THE SEAPLANE now flies without the necessity of a preliminary launching. Machinery devised by an American naval officer enables it to start directly from the deck of its "mother ship." The plane gets its speed, not from its own motor, as a landplane does when it makes its start, but from a cable attached to a compress-air cylinder. In fact, the plane is thrown into the air as a man might throw a baseball or a bomb, with such speed that its motor can then continue to carry it forward. Hitherto a hydroaeroplane carried on shipboard has been able to start only in smooth water. Now the roughness of the sea will be no obstacle to its use. The advantages of the new plane need no amplification. Says a writer in *The Popular Science Monthly* (New York, November):

"Long before the engagements of the German and British fleets in the North Sea focused the eyes of the world upon the possibilities of scouting in the air, the officers of our Navy had foreseen the part that the flying-machine would play in battle. But they were prevented from carrying their vision into reality by the difficulties of launching a seaplane. When the water is rough a flying-boat is so battered about by the waves that it is unable to make that preliminary run without which it can not fly. In the earliest experiments a platform was built over the decks of one of our war-ships, and a flying machine actually succeeded not only in launching itself from that platform, but even in alighting upon it. But a platform is an encumbrance. When a ship is to be cleared for action it is in the way.

"For some years Capt. Washington I. Chambers, of our Navy, has been working on this launching problem. He has at last devised an ingenious catapult with which some of our ships are provided and which seems to meet the technical requirements of those who must fight on the seas.

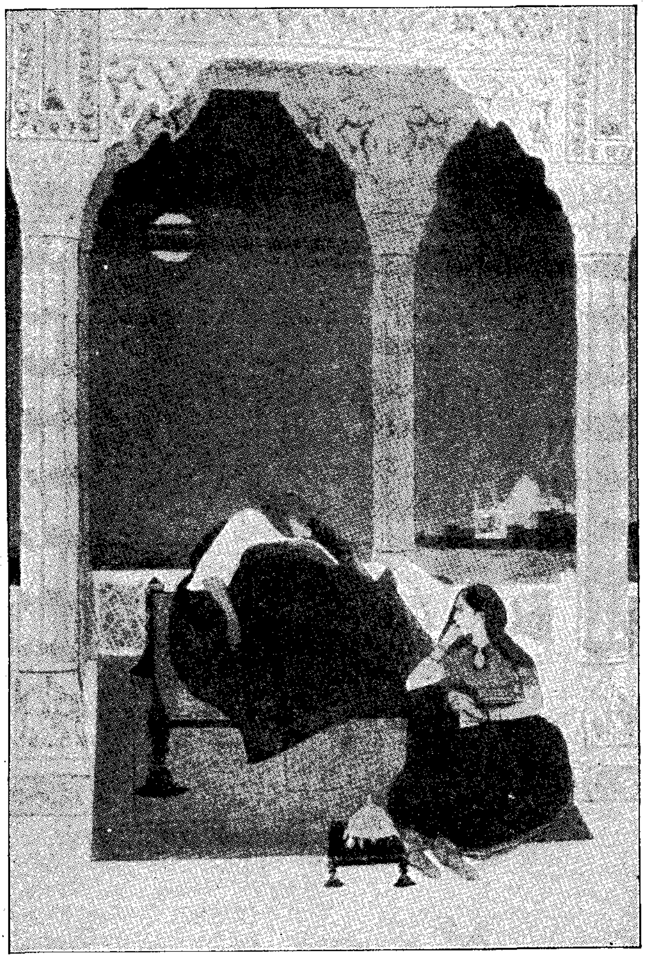
"Captain Chambers's launching device is in reality a little elevated railway built on the after-deck. On the track runs a little car which carries the seaplane. The car shoots forward, carrying with it the seaplane. When the end of the track is reached, the seaplane is projected into the air, its motor having been started before the run. The car returns automatically to the starting position after having struck a buffer.

"What propels the car? Not the screw of the flying machine, as might be supposed at first blush, but a simple piece of machinery consisting of cable, tackle, and a compress-air cylinder. The function of the tackle is not unlike that performed by the pulleys that hoist a safe from the sidewalk to a fourth- or fifth-story window. By the time the seaplane has reached the end of the track, it will have a speed of at least forty miles an hour, which, in normal conditions, keeps it aloft if the propellers are in motion. Of course, the seaplane must be automatically unlatched from the car.

"The elevated structure upon which the track is carried is so designed that it can be removed very quickly when the ship is to be cleared for action."

ANOTHER TAGORE

RABINDRANATH TAGORE, the Indian poet, came here and founded a cult of admirers for his poetry; but he told us little or nothing about his nephew. This man is a painter instead of poet and is regarded as the leader of the "new school" of Indian art. New school, it is called, tho it is really the old school come to life again after being buried beneath the realistic products that came in with the British occupation. This younger Tagore, who boasts the name of Abanindranath, was a painter by natural talent, but his education was in the classical European method, so that when he threw this off for the national technique, he contributed his bit to the nationalist movement that has been engaging India for some years. Strangely enough, the basic principle of this new-old art, says Basanta Koomar Roy in *Asia* (New York), is "the ideal which modern futurists are striving to attain." In appreciating the ideals of Indian art, the Occidental finds a drawback in the fact that "most of India's best sculpture and painting is religious, with a traditional story behind it." Added to this difficulty, especially for those not yet caught up with the advanced purposes of Western art, "the ideal of Indian art is not to paint pictures true to objective life, but to paint pictures to reveal the subjective influences, the inner life of the subject."



"THE PASSING OF SHAH-JEHAN."

"At his death, Shah-Jehan asked to be carried to the porch of his palace, that he might say farewell to his beloved Taj-Mahal." Regarded as the masterpiece of Abanindranath Tagore.

"In ancient India painting anything but deities was thought improper. 'It is always commendable,' says the sage Sukracharya, 'for the artist to draw the images of gods. To make human figures is wrong. Even a misshapen image of God is always better than an image of man, however beautiful.' This idea accounts for the preponderance of the religious element in Hindu art. The artists had to go through austere discipline. Their path was not through 'Bohemia.' They had to live a life of devotional consecration, spending a great part of their time in reading the sacred Scriptures, and even in dreams they sought divine guidance. 'O Thou, Lord of all the gods,' prayed the artist, 'teach me in dream how to carry out all the work I have in my mind.'

"The art student and artists did not have to worry about their maintenance. The maharajas were wont to support them at the cost of the state. To the good artists they gave land free of rent, so that they, and perhaps their descendants too, might devote their time and energy to artistic productions for the sake of art alone. This practise of art for art's sake was carried so far that in the works of ancient Indian art there are no names of the artists to be found, nor even the dates. The artist created, and his greatest joy was in creating. Consequently he did not care for name or fame. His duty was to work, and he had no right to wish even for the fruits of his work. Complete consecration and detachment were the key-notes of his life."

If the British caused the eclipse of the old Indian art it was also a Briton who made it shine again. Mr. E. B. Havell, when principal of the Calcutta Art School and superintendent of the Calcutta Art Gallery, had a change of heart, and in 1896 made the curriculum, the method of teaching, and the ideals to be followed in the school all purely Indian. This was open repudiation of the *Kultur* that the British Government paid to instil. The pupils were already convinced of the "transcendent superiority of European art," but when Mr. Havell took down all the European paintings from the art-gallery and sold them, so that he might buy Indian paintings, even radical Bengali papers attacked him. Mr. Havell initiated young Tagore into the mysteries of the painting of his own land, and—

"The soul of the new art movement in India to-day is Abanindranath Tagore, who is not only an original painter of exceptional merit, but is also a great and inspiring teacher and the possessor of a genial personality. He radiates joy and confidence wherever he goes. His paintings are some of the best in India. His illustrations of Omar Khayyam are really idealistic, and they certainly put a newer light on the book, but he excels most in his religious and historical paintings. . . . . . .

"Some critics claim that Tagore's 'Passing of Shah-Jehan' is his best work. This has certainly a wide following, for the story is familiar. Shah-Jehan built the Taj-Mahal in memory of his departed wife, Mam-Taj Begum. Twenty thousand people worked for twenty years to finish it. At the last stage of his life, Shah-Jehan exprest his desire to be carried to the porch of his palace at Agra so that from there he could look at the Taj on the other side of the Jumna, and, looking at it, pass out into the unknown. His living wife is sitting at his feet, sadly looking at the face of the Emperor. Shah-Jehan's eyes are inscrutably fixt on his beloved Taj-Mahal. The doubly intensified absolute sadness of Shah-Jehan, his helpless resignation of posture as exprest in the drop of his right hand, the far-offness of his longing eyes, are most successfully brought out in the rhythm of the lines that reveal the mental attitude of the dying Emperor. The Queen is sad and thoughtful, and yet there is to be found a slight touch of proud jealousy on her lips. The moon, half-hidden behind the clouds, casts a subdued light on the milk-white marble Taj, making out of it a poem in marble. This painting alone is enough to give Mr. Tagore a lasting reputation as a great and inspired artist.

"This tender, amiable, and cultured Emperor Shah-Jehan's son was the crude, cruel, and bigoted Aurangzeeb. Aurangzeeb was inordinately ambitious. He had his father imprisoned and had his brother, the crown prince, murdered, so that he might ascend the Mogul throne. He claimed to be an orthodox Mohammedan, and was fond of reading the Koran and counting his beads. Once he was engaged in reading the Koran and counting his beads when a servant placed before him the head of his defeated brother, Dara Shuko. Aurangzeeb at once threw away the Koran and his beads, and with a sword uncovered the head to be sure that his brother was really killed. A sense of intense languor, deep-seated hypocrisy, and triumphant revenge are most admirably exprest in this remarkable painting of Tagore's.

"By dint of his superior craftsmanship and magnetic personality, Mr. Tagore has gathered around him a group of self-sacrificing young Indian artists who have consecrated their lives to unfold the traditional idealism of Indian art."

PRISON-CAMP VERSE

EVEN A GERMAN PRISON-CAMP "can not tarnish the bright valiancy of English soldiers." And the evidence of this to Mr. E. B. Osborn, the man who has become the anthologist of the trench poet, is a volume of verse whose source is the prison-camp of Gütersloh. The author, F. W. Harvey, published his first volume of soldier verse under the title, "A Gloucestershire Lad." His emergence in war poetry was in *The Fifth Glo'ster Gazette*, the first paper published from the British trenches, says Mr. Osborn in the London *Morning Post*, and "still the liveliest of all the little soldiers' journals." This paper, which revealed Harvey as "a soldier-poet of power and a subtle distinction," also proclaimed him "as good at soldiering as at verse-making, and that as lance-corporal he had won the Distinguished Conduct Medal for conspicuous gallantry in August, 1915, near Hebuterne." Not long afterward the poet was reported missing and supposed to have been killed. Then news came that he was unhurt, but a prisoner in German hands, and that "his name need not be added to the long list of English soldier-poets who have fallen in action or died of wounds." Says Mr. Osborn:

"His new volume of poems ('Gloucestershire Friends') from a German prison-camp—he is now at Gütersloh—will be welcomed by the many admirers of his simple and sincere work. He has used the weary days of captivity to good purpose, for his new poems show an advance in technique and also a fuller and deeper sense of the function of poetry as a 'criticism of life.' He now sees all things—even the homely beauties of his own dear Gloucestershire, a certain tree-encircled house at Minsterworth, and all the hills and meadows that are friendly and familiar—against the darkly bright background of his tremendous experiences in the fighting-zone, and every piece in his new volume shows that the English heart is unconquerable in adversity, that there is for us an essentially English truth in the lines of an elder soldier-poet of ours:

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage. . . . . . .

"Many of the poems in 'Gloucestershire Friends' are inspired by sad, glad memories of sights and sounds and odors of the English countryside. The poet sees familiar flowers in a German garden:

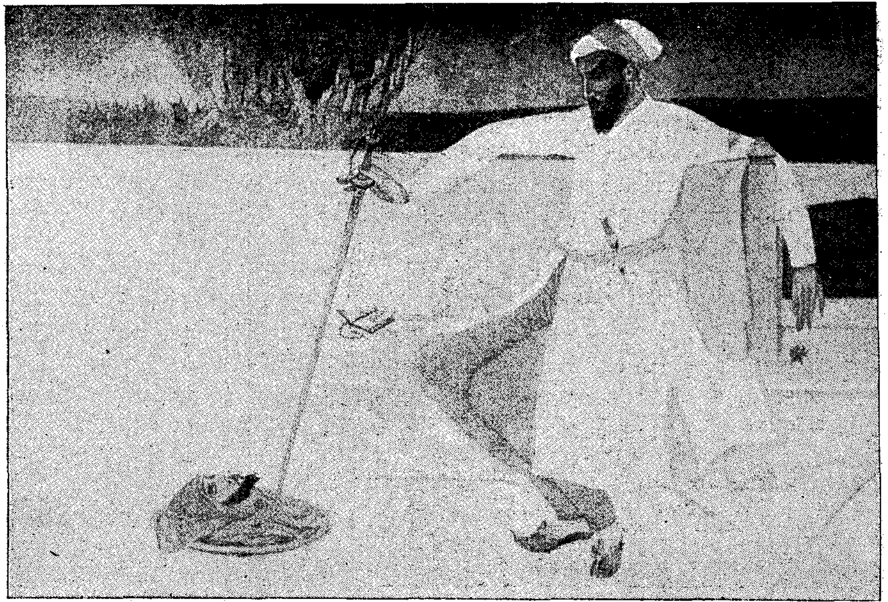
Snap-dragon, sunflower, sweet-pea,
Flowers which fill the heart of me
With so sweet and bitter fancy,

or hears familiar birds:

Thrushes, finches, birds that beat
Magical and thrilling sweet
Little far-off fairy gongs;

and his heart is filled with sorrow and joy, the joy at last prevailing. He sends a message home by clouds in the German sky flying Channelward—this is a frequent idea with the soldier-poets, a fine example being a poem by the late Lieutenant W. N. Hodgson, M.C., whose thoughts fly back to England from Loos on a cloud-laden wind out of the southeast. Gütersloh is too far from the Western battle-zone for him to hear the solemn music of the great guns, as Captain Rose-Troup hears them in a moving poem, ever nearer and clearer as the German lines are pushed toward the Rhine. He longs for freedom to roam at his leisure by one of those little Gloucestershire byways, the like of which are not to be found in any of the penurious and wholly commercialized German lands:

I will not take the great road that goes so proud and high,
Like the march of Roman legions that made it long ago;
But I will choose another way, a little road I know.
There no poor tramp goes limping, nor rich poor men drive by,
Nor ever crowding cattle, or sheep in dusty throng
Before their beating drovers drift cruelly along:
But only birds and free things, and ever in my ear
Sound of the leaves and little tongues of water talking near.



"AURANGZEEB AND THE HEAD OF DARA."

Aurangzeeb, the son of Shah-Jehan, dropping his beads and Koran to lift with languid triumph the cloth covering the head of his defeated brother, Dara Shuko.
From a painting by Abanindranath Tagore.

"More intimate a record of his own land and its people is a series of five dialect pieces, of which the lament of Seth over the death of the oldest inhabitant shall be quoted:

We heard as we wer passing by the forge:
"'Er's dead," said he.
"'Tis Providence's doing," so said George.
"He's allus doing summat," so I said,
"You see this pig; we kept un aal the year
Fatting un up and priding in un, see,
And spent a yup o' money—food so dear!
I wish 'twer 'e;
I'd liefer our fat pig had died than she."

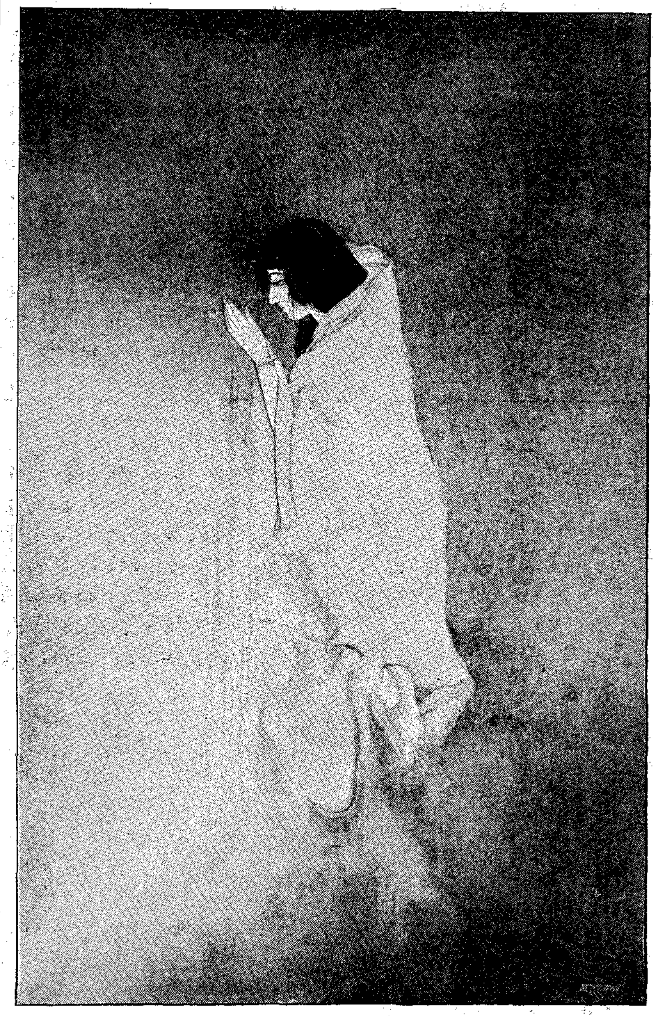
The squalor and the splendor of warfare are contrasted in "two well-wrought ballades," wherein, according to Mr. Osborn, "the old French verse-forms are handled with delightful dexterity." But—

"The most touching of the poems that present the passions of war-time in retrospect are those that commemorate dead comrades:

You never crept into the night
That lurks for all mankind!

Joyous you lived and loved, and leapt
Into that gaping dark, where stept
Our Fathers all, to find
Old honor—jest of fools, yet still the soul of all delight.

"War is still for him, as in one of the first of his *Fifth Glo'ster Gazette* lyrics, Honor's high festival, to which all Earth's chivalry is now bidden. Quotation is the sincerest form of criticism, and one is much tempted to go on quoting from this beautiful and various little book. But let a final quotation be given—the 'Ballad of Army Pay,' in which he deals with a mean and ridiculous mania for unworthy economies on the part of our civilian war-loads with a satirical vigor not unworthy of Mr. Kipling:



"SUTTEE."

"Life of my life, Death's bitter sword
Hath severed us like a broken word,
Rent us in twain, who are but one . . .
Shall the flesh survive when the soul is gone?"

From a painting by another East-Indian artist, Nanda Lal Baku.

In general, if you want a man to do a dangerous job:
Say, swim the Channel, climb St. Paul's, or break into and rob
The Bank of England, why, you find his wages must be higher
Than if you merely wanted him to light the kitchen fire.
But in the British Army, it's just the other way,
And the maximum of danger means the minimum of pay.

You put some men inside a trench, and call them infantrie,
And make them face ten kinds of hell, and face it cheerfully;
And live in holes like rats, with other rats, and lice, and toads,
And in their leisure time assist the R.E.'s with their loads.
Then, when they've done it all, you give 'em each a bob a day!
For the maximum of danger means the minimum of pay.

We won't run down the A.S.C., nor yet the R.T.O.
They ration and direct us on the way we've got to go.
They're very useful people, and it's pretty plain to see
We couldn't do without 'em, nor yet the A.P.C.
But comparing risks and wages—I think they all will say
That the maximum of danger means the minimum of pay.

There are men who make munitions—and seventy bob a week;
They never see a lousy trench nor hear a big shell shriek;
And others sing about the war at high-class music-halls
Getting heaps and heaps of money and encores from the stalls.
They "keep the home fires burning" and bright by night and day,
While the maximum of danger means the minimum of pay. . . . . . .

The question of literature and its survival in this great world struggle has here an added light:

"Our captive officers are taken to Germany in cattle-trucks, and still meet with insults and even assaults on the way from an utterly unchivalrous people. German officers, who fall into our hands, on the other hand, often travel in parlor cars—surely an excess of chivalry at an unjustifiable cost!—and their insolent words and gestures are received by comfortable citizens on railway platforms with a sort of amiable curiosity. Yet the former take all that comes without rancor or repining, and, when the dreary *Offizier-Gefangenenlager* is reached, soon settle down to useful studies; whereas the latter become neurotic and restless as a rule, and seldom persevere in any wholesome occupation. And one striking proof of the superior morale of our officers in captivity is to be found in the fact that a careful search in German journals for verse written by officer prisoners has revealed nothing comparable, in matter or manner, with the poems of Lieutenant F. W. Harvey, Captain J. M. Rose-Troup, and other English prisoners-of-war."

THE BOSTON SYMPHONY AND PATRIOTISM

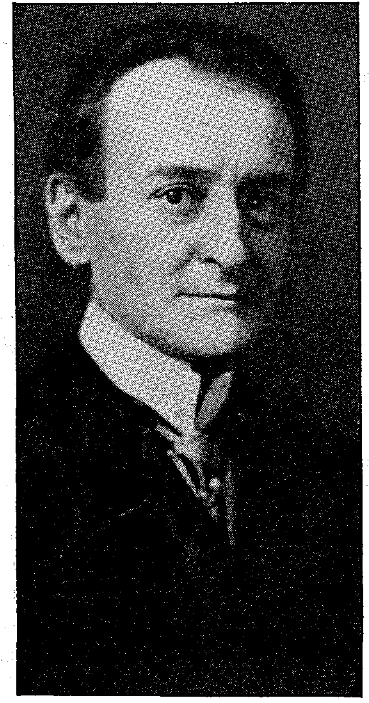
FAIR SKIES seem possible for the season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra since its conductor, Dr. Karl Muck, bowed to popular demand and played "The Star-Spangled Banner" at a Symphony concert in the orchestra's home-town after omitting it in Providence. Major Higginson, the principal supporter of the orchestra, declares that Dr. Muck never really refused to play the national anthem, but since he conceived it could have no place on a Symphony program he silently ignored it. Major Higginson explains in a statement given to the press that the request for the anthem in Providence did not come from subscribers to the orchestra concerts, and Dr. Muck was not even apprized of the desire. Major Higginson asserts:

"The first time Dr. Muck and the orchestra were asked to play 'The Star-Spangled Banner' they played it; and, still further, the request had never been refused.

"The original object and plan of these concerts were the enjoyment and education of our fellow citizens. On one point I may insist: The orchestra under Dr. Muck has given to the public from the Atlantic to the Pacific great comfort and happiness through many years; and this band of many nationalities has worked well and loyally under most trying circumstances for the good of us all. Each one of them deserves not abuse or suspicion, but hearty thanks, and I ask it for them—thanks not in words, but in deeds and in trust."

The Providence episode, however, stirred up something like a nation-wide discussion. The first step was a resolution of condemnation passed by the Rhode Island Council of Defense and a request to refuse further permission for concerts in Providence during the war "when conducted by Dr. Muck." This musician's German nationality and his title of "*Königlich Preussischer General-Musikdirektor*," conferred on him by Emperor Wilhelm, has made him a figure open to criticism even before the present outbreak. *The Chronicle*, a journal of New York smart society, declares that numerous subscribers in Boston "are in revolt against Dr. Muck. . . . Either they will fail to renew their subscriptions, or else subscribe and withhold their attendance. By allowing their seats to be unoccupied, they hope to bring such pressure to bear that Dr. Muck's resignation will be forced." Dr. Muck, indeed, has offered his resignation to Major Higginson, but the future is on the knees of the gods. What is interesting in the episode seems to be the comment elicited on the subject of the mixture of art and patriotism, and early in the progress of the affair a number of newspapers as well as individuals committed themselves to the position of art's right to stand aloof. The Springfield *Republican* is of the opinion that the city of Providence was ill-served by the committee of women who sent the request for the national hymn:

"The formal character of the orchestra's programs is never modified, and when the Providence patriots declared that the orchestra must play the national anthem they were merely trying to bait the orchestra's leader, who is a German. They have succeeded, however, in arousing not him, but Major Higginson, the orchestra's founder and patron and a stanch supporter of his country in the present war, who asserts that if public demonstrations of this kind continue the orchestra may be disbanded. This warning will probably bring light-headed people to their senses."



THE GERMAN CONDUCTOR

Of the Boston Symphony, Dr. Karl Muck, who finds the national anthem out of place on a Symphony orchestra program.

The New York *Evening Post*, too, hurried to support the orchestra's supposed refusal, only to find itself mistaken later. It ironically suggested extreme measures for Major Higginson:

"True, he bears the marks of his honorable wounds of Civil-War days, and he has been conspicuous in his support of this war, urging men to enlist and contributing largely of his means. But he is also the sponsor and supporter of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, the greatest organization of its kind in America, which he has laboriously built up at a cost to himself of no less than a million dollars. Now, this orchestra has refused to open its concerts with the playing of 'The Star-Spangled Banner,' and, what is more, Major Higginson has upheld the German conductor in his refusal to do so, saying that this piece of music has no place on a symphonic program. This, we submit, stamps Major Higginson as a secret enemy, a pro-German without any question, and we suggest that something like the Bigelow treatment be meted out to him forthwith by Harvard graduates. Fortunately, the Rhode Island Council of Defense has asked the authorities in Providence to forbid the orchestra's appearance in that city without the anthem, and an enterprising agent of the Department of Justice has wired to Washington, urging that the President forbid any further concerts of the Boston Orchestra. While we are glad that our liberties are being safeguarded by these alert officials, we sincerely trust that, under the Trading with the Enemy Act, the President will, through the Postmaster-General, decree that this orchestra play the anthem at least three times at every concert."

While the *Evening Post's* feeling is doubtless screened by its attempt at irony, not so the New York *Times*, which makes short shrift of Dr. Muck's defense, placed on an impersonal basis in finding "the musical quality of our national anthem incongruous with the sort of music which it is the mission of the Symphony Orchestra to perform—the sort of music it is under an implied contract with its admirers and patrons to provide for them." It declares:

"But these are not ordinary times. The nation is at war, and it happens to be at war with the only country whose antagonism to 'The Star-Spangled Banner' as an expression of American policy and determination would be likely to be shared by Dr. Muck and a considerable number of his associated musicians. . . . . . .

"What Dr. Muck says about art and its knowing no national distinctions is quite generally admitted in the United States, and the few efforts made here to ban the works of German composers have evoked little sympathy and none of importance. If the public's demand were that this orchestra, or any other, should play no German music, Dr. Muck, as an artist, would have a real grievance. But no such demand has been made. He has been allowed to arrange his programs in accord with his own enlightened taste, but when he declines to render our national anthem he does something which, as he well knows, if done in Germany, would certainly deprive him of his liberty and might deprive him of life."

THE ORCHESTRA'S SUPPORTER,

Major Higginson, who declares Dr. Muck and the Boston Symphony have never refused to play the "Star-Spangled Banner."

A comment that touches the heart of the problem, forced into public discussion by these episodes, is given in a public statement issued to the press by Mr. Walter Damrosch, conductor of the New York Symphony Orchestra:

"The explanation that he gives in the newspapers is cowardly and evades the real issue. He says, 'Why will people be so silly? Art is a thing by itself and not related to any particular nation or group. Therefore, it would be a gross mistake, a violation of artistic taste and principles, for such an organization as ours to play patriotic airs. Does the public think that the Symphony Orchestra is a military band or a ballroom orchestra?'

"Does Dr. Muck really believe that the national anthem should be played only by 'military bands and ballroom orchestras'? He chooses to ignore the fact that the national anthem is the symbol of our patriotism and loyalty at a time when our nation is at war, and that even tho he is an 'enemy alien,' the Boston Symphony Orchestra is, or should be, most decidedly an American organization and ready to play our national anthem on any occasion when the patriotic emotions of its public demand it."

The New York *Times* adds another comment, pointing out the possible unhappy consequences of this little drama in which an alien German centers:

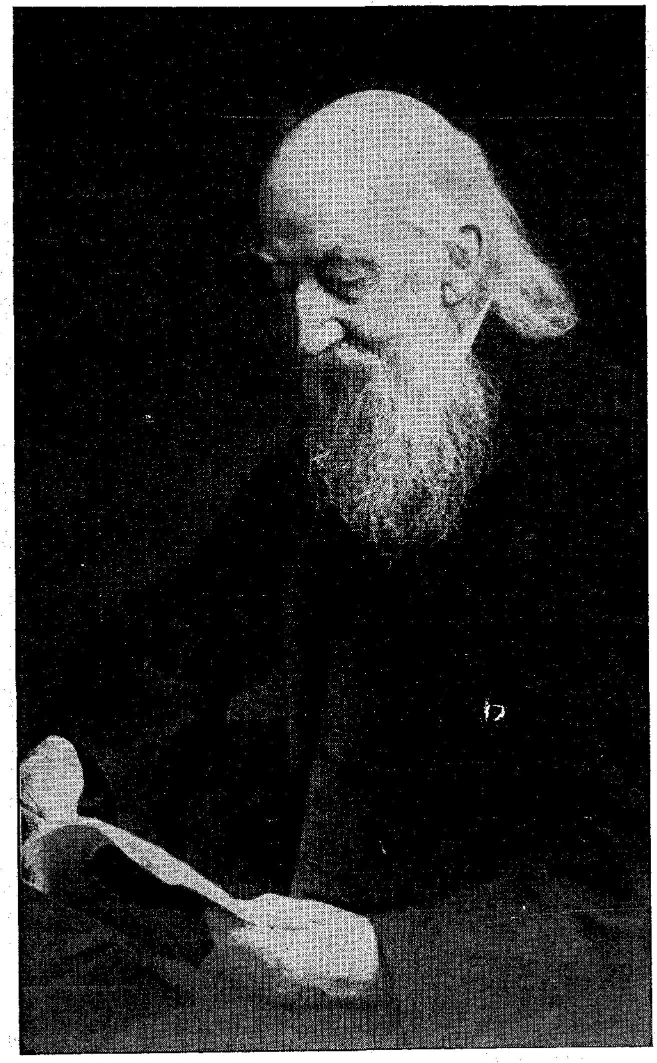
"However sincerely as a musician he may disapprove of its progressions and as a German of its associated meaning, it would have been judicious for him, before refusing to play it, to consider the inevitable results of the refusal. Had he done so, a man of his intelligence could not have failed to see that thus and now to offend and irritate the great mass of the American people would not only bring deep disfavor on himself, but would do a disservice of no small importance to every man, woman, and child of German birth or descent now living in the United States. . . . As it is, he has put all German-Americans more on the defensive than they necessarily are because this country is now at war with the one of their origin, and, as an eminent and representative German musician, he has created a distaste for German music in circles far wider than those to which that feeling otherwise would have been restricted. In other words, his indiscretion has made it harder for us to agree, as most of us would prefer to do, with his own assertion, that art knows no frontiers."

RELIGION-AND-SOCIAL-SERVICE

LENGTH OF YEARS IN THE MINISTRY

SUCH A LONG PASTORATE as recently closed at Greenland, N. H., when the Rev. Edward Robie died at the age of ninety-seven, has been overmatched in Colonial history; but it stands unique for our times and doubtful for future repetition. He served the same people for sixty-five years, and only death put an end to his activities. "The imagination must work vigorously in order to compass the meaning and value of such a pastoral relation," says *The Congregationalist* (Boston). "To-day we look upon a ten years' pastorate as fairly long, longer by seven years than the average pastorate, but double the ten and then double the twenty and add five and twenty more, and we have a term of activity the fruitage of which can not be measured in statistics." *The Congregationalist* brings from the dusty past the record of some who passed the span of Dr. Robie; but the term just closed gives to the man who accomplished it "a distinction in this country above all his contemporaries in the ministry, and has given to the little seaside parish on the New Hampshire coast a reputation that no other community, large or small, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, possesses." Thus:

> "Joseph Adams preached at Newington, N. H., for nearly sixty-eight years; Rev. Israel Loring, at Sudbury, Mass., for sixty-seven years; Solomon Stoddard, at Northampton, for sixty years; Timothy Edwards, the father of Jonathan Edwards, at Windsor Farms, Conn., for sixty years."



SIXTY-FIVE YEARS IN A SINGLE PASTORATE.

Rev. Edward Robie, who served the people of Greenland, N. H., throughout his ministerial life and died at ninety-seven.

Dr. Robie was born in Gorham, Me., in 1821, and was graduated from Bowdoin in 1840. After his theological course at Andover and a period of study in Germany, he taught for a time in Gorham Academy and Andover Seminary, and was ordained to the ministry at the Congregational Church in Greenland on February 25, 1852. "In the sixty-sixth year of his pastorate and the ninety-seventh year of his age, he died September 20, having up to the time of his death regularly and solely met the responsibilities of pulpit and parish." In the same number of *The Congregationalist* the Rev. John L. Sewall contributes this picture:

> "A visit to the community and conversations in some of its typical New England rural homes reveal the fact that this pastor and his surroundings must be interpreted together. While geographically close to the city of Portsmouth, meager transportation facilities largely isolate Greenland from the currents of urban life and from the suburban atmosphere. It is a paradise of farms and dairies, with a few greenhouses, with its single small village untouched by the trolley and removed from the lines of railway which pass near the borders of its territory. In the last fifty years it has shared the changes in size and character of population which are familiar. The first vestige of industrialism is just appearing in the shape of a canning-factory; the scarcity of native helpers is gradually bringing in the foreign-born, tho thus far in small numbers.
>
> "The first impression one received in talking with Greenland's people was that their pride in one whom they rightly called their first citizen was surpassed only by their deep respect and affection for him. Only two or three of the present inhabitants can remember when his tall and impressive form was first seen in their streets. 'We feel that he belongs to us all,' was the common saying; a view that was fully shared by the members of the Methodist congregation, the only church in town besides his own. The following figures from the records of church and pastor throw a vivid light upon the foundation of such feeling. 'When I came here,' reported Dr. Robie, in an interview shortly before his death, 'the church numbered 43 members, 15 males and 28 females. All these are deceased. The additions have been 124, but more than half of these have also passed on. The population of the town in 1850 was 732, in 1910 it was 575. The present church membership is 41, seven males and 34 females. I have officiated at 633 funerals and 201 marriages.' When one ponders upon the full meaning of such figures, and realizes that this venerable pastor in his last days was baptizing the great-grandchildren of those who first welcomed him, it is not hard to appreciate the strength of these ties that bind."

A passage from an account of the parish by its clerk and one of its oldest members, Miss M. Isette Holmes, gives an interior view that must read like fiction to dwellers in the changeful life of our large cities:

> "His sermons?"
>
> "These were always written in full; they were so simple that a child could understand them, and were upon plain and practical themes. He was fully alive to the interests of temperance and moral reforms and missions, and to all the progress of the Kingdom. Tho our membership has always been small, our prosperity under Dr. Robie was constant. Our Sunday-school is most flourishing, maintaining a teachers' meeting every two weeks. We have two ladies' missionary societies and two

monthly missionary meetings. We have always met our financial obligations promptly. The church edifice, built in 1725, has been remodeled and renovated in recent years, and serves our purpose well; we have a good choir, with two paid singers. Our church was organized in 1706; and prior to Dr. Robie we had but six pastors, all but one of whom are buried in our old cemetery. This average length of service, now of over thirty years, shows, I think, that we treat our ministers well."

Mr. Sewall continues:

"That this pastorate did not continue without questionings on the part of the minister as to its wisdom is evidenced in his anniversary sermon a few years ago in which he said: 'It has long been my conviction that your interests as a church would be best promoted by a new and younger man as your pastor. It can not be long ere you will have the opportunity to choose such a man, and I shall be glad with all my heart to help you in such a choice.' It needed little time for a committee to visit him, assuring him of the unanimous refusal of the church to consider such a change and of their wish that the parsonage, which was purchased at the beginning of his pastorate, should be his home as long as he lived. The feeling of the community was well exprest by the remark of one, not a church-member, who said, 'Dr. Robie will preach in that pulpit as long as he is able to walk into it, and after that we will carry him there!'"

Editorially, *The Congregationalist* muses upon the simple pageant of life as it unrolled itself before this venerable pastor:

"Dr. Robie outlived almost all of those who had any vivid memory of him when he went to Greenland in 1852. Babies baptized by him in infancy, received by him in their youth to church-membership, married by him, brought in turn to him their own children to be baptized, and then went on into maturity, to die at what we call an advanced age, and be buried by the same faithful village pastor who had served them at many a critical turning-point of their lives. . . . . . .

"The impact of such a ministry upon the social and civic life of the community gained in force as the years went by. Dr. Robie did not belong exclusively to the Congregational Church, but to the entire community and region. Undoubtedly he struggled with the depletion of population that has gone on in all our rural communities. He had his local problems, but the time never came when his people wanted him to lay down his responsibilities. He ripened and deepened with the years. One secret of his hold upon the people was that he fulfilled the old New England ideal of scholarship in the ministry. He filled up the fountains day by day and his pulpit output never became thin or stale. He measured also up to the New England Congregational ideal of breadth and comprehensiveness in his theological thought, proving all things, holding fast that which is good.

"One of the last times he appeared in public was at the alumni dinner of the Andover Theological Seminary in Cambridge last June. He sat with mental powers unimpaired at the guest table, a benignant presence. When he said grace he revealed the characteristic sweetness of his intimacy with his Father in Heaven and the wealth of his affection for his fellow Christians and his fellow men.

"To a restless, changeable age like ours, Edward Robie's ministry in a small town in a corner of New England carries impressive lessons of fidelity to duty, of perseverance in well-doing, and of self-effacement in the interests of service. His career also reveals the personal satisfactions and rewards that come to the Christian minister who, like Charles Kingsley, of Eversley, England, really believes that within the bounds of one small country parish are opportunities of usefulness that may well inspire a man of ability and ambition, and hold him steadily to his one task, however hard or monotonous at times it becomes."

A tribute to the unceasing intellectual activities of the aged pastor is given by *The Christian Intelligencer* (New York). Never for a moment, it says, did he allow advancing years to interfere with his intellectual progress:

"He always kept abreast of the times, and at eighty-three went through the course of comparative study of religions at Harvard University Summer School. No one can overestimate the influence for good of such a life. We dare say that the impress of his ministry will abide for many years in the lives of very many people who for long years were ministered to by him in the things of God. A seemingly obscure ministry is thus given country-wide notice because of a task performed."

AM I THE NATION'S KEEPER?

PEOPLE WHO DISCLAIM BEING PACIFISTS have often an airy attitude of aloofness and superiority to the struggle of the nation, and feel, like Romaine Rolland, that they can live "above the battle." When they deign to direct their attention to passing events it is often to criticize, and plead the excuse that some must remain detached in order that the world's sanity may be restored when the proper time comes. To such may be recommended the question put by *The Continent* (Chicago), "Who is responsible for carrying on the war, now that it is begun?" The forces that carry out its details, of course, can easily be found. "But who is to back the whole thing? Who carries the main burden and the responsibility?" The answer will perhaps come as a surprize to others besides the class signalized at the beginning. *The Continent* insists: "Everybody in the nation." There is no process, it finds, "by which any members of the national life can eliminate themselves, absolving themselves from responsibility." For—

"We are all in it. For each man the general duty sharpens down to a point which thrusts into his own life. Nor can it be escaped by an easy sense of the corporate duty. Calculating the minimum which each person should accomplish, on the supposition that every other person will do that same minimum, is idle. Saving such a fraction of an ounce of butter each week, or reducing by such a petty measure the use of meat or wheat, is only an appeal to the latent selfishness of the nation. It really seems to signify that the war can be accomplished without any great sacrifice from anybody. But if the experience of the other warring nations is a guide, that is a grave error. Nothing but cutting sacrifice will do what the world needs now. Nothing but a sharpened sense of individual responsibility will carry the nation safely through this crisis. There is no hope from men who are still seeking their slothful ease, resenting intrusion or calls for aid. Men who snarl when more money, or more time, or more labor is called for in this crisis are no help but a hindrance. So are men who propose to help the war-emergency by withholding their gifts for other world-enterprises. There is no sacrifice in drawing a check for the Red Cross instead of for the Board of Foreign Missions. The sacrifice is in adding the Red Cross check to the list of one's usual benevolences.

"That the war is bringing out this sense of personal responsibility appears in a letter which has come into our hands from a soldier in General Pershing's force in France: 'I heard Rev. Dr. Blank say, "The general run of men in business, in professions, and industry alike need to get a sense of personal responsibility." That sentence amplified takes in almost everything. It is the underlying principle of Christ as I understand it. It is the thing they are now drilling into the soldiers here in France, and the success or failure of American arms in this struggle will depend on the degree of success attained in inculcating that sense in the individual soldier. In peaceable times the soldier, like any other normal person, is jealous of his "rights." He will raise more disturbance over being called on for extra duty out of his turn than almost any other person on earth. But I have noticed lately very little of that sort of thing. The attitude of most is to do as much as one can, to learn one's duties better than Jim Jones and Sam Smith, and then do those duties better still. It is all due to the fact that they are beginning to realize a sense of personal responsibility in the struggles that are to come. The falling short of one may mean disaster to many.'"

If we find it "stirring to learn that such a spirit appears in the field forces," it should be "more stirring to find that spirit in the home forces, the rank and file of the nation"—

"'The falling short of one may mean disaster to many'—could it be more pungently said? While the responsibility keeps general, with no personal point that cuts into the individual, so noble a saying will have no power. In fact, such a crisis as this brings out the deepest meanness of humanity, its most craven evasion of responsibility, its coarsest readiness to profit by the distress of others. A few men are actually interpreting this war in terms of personal advantage, only a few out of the total. But a multitude of men are still thinking of it as chiefly somebody else's affair. Since they are not called to the actual bearing of arms, they shake off all sense of duty. Meanwhile, there is a growing multitude who are seeking with deep earnestness to meet the crisis as a personal one, making financial and personal sacrifice in its behalf, bearing it as a personal burden, expecting to give account of their faithfulness to God."

A CHANCE FOR THE CHURCH TO LEAD

CHURCH LEADERSHIP is noted as quite absent in respect to the war, and one of our progressive pastors finds a resource for her thought and action in the Open Forum. Freedom of speech, our Constitutional prerogative, points out the Rev. Percy Stickney Grant, of the Church of the Ascension, "while recently it may have been misunderstood or abused by individuals, is too much threatened." He discerns a wave of intolerance "sweeping over the country which will naturally incite discontent and disaffection into outspoken, if not bitter, hostility." The remedy, "a well-tried mediating institution," he calls attention to as already at hand in the Open Forum, "which seeks through reason and experience the way of progress." If the Forum is not as widely known as supposed, Dr. Grant presents in *The Churchman* (New York) its recommendatory features:

"The sessions of the Forum begin with an address by an expert speaker upon a timely subject. This is followed by questions addrest to the speaker, and three- or four-minute talks by volunteers from the audience. The process allows mutual correction and mutual education in audiences that are of greater diversity of opinion than probably can be found outside the limits of the Forum. It therefore gives as its final result an epitome of the best opinion on the subject—an opinion which, moreover, has become a part of the thinking of those who take part in the discussion.

"While the Forum encourages freedom of discussion, it believes that free speech can not become license if there is opportunity to refute and correct; nor does it have confidence in mere words or empty argument. The Forum is not a propaganda, but a new educational machine; and discussion is an essential factor in education. Not until the mind has dealt with the pros and cons of a subject can it have a grasp of the subject. The Forum is a social gathering in the process of developing a social ethics. What better, what saner force than this could educate for tolerance and patriotism?

"The Open Forum has always been in touch with the Church as well as the school. It showed the relation of religion and education to social problems. It fitted in with the hopes and the ideals of the clergy for their people, and gave them fresh vigor and encouragement. Moreover, it solved the problem of the Sunday evening service—in itself no slight achievement. Of the three hundred and fifty-odd Forums in the United States, one hundred and twelve are held under religious auspices. Of these only thirteen are in Episcopal churches.

"The movement is now on a national basis. It has its National Council, with headquarters in Boston, and a New York 'Province,' with executive offices at 12 West Eleventh Street. From this address an active work of organization is carried on and a helping hand freely offered in securing speakers and in the administration of meetings."

The need of a mediating agency is seen in the contrasting conditions that Dr. Grant points to. "Spiritual growth" he feels to be "well-nigh impossible in a society of luxury and misery," because "luxury is unaware of its spiritual needs" and "poverty is subdued to what it works in, like the dyer's hand." In the midst of all this he sees the clergy as no other than "performing the labors of Sisyphus, rolling stones up-hill that roll back again; gathering water in sieves—those ministers of religion who are attempting spiritual change in the midst of industrial rigidity." He urges:

"The Open Forum is a powerful and good instrument that the Church should seize upon and make a usual feature of its work. The Church, whose mission in part most certainly is the relief and setting free of grievances in 'the body politic,' needs the Forum. Clergymen who have tried the experiment in their parishes look upon the Forum as their greatest inspiration—a common meeting-ground for rich and poor, for conservative and radical, for all classes and conditions. The Forum harmonizes and educates; it is the freest school for adult education in the country.

"The Open Forum unites the university with the town meeting. An expert is called in to lead the conference; then the people thrash out the subject in open debate. So it provides a combination of science and democracy. The Forum is giving back to America the town meeting, of which the growth of cities has robbed us; and helps to accustom Americans, shy of accrediting individuals with special knowledge, to honor and use the expert.

"When, in the process of any discussion, difficulties have appeared, the remedy was found to be in a more accurate appeal to facts. In other words, at the cross-roads of conflict the right road is the one where the arrow points to education.

"'Let us make our education brave and preventive,' said Emerson. 'Politics is an after-work, a poor patching. We are always a little late. The evil is done, the law is passed, and we begin the up-hill agitation for repeal of that of which we ought to have prevented the enacting. We shall one day learn to supersede politics by education.'

"A better theory of education and a more wide-spread education have, in the experience of the Forum, been concluded to be the solution of the social problem. Our experience, therefore, entirely agrees with the prophetic declaration of Emerson."

This year, so Mr. Grant points out by way of emphasizing the timeliness of his proposal, the movement faces its greatest opportunity, but also its greatest danger. Its leaders have an unrivaled but perilous sea to sail:

"While facts must be faced squarely, a sane and careful handling of subjects is imperatively necessary in view of the heated state of public opinion. Meetings must be carefully but fairly handled; sentiment must not be allowed to become riotous or seditious.

"The Church affords the best auspices in such a situation. Her stability, dignity, and repute are such as almost to guarantee a proper administration. The method and the institution that can make use of that method are both ready. There remains to be seen only the extent to which the Churches are awake to their task."

CHAUTAUQUAS CROWDING OUT REVIVALS—The closing of the Chautauqua season leads the editor of a Disciples weekly to remark that, with all the good this institution has done, it has nevertheless wrought harm by crowding out the old-fashioned "protracted meeting," or revival, in many a community. And he wonders if this is not symptomatic of an age which is substituting culture for religion. This is what he says in *The Christian Evangelist* (St. Louis):

"The Chautauqua season is closing. It has brought cheer, entertainment, and a degree of instruction to many communities. It has afforded the privilege of hearing men and women of gifts and training in oratory, song, music, and reading, and thus has increased the sum of the culture of the country.

"It is not a good feature of this community activity, however, that in many instances it has taken the place of the annual protracted meeting, where men of power and concentration are accustomed to speak with impressive sincerity and earnestness on gospel themes.

"This experience is a symptom of the tendency to put culture for religion. It is manifest in many ways. It even creeps into our public worship. Many people like entertainment in the pulpit better than the Gospel, and in some instances art has crowded out devotion and the people who came to pray remain to be tickled. There are those who think more of the preacher's dress than they do of his address or of his soul.

"We believe in culture—we must have it—we are spending heavily to acquire it, but it can never take the place of religion. In fact, culture itself needs salvation. And it will be culture, indeed, when it becomes Christianized.

"There is no way to this but the preaching of the Gospel. It regenerates the hearer and gives the heart-culture which is the secret of all beautiful character and refined manners. The old-fashioned protracted meeting must not be crowded out. It is good for the people to be drawn together for the purpose of hearing consecrated men, who take Jesus Christ seriously, set forth in the most thorough way, by logic, anecdote, oratory, passion, argument, and appeal, the things that belong to the infinite, eternal life, the forgiveness of sin, the divinity of Jesus Christ, the love of God, the resurrection of the dead, and man's long home in 'the land of the unsetting sun.'"

WAR TIME - FOOD - PROBLEMS

Prepared for THE LITERARY DIGEST by the UNITED STATES FOOD ADMINISTRATION and especially designed for High School Use.

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HERBERT HOOVER,
United States Food Administrator.

WAR is a terrible thing but one of the good results it brings to a nation is the lesson learned of acting together.

We must do it to win. Later, we see what great things have been accomplished by united action.

What a horde of people, young and old, in the past few weeks, have been trying to increase their savings, and loan the Government money to carry on the war. And what a willing and efficient service they have rendered!

Isn't this army of Uncle Sam's a wonderful and inspiring body? Some working in the trenches, in the air, on the sea, in the shop, or on the farm; others who can not help in these ways have been doing Red-Cross work or buying Liberty bonds. Now, we are all asked to save food.

It is for this last service that the United States Food Administration now appeals. They declare that this may be the determining factor in winning the war.

Do you know what the United States Food Administration is; what its aims are, and how it hopes to achieve them? It is a bit of American history which every student ought to understand.

This body was authorized by the act of Congress, August 10, 1917; whereupon, President Wilson, by executive order, created it and appointed Herbert Hoover as its head.

THE AIMS

From the very beginning the task of the Food Administration has been twofold: (*a*) to provide our Allies and our own soldiers at the front with a supply of food ample enough to enable them to win the war. And at the same time (*b*) to provide enough food for the people of this country at prices which shall be as moderate as the extraordinary war-time conditions permit; to accomplish this by the cooperation of producer, distributer, and retailer with the Government for the greatest good of the greatest number; and to use such compulsory measures as have been conferred upon the Food Administration by law to safeguard the public against individual greed or concerted extortion.

HOW THESE AIMS CAN BE ACHIEVED

The first of these tasks—that of supplying our Allies with food enough—can be accomplished only by increased production and by conservation. Conservation means to waste less of all foods and to save a sufficient quantity of necessary foods which can readily be shipped overseas. The foods specially needed are wheat, beef, pork, dairy products, and sugar. To gain the amount required for shipment abroad, it is essential that every family and every person—young and old—should try to eliminate waste and to substitute other foods for those needed for our soldiers and our Allies. This is one of the surest and easiest ways in which all may help to win the war. The food-saver serves his country as surely as the soldier.

The second task is one of considerable difficulty and complexity. Shortage of labor, and as a result of this, high wages on the farm and in the shop, shortage of food-crops in Europe, shortage of shipping because of destruction by submarines—these and other factors contribute to raise prices.

THE DIFFICULTIES

On the one hand, there is the consuming public to satisfy—a public which naturally thinks more of what it has to pay for certain commodities than of the causes which lead to high prices. On the other hand, the Food Administration must see to it that the production of food is not curtailed and that producers and distributers are not deprived of fair profits or unjustly interfered with in the conduct of their business. Furthermore, the Food Administration has no legal power to fix retail prices or to regulate directly the retail trade.

HOW THESE DIFFICULTIES CAN BE MET

Notwithstanding these difficulties, it is believed that with the cooperation of patriotic citizens of all classes, producers, dealers, and consumers, much may be accomplished. Production may be stimulated by assuring the producer a fair price, as has already been done in the case of wheat.

Rapid and equitable distribution may be effected by intelligent cooperation between the Administration and the railroads. Already instances have occurred where, through such cooperation, perishable foods have been more quickly shipped, local shipping difficulties straightened out to get food moved rapidly, and refrigerator-cars released to take care of some particular and pressing need for them in a given community.

Hoarding, speculation, and monopoly of food-products—all evils which contribute to high food-prices—may be checked, if not entirely eliminated, through the efforts of the Food Administration.

Consumption may be reduced by the elimination of waste in our hotels, restaurants, clubs, and homes. Meatless days and wheatless days are already a part of the weekly schedule of public eating-places throughout the country, and the food-conservation plans of the Administration are being put into effect not only in private homes, but in hotels and clubs, in restaurants, and on dining-cars.

Excessive profits by manufacturers and wholesalers (including those retailers whose business is more than $100,000 a year) may be prevented by placing them under Government licenses which can be revoked in case of disregard of the Administration's regulation. This license plan went into effect November 1.

Excessive profits by retailers may be prevented, in large measure at least, by publishing, from day to day, the fair prices at which food-products should be sold by them, and, further, by cutting off the supply to those whose prices to the public are unreasonably high.

The Food Administration is actually employing, or is prepared to employ, all these measures of relief. It is receiving to an encouraging degree the cooperation of food-producers and dealers, and in its recent Food-Pledge Campaign it enlisted the voluntary support of the consuming public.

The initial steps have thus been taken. The foundation for the work of the Food Administration in the United States has been laid.

In this country it is the people who rule. It is to make certain the continuance of this condition that the Food Administration is working *for* the people, just as the people must work *with* the Food Administration. Our Government, and all the truly civilized governments, must work *for* and *with* the people.

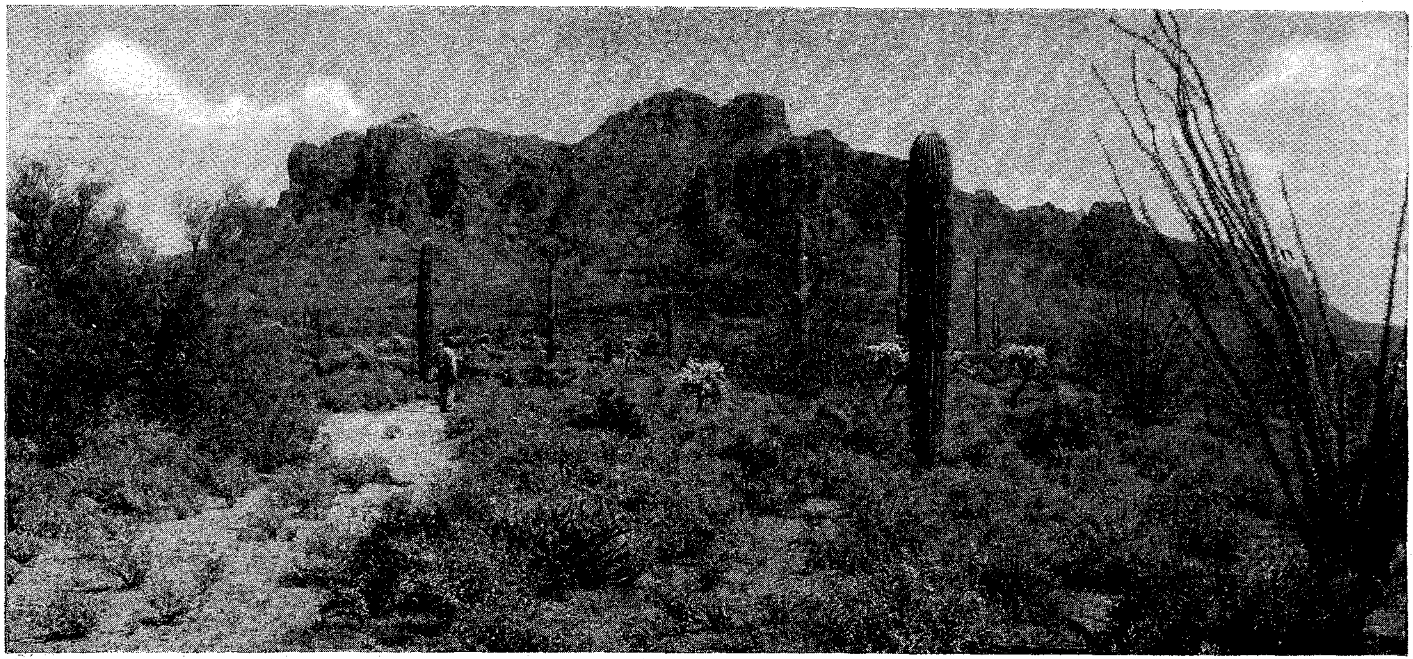
This is what is meant by "making the world safe for Democracy." It is for the defense of this principle that we are in the war. What are you, the high-school boys and girls of America, doing to advance so great a cause?

QUESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION IN SCHOOLS

1. What are the fundamental purposes of the Food Administration?
2. In order to provide an adequate supply for the Allies, are the American people expected to eat less food?
3. In what way does the Food Administration propose to encourage production; to control the wholesaler; to control the big retailer?
4. What is the duty of the retailer? How can the Food Administration enforce the performance of this duty? How can the public cooperate with the Food Administration in enforcing the performance of this duty?
5. How will conservation of food help to win the war?

CURRENT APPLICATION

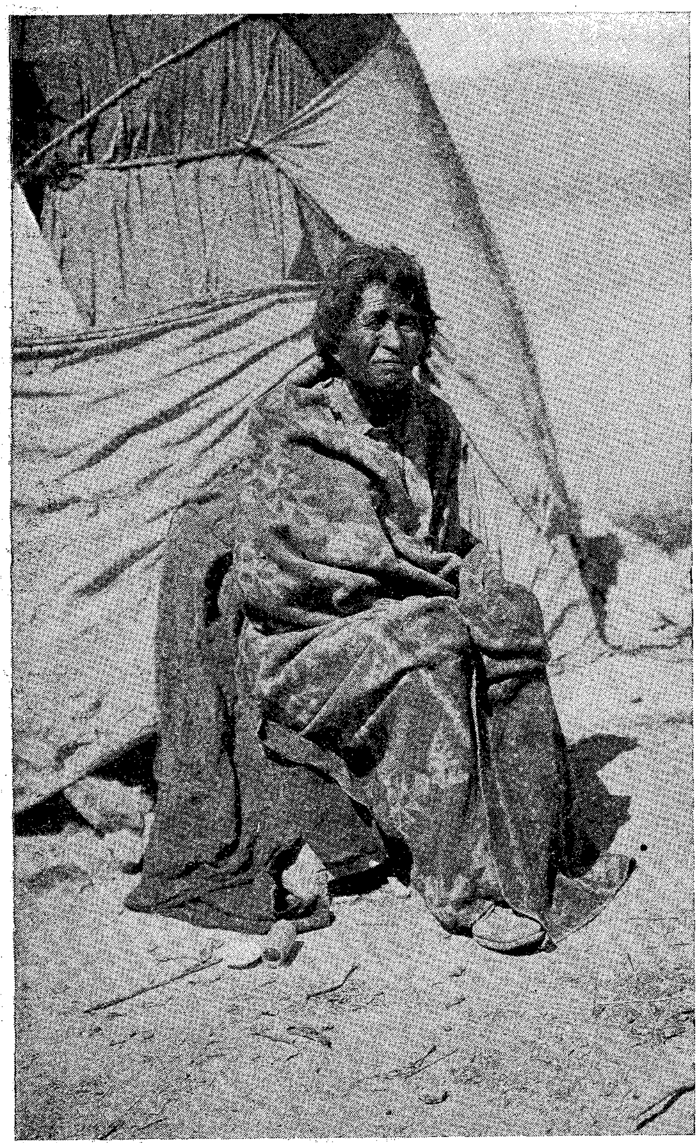
1. Who is the food administrator in your State or city? What progress is he making? Is the public cooperating with him? Are you?
2. Why should all who failed to enroll in the Food Administration during the recent Food-Pledge Week do so at once?
3. What recent events upon the European battle-fronts have brought home to all patriotic Americans the realization that this war has become such a serious business that no citizen can afford to ignore its special problems, particularly those relating to the world's food-supply?
4. Is not voluntary cooperation among the people in a democracy, in matters of common concern, such as the food-supply, necessary to prove the efficiency of popular government in a struggle against autocratic government?



THE CACTI ARE STRANGE SENTINELS OF THE DESERT—IN THE DISTANCE ARE THE SUPERSTITION MOUNTAINS

THE APACHE TRAIL

A HIGHWAY PASSING THROUGH SCENES OF MAGNIFICENT GRANDEUR

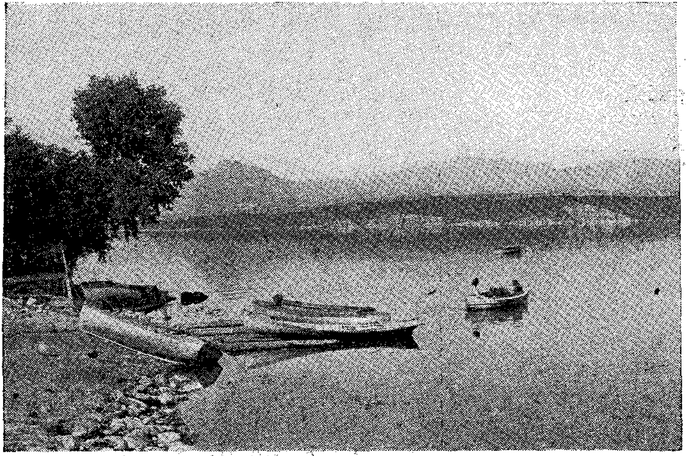


WHERE SAVAGE INDIANS ONCE ROVED, THIS WARRIOR NOW TAKES THE SUN

THE NEXT TIME you go to the Pacific Coast, arrange to take the Apache Trail trip between Globe and Phœnix, Arizona. Imagine a splendid automobile highway, 120 miles long, which winds through high-walled canyons, climbs steep ridges, and pauses on the edges of mighty precipices. Imagine a country which, in its wonderful pastel tints, its far-reaching prospects, its fascinating rock masses, and its picturesque vegetation, is absolutely different from anything you have ever seen before. Imagine a gigantic wall of masonry, 280 feet high and 1125 feet long (the Roosevelt Dam), which holds in check one of the largest artificial bodies of water in America. Imagine on a rocky slope, the quaint, crumbling dwellings of a prehistoric race. These are some of the wonders which await you in Apache Land.

The romantically inclined have the thrill of knowing that this wide modern highway is merely the scientific enlargement of the ancient war-path of the hardy Apache Indians. Men have traversed its picturesque route from the earliest time. In dim primeval ages came the rude cliff-dwellers whose only contributions to history were those ruined fortress-homes that cling like birds' nests to the steep canyon wall. Swarming down the same passes marched the ancient Toltecs on their way to found a mighty Mexican empire. Along the same highway rode in 1540 the vanguard of the white intruders—the gallant, bright-armored *conquistadores* of Coronado, seeking the fabulous Seven Cities of Cibola with their treasure houses of gold. Of a different kind were the humble missionaries, sombre-robed Jesuits and Franciscans, ready to do battle for the souls of pagans.

When the hardy American pioneers first made their way there they found arrayed against them one of the fiercest and wildest of all America's tribes—the Apaches—who had appropriated this ancient trail for their war-path. Little by little, they had to give way before the buckskin-clad frontiersmen, the red-shirted miners and the dashing cavalrymen. Today 5000 of their descendants live peacefully in the San Carlos Reservation, and by laboring on the big Roosevelt Dam they rendered effective aid to the government which they so long defied.



SCENE ON THE MAN-MADE ROOSEVELT LAKE

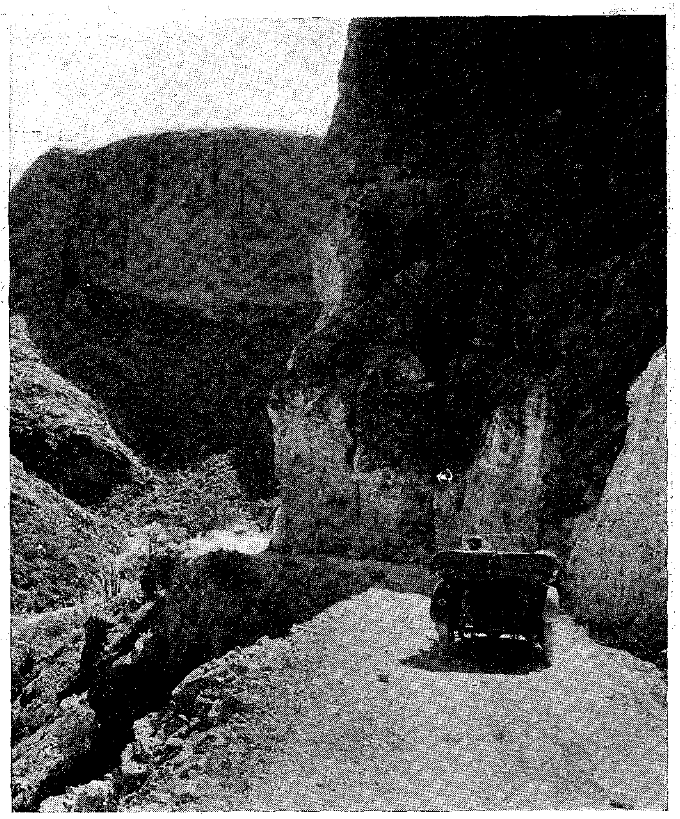
For the west-bound traveler, the auto trip begins at Globe, where he steps from his luxurious Pullman into a high-powered automobile. Out of the smoke of the famous copper smelters "Inspiration" and "Old Dominion" he climbs for 4000 feet until he is on the crest of the divide—a mile above the sea—with the whole expanse of the Salt River Valley before him. In red, brown and purple, rocky ranges and gorges gleam with metallic lustre. Everywhere stupendous cliffs tower into a cloudless sky. Little wonder that the Apaches once worshipped certain of them as manifestations of the Deity! The chauffeur points out Dutch Woman Butte, the Sierra Ancha Mountains and the Four Peaks. In the distance gleams the emerald jewel of Roosevelt Lake.

For a few minutes you hover on this height like an eagle on a crag, and then the road descends at a grade of three hundred feet to the mile. Just before you get to the Roosevelt Dam you pass the cliff dwellings and can alight and visit them if you like. Perched in cave openings on a precipitous mountainside, their grey walls from a little distance look like discarded toy houses put away on a shelf.

If the little men who once inhabited them were alive today they could look down upon Roosevelt Dam, one of the world's most important engineering accomplishments. Over its spillways thunder great masses of water in cataracts sixty feet loftier than Niagara! The great lake which it impounds is already irrigating hundreds of square miles of former arid country. Altogether, it is a majestic spectacle.

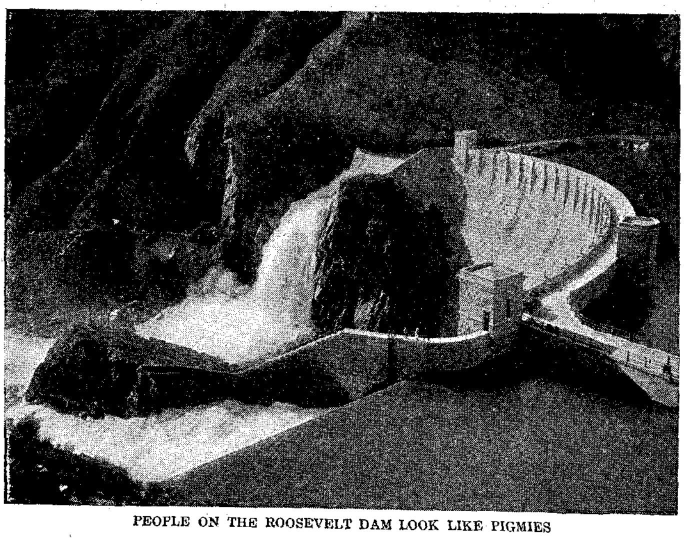
After lunch at the Roosevelt Lodge, your car glides back into the past through the shadows of Fish Creek Canyon. On its narrowing crags was the workshop of the god Morning Green, who made great domes and turrets of gaudy rock and then cast them aside in favor of the mighty ranges farther on. Past Arrowhead Rock, said to have been hewn by Chief One Eye; Hell's Canyon, an almost bottomless abyss; dizzy Whirlpool Rock, whose revolving strata seem like a living maelstrom, and Superstition Mountain (which once lifted its head above the Biblical flood), you speed until all the witchery of the irrigated Salt River Valley lies before you. Past giant cacti and exotic flowering shrubs you glide into the palm-shaded plaza of Phœnix where waits the overnight train for Los Angeles.

The Southern Pacific Lines offer the only convenient means of reaching the Apache Trail. Through tickets over this route in either direction are honored for the motor ride upon payment of $15 additional. This expense includes all railroad transportation and the auto trip. Through Pullman sleeping cars in connection with the Sunset Limited are operated between El Paso, Texas, and Globe, Arizona, eastern terminus of the Trail. Through Pullman service is also maintained between Phœnix and Los Angeles in both directions.

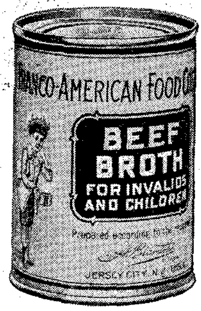


THE HIGH-WALLED ENTRANCE TO FISH CREEK CANYON

MORMON FLAT WHERE THE SALT RIVER COMES INTO THE OPEN



PEOPLE ON THE ROOSEVELT DAM LOOK LIKE PIGMIES



First "aides" to the physician

Why do the doctor and the nurse

agree that it is better to give the patient Franco-American Broths than the usual home-made variety? Because they know exactly how the Franco-American Broths are made, what they contain, how pure they are, and how splendidly beneficial they are to the sluggish alimentary system.

Franco-American Broths
(*Sterilized*)
for Invalids and Children

It is a comforting thing for those responsible for the care of the sick to realize that they can always depend on the quality and efficiency of a sick diet. This explains the wide use of Franco-American Broths—made from the finest selected meats, free of all grease, only slightly seasoned, amber-clear, safe (sterilized).

Beef Chicken Mutton

May be taken hot or cold
Require no preparation
Sold by leading grocers

15 cents the can

HEALTH IN PURE SOUP

Makers of
FRANCO-AMERICAN SOUPS

CURRENT POETRY

A QUAINT poem by William Aspenwall Bradley, dealing with a local religious custom, was recently quoted here from a paper published in the Kentucky mountains. Now from Houghton Mifflin Company comes Mr. Bradley's book, "Old Christmas, and Other Kentucky Tales in Verse." The poet spent six months in the Kentucky Cumberlands and received a vivid and lasting impression of the life and character of the mountain people. This impression he essays to give to the world in strong, swinging narrative poems, poems that are blood-brothers to the "song-ballads" of our American Highlanders. It is an interesting book, a contribution to our knowledge of our fellow citizens as well as a piece of creative writing. Mr. Bradley makes his readers know the Cumberlands better than Mr. Masters made them know Spoon River—and like them infinitely better. Here is a graphic and romantic mountain sketch.

MEN OF HARLAN

By William Aspenwall Bradley

Here in the level country, where the creeks run straight and wide,
Six men upon their pacing nags may travel side by side.
But the mountain men of Harlan, you may tell them all the while,
When they pass through our village, for they ride in single file.
And the children, when they see them, stop their play and stand and cry:
"Here come the men of Harlan, men of Harlan, riding by."

Oh, the mountain men of Harlan, when they come down to the plain,
With dangling stirrup, jangling spur, and loosely hanging rein,
They do not ride, like our folks here, in twos and threes abreast,
With merry laughter, talk and song, and lightly spoken jest.
But silently and solemnly, in long and straggling line,
As you may see them in the hills, beyond Big Black and Pine.

For, in that far, strange country, where the men of Harlan dwell,
There are no roads at all, like ours, as we've heard travelers tell.
But only narrow trails that wind along each shallow creek,
Where the silence hangs so heavy, you can hear the leathers squeak.
And there no two can ride abreast, but each alone must go,
Picking his way as best he may, with careful steps and slow,

Down many a shelving ledge of shale, skirting the trembling sands,
Through many a pool and many a pass, where the mountain-laurel stands
So thick and close to left and right, with holly-bushes, too,
The clinging branches meet midway to bar the passage through—
O'er many a steep and stony ridge, o'er many a high divide.
And so it is the Harlan men thus one by one do ride.

Yet it is strange to see them pass in line through our wide street,
When they come down to sell their sang, and buy their stores of meat,
These silent men, in somber black all clad from foot to head,
Tho they have left their lonely hills and the narrow creek's rough bed.
And 'tis no wonder children stop their play and stand and cry:
"Here come the men of Harlan, men of Harlan, riding by."

The "Comer"

The bright eye—the alert look—the snappy gait—the general "make good" appearance—ALL are characteristic of men who avoid harmful articles of diet and choose the best "good things" to eat and drink.

Instant Postum

is chosen by thousands of "coming" men as their regular table beverage, not only for its delightful flavor, but because it is free from harmful ingredients, such as caffeine, the drug in coffee and tea.

"There's a Reason" for POSTUM

And here is something more personal—a portrait done with loving fidelity. Mr. Bradley's use of rimed triplets is deft indeed.

THE MOUNTAIN ANGEL

By William Aspenwall Bradley

When I go back to Carson town,
Shall I not see your striped gown,
Your snowy kerchief, and your crown

Of chestnut hair, just tinged with gray,
Or were it not more true to say,
With Time's dull silver dust *poudré?*

So strange, in that dark valley there,
I should have found in you an air
Of *belle marquise*, high-born *bergère*.

At Trianon you might have been
The play-companion of the queen
Who bared unto the guillotine

Her neck, no whit more soft and white
Than yours the stolen necklace might
Have ringed no less with lustral light.

Your only jewels pearls of praise
From simple lips, your diamonds days
Of noble doing, helpful ways.

For you, within those hills' dark ring,
Summer and winter, fall and spring,
Did move, an angel minist'ring.

"The mountain angel"—such the name
Men called you by when first you came,
Who more their savage pride could tame

Than all the others; for you brought
No wounding word, no alien thought,
But with such deep clairvoyance wrought,

Of that strange, wayward, mountain heart,
Your miracles of healing art,
Resentment, fear, could find no start.

When I go back to Quarrelsome,
Leaving the city's stir and hum,
Shall I not see you smiling come

To meet me at the cabin door,
With children round you, as before?
And shall I see you nevermore

In evening light, at break of day,
Set forth upon your sturdy bay,
To tend your sick along the way?

You, at the forks, shall I not see?
Then let the little town for me
Remain a haunt of memory.

Let the steep street, the singing stream,
The cavalcade, the rumbling team,
Stay in my mind, with you, a dream.

From a Texas newspaper—the Beaumont *Enterprise*—we take this exquisite threnody of love and sorrow. It will make our readers want to see more of Miss Michaelis's work.

WHILE SUMMERS PASS

By Aline Michaelis

Summer comes and summer goes,
Buds the primrose, fades the rose;
But his footfall on the grass,
Coming swiftly to my door,
I shall hear again no more,
Tho a thousand summers pass.

Once he loved the clovers well,
Loved the larkspur and bluebell,
And the scent the plum-blooms yield;
But strange flowers his soul beguiled,
Pallid lilies, laurels wild,
Blooming in a crimson field.

So he plucked the laurels there,
And he found them sweet and fair
In that field of blood-red hue;
And, when on a summer night
Moonlight drenched my clovers white,
Lo! He plucked Death's lilies, too.

It may be that e'en to-night,
In the Gardens of Delight,
Where his shining soul must dwell,
He has found some flowers more sweet
Than the clovers at my feet,
Some celestial asphodel.

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Please send the trial can of Barrington Hall Coffee to
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Address
Your Grocer
His Address
CUT THIS OUT AND MAIL TODAY

JOIN THE ARMY of Food Conservationists AND SERVE

Barrington Hall
The Baker-ized Coffee

To make 60 cups of coffee where there were but 40 before is true conservation. By cutting it into tiny granules and removing the elements which impair the flavor, Baker-izing preserves the full strength of each coffee bean. This is only one of the many things which Baker-izing has done for coffee.

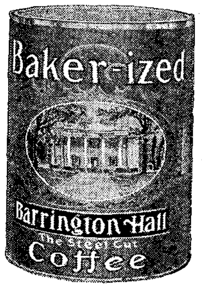
Ordinary coffee makes 40 cups per pound. Barrington Hall Coffee makes 60 cups per pound, therefore costing less per cup though more per pound.

Your grocer may be one of the 50,000 who now sell Barrington Hall. If not, he will gladly get it for you. Just tear out and mail us the Conservation Coupon at the top of this advertisement and you will receive a trial can of Barrington Hall Coffee with our compliments. Test its economy yourself.

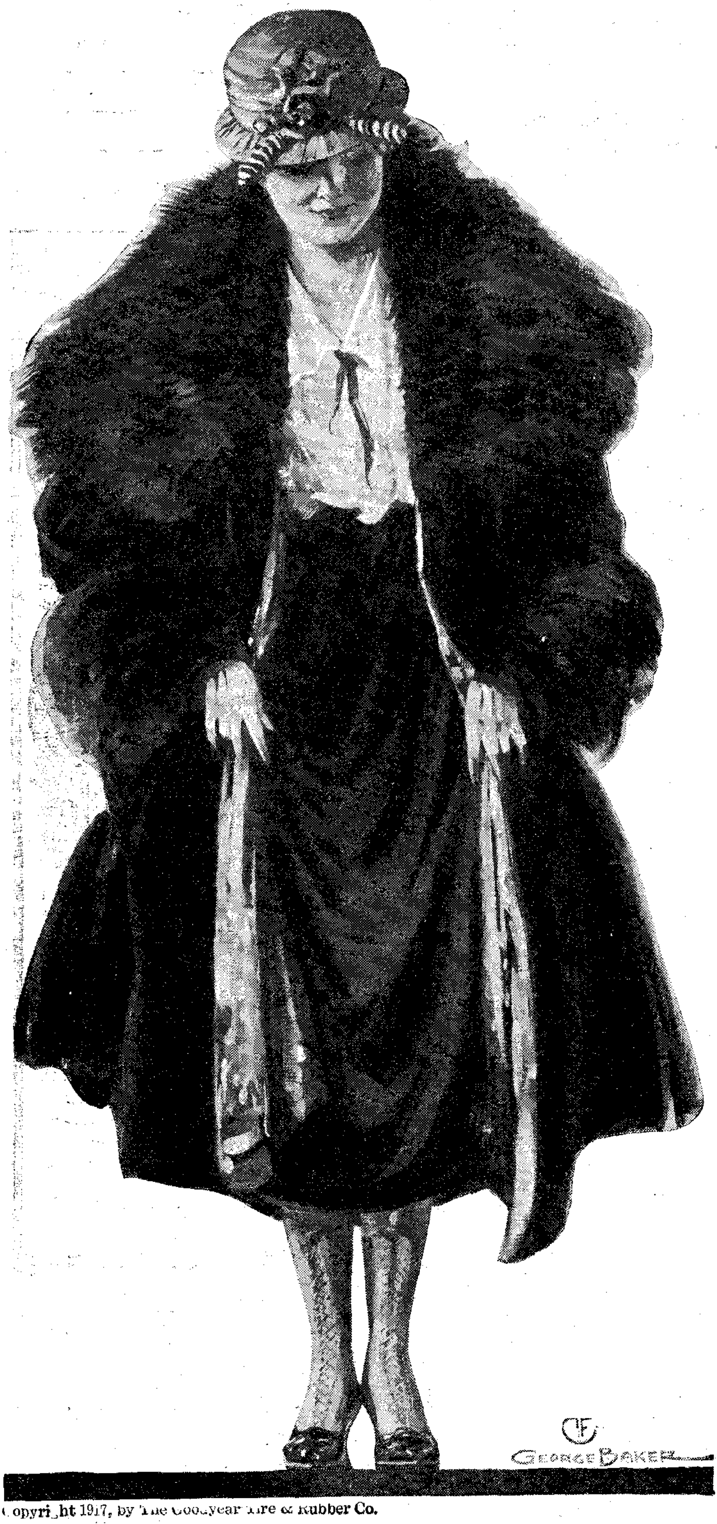
BAKER IMPORTING COMPANY
124 Hudson Street
New York, N. Y.
244 N. Second Street
Minneapolis, Minn.

FOR DRIP OR FILTER COFFEE POTS

If you use a drip or filter pot, be sure to try PUL-VO-DRIP Barrington Hall. This is Baker-ized Barrington Hall Coffee reduced to a still finer granulation which gives perfect results by the drip process. If you prefer, we will send you a sample of PUL-VO-DRIP Barrington Hall in place of the regular Barrington Hall. When the sample is sent, we will explain how to obtain, free, a PUL-VO-DRIP Porcelain Pot, made of glazed Guernsey ware. Both coffee and pot have been tested and approved by the Good Housekeeping Bureau of Foods, Sanitation and Health.



Her Lasting, Easy, Foot-Dry Soles



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SHE stands in her Neōlin-soled shoes, one of the millions of women today for whom Neōlin long-wear, Neōlin foot-comfort, Neōlin waterproofness mean new and better standards for shoe-sole-wear.

She doubted these soles before she bought them, as one doubts all reforming innovations. But the first fitting in the shoe store decided her. Her tender feet felt a new sensation. No stiffness was there though the fit was perfect.

Moderately priced as were the shoes they were built into, they lasted like the most expensive shoes. Fall drew into winter but they barely showed the wear; and then when came the season of slush and wet and snow she learned of yet one further sole-wear virtue.

Neōlin Soles were waterproof and *permanently* waterproof.

No wet could wash that waterproofness out. No drying could stiffen those Neōlin Soles, and so could pull her uppers out of shape. Neat-fit they were; neat-fit they stayed. They not only lasted in themselves but preserved the life of the uppers they were built into.

Neōlin Soles can mean similar shoe-sole experiences for you. Their tremendous wear resistance can possibly cut your shoe bills in half. They come in black, white and tan for men, women and children. Look for the stamp "Neōlin" underneath.

Mark that mark—stamp it on your memory
—**Neōlin**

the trade symbol for a never
changing quality product of

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Akron, Ohio

Neōlin Neōlin Sole **Soles**

TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

But while summer comes and goes,
With the primrose and the rose
Comes his footfall on the grass,
Gladly, lightly to my door—
I shall hear it echo o'er,
Tho a thousand summers pass.

All the beautiful melancholy of autumn, intensified by a sense of personal tragedy, is in the memorable stanzas we quote below from the New York *Sun*.

OPEN DOOR

By Edith M. Thomas

There was a door—an open door,
It looked upon a foam white shore,
Where lazily a summer sea
Wove back and forth along the sand;
Between were shrub and wilding tree,
And flowers—oh, flowers on every hand!

There was a door—an open door,
And sunlight streamed across the floor,
And light leaf shadows flecked the sill,
A lintel vine there was—a nest
With chirping crimson throats to fill—
Oh, happy he who had the bird for guest!

There was a door—an open door;
Happy was he who had such store
Of joys, and had a master's art
To draw you from the trembling wire
Whate'er was lodged within your heart,
And sing you forth your soul's desire!

There was a door—an open door,
So good to enter, evermore;
For, once within, you found such cheer
And fellowship of young and old
As made a day well worth a year—
Lit with his spirit's sunshine gold!

There is no house, there is no door.
All, all deep sunken into yore.
There is no open door, no house,
No light leaf shade, no birds to list,
No nest among the tendrilled boughs—
No door, no house, no melodist.

The Daily News (Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.) prints this admirable bit of Red-Cross propaganda, a work that should enlist the services of more of our poets.

THE CRIMSON CROSS

By Elizabeth Brown du Bridge

Outside the ancient city's gate
Upon Golgotha's crest
Three crosses stretched their empty arms,
Etched dark against the west.
Blood from nail-pierced hands and feet
And tortured thorn-crowned head
And thrust of hatred's savage spear
Had stained one dark cross red.
Emblem of shame and pain and death
It stood beside the way,
But sign of love and hope and life
We lift it high to-day.

Where horror grips the stoutest heart,
Where bursting shells shriek high,
Where human bodies shrapnel scourged
By thousands suffering lie;
Threading the shambles of despair,
Mid agony and strife,
Come fleetest messengers who wear
The crimson cross of life.
To friend and foe alike they give
Their strength and healing skill,
For those who wear the crimson cross
Must "do the Master's will."

Can we, so safely sheltered here,
Refuse to do our part?
When some who wear the crimson cross
Are giving life and heart
To succor those who bear our flag,
Who die that we may live—
Shall we accept their sacrifice
And then refuse to give?
Ah, no! Our debt to God and man
We can, we will fulfil,
We, who wear the crimson cross,
Must "do the Master's will."

REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS

In deference to some hundreds of requests from subscribers in many parts of the country, we have decided to act as purchasing agents for any books reviewed in The Literary Digest. *Orders for such books will hereafter be promptly filled on receipt of the purchase price, with the postage added, when required. Orders should be addrest to Funk & Wagnalls Company, 354-360 Fourth Avenue, New York City.*

NOTABLE RECENT WORKS IN HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

Daly, Joseph Francis. The Life of Augustin Daly. New York: The Macmillan Co. $5. Postage, 18 cents.

Those who still preserve their theater-programs of a day when Augustin Daly was manager in New York will find especial pleasure in this much-needed "Life." It is from the pen of the late Judge Daly, and is a sympathetic appreciation by a brother. The reader is therefore offered a mass of interesting *personalia*, in lieu of any profound critical estimate of Augustin Daly's influence on the American theater.

Such a record has been needed ever since the manager's death, nineteen years ago. When Daly rode into reputation along with his many actors and actresses, he was in competition with Lester Wallack and A. M. Palmer. He had had experience in newspaper work as plain reporter and as dramatic critic; he had even essayed successfully the rôle of dramatist. His taste in the latter capacity was a reflection of his taste as a manager. His touch was seen everywhere in his productions. He adapted French and German comedies and farces; he "improved" Shakespeare in such fashion as to challenge the worst anathemas from George Bernard Shaw when the Daly Company periodically besieged London.

But whatever his mistakes, and whatever his successes, Daly had the theater at heart in its highest function. One reads this book and discovers that he *did* encourage a certain type of American drama; correspondence with Bronson Howard, Bret Harte, Mark Twain, W. D. Howells, and Henry James is measure of that endeavor. He linked his name with Charlotte Cushman, Booth, Fechter, and Henry Irving, and was equally as eager to recognize new talent. He was generous, even tho autocratic; he was persistent in pursuit of success, however melancholy in the face of failure; he was always risking and always alert. The reader of this personal biography will relish the letters which show how sympathetically Daly viewed conditions while on tour; how vividly he noted happenings while in Europe. Those who remember Daly in his office, with the "Daly hat" on his head, will be glad to be introduced in this book to Daly out of office, and along the open road.

Joyce, Thomas A. Central American and West Indian Archeology. Being an Introduction to the Archeology of the States of Nicaragua, Costa Rica, Panama, and the West Indies. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 8vo, pp. xvii–270. $3.75. Postage, 18 cents.

What Mr. Joyce had already done in his two earlier useful volumes on Mexican and South-American archeology he has here done for the regions noted in the title. That is, he has gathered and arranged from authoritative sources the known data that throw light on human life and culture in the prehistoric period. The region is particularly interesting as the meeting-place of two divergent civilizations—the Mexican-Mayan and the

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CRESCA
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
NEW YORK AND BORDEAUX

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Epicurean fancy can conceive of no choicer materials — Almonds and Raisins from Spain, Glacé Fruits from France, Filberts from Italy, Currants from Greece. It represents the utmost in Fruit Cake making.

An enticing and wholesome confection made from pure granulated sugar — encrusted with nuts and glacé fruits. While Oriental in formula, the Cresca method of preparation reveals in this toothsome favorite a new charm and appeal.

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Family Package, 10 pounds, delivered, $10.

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Southern, of which the former was the more aggressive.

Ethnology comes as the primary factor within the author's scope. One of the curious results in this regard is that the West Indies were settled by two waves of immigrants from South America strongly antagonistic to each other (Arawak and Carib), while no influence from Mexico is there traceable. The clothing, implements of industry, war, hunting, fishing, and religion are described; the dwellings, land-system, taxes, government, the social and domestic systems, the arts, magic, and religion also receive attention. An appendix gives a serviceable list of works and articles, early and recent, classified with reference to the different countries. Twenty-eight plates, sixty-four text drawings, and two maps—one linguistic and one geographic—with a good index, complete the work.

The title well describes the book as an "introduction" to the subject. As such it has good value. The position of the author as an assistant in ethnography in the British Museum has afforded him access to the best sources, and the result is a useful guide-book for those whose technical knowledge is somewhat limited. One feels, however, that the price set is high, considering the size of the volume.

Rodin, Auguste. Art. Translated by Paul Gesell and Mrs. Romilly Fedden. Illustrated. 8vo, pp. 259. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. $3.50 net. Postage, 16 cents.

This is a new edition of Rodin's "Art," printed from the same plates and with the same illustrations as was the first more expensive edition of 1912. The work has had considerable vogue among the admirers of the greatest of French sculptors. It is written in the form of conversations, the master giving with great freedom his interesting and original ideas upon art in its various phases and during many centuries. The text is accompanied by 106 illustrations in half-tone and photogravure, consisting not only of Rodin's representative works but of those of other artists, ancient and modern, whose merits and comparative significance are discust by the master. The "modern Michelangelo," as Rodin has sometimes been styled by admirers, is here shown, like his prototype, to be a poet of high rank as well as a supreme artist. The originality, so apparent in the sculptures, is quite as recognizable in his thought. His ideas on Greek art, as revealed in the conversations, are striking and, as usual, quite unconventional. Modern of moderns as he is, Rodin bows humbly before ancient art as represented, for example, in the works of Phidias or Praxiteles; but he has discovered in the ancient marbles new secrets of beauty which he has transferred with modifications to his own modern conceptions in sculpture.

The Journal of Leo Tolstoy (First Volume—1895-1899). Translated from the Russian by Rose Strunsky. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 12mo, pp. xx-427. $2 net. Postage, 14 cents.

It was the wish and intention of Tolstoy that his journals and papers should come for final editing into the hands of his friend, V. G. Chertkov, to "be given and spread free to the public." But the intricacies of Russian law, which Tolstoy tried to overcome in repeated attempts at will-making, together with the claim to ownership of them entered by the Countess, defeated this design. Accordingly there were available to the editor only the copies of part of Tolstoy's journal already in Chertkov's possession, a portion of which he has published in Russian, and part of that is here given.

The translator finds in the Russian revolution, which seems not yet completed, Tolstoy's justification for the author's wish as to publication of his diary—it is held to mirror the mind and personality of Russia. What is given here is what the writer firmly held to be his inmost reasons given to himself for a faith and course of life which seemed to others often without reason.

Diary-writing, especially with the thought of ultimate publication, is always a snare, even to the most honest. But the student of Tolstoy will often find in his journals the formulation of principles which he embodied as teaching in his works written for immediate issue as books. Further than that, the processes of his mental debates are exposed, and the key to his philosophy and theology is put into the reader's hand.

Copious notes by Chertkov, an introduction by the translator, a sketch of Tolstoy "at the end of the nineties," a list of his works 1895-99, and an index combine to make the volume thoroughly usable.

Westergaarde, Waldemar. The Danish West Indies. Pp. 360. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50. Postage, 15 cents.

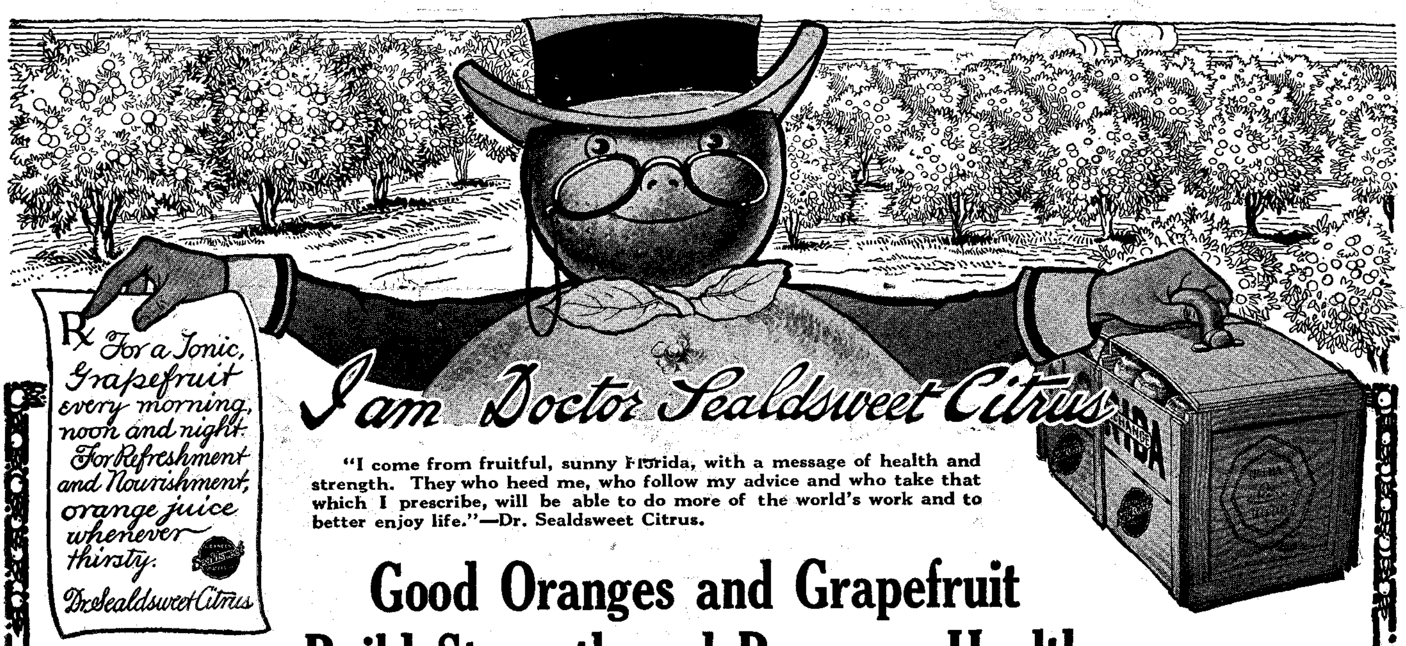
There could have been no more opportune time in which to launch this book on the Danish West Indies. Tho written before the purchase of the islands by the United States, it contains a full description of those islands, their governors, their industries, and the part played therein by Dutch, French, English, and Danes from 1671 to 1754 and their history from 1754 to modern times. Most of the matter comprises detailed accounts of economic and political activity, but a chapter has been added since the purchase. There are many maps and pictures, besides information about buccaneers and pirates and lighter matters. On March 31 of this year the United States hoisted its flag on the "three Virgin Islands of America" (St. Thomas, St. John, and St. Croix), a purchase which cost the States more than has been paid for any of its acquisitions and about five times what the islands could have been bought for in Johnson's Administration had Charles Sumner not been Johnson's implacable enemy. The volume contains a detailed study of the rise of a typical plantation society, of the sugar industry when "sugar was king," and of slave-trading. After an occupation of 250 years, Denmark has transferred to the United States a naval base in the Caribbean Sea, giving her a harbor (St. Thomas) which has the distinction of deserving "paramount consideration in a general study of the Caribbean Sea and the Gulf of Mexico."

Prince von Puckler-Muskau. Hints on Landscape Gardening. Edited by Samuel Parsons. With many illustrations. Pp. 241. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $3.50 net. Postage, 16 cents.

This artistically bound and admirably edited volume is the second of a series of authoritative books to be published at the suggestion and with the cooperation of the American Society of Landscape Architects. Its author, Hermann Ludwig Heinrich, Prince von Puckler-Muskau, was born in 1785 in the ancient town of Muskau, in Silesia. His contribution to the art of landscape architecture, as exprest in his letters from England and in the present volume, evolved from experience in developing his own estate, is large and permanent. Mr. Parsons, the editor, himself a well-known writer on the subject, regards the book as "so fundamental and comprehensive that it would be difficult to find anything better of its kind in landscape garden literature." The volume consists of four parts, the editor's and author's introductions, hints on landscape-gardening in general, and a description of the park in Muskau and its origin. It is illustrated throughout by views of the estates described, including Kenilworth Castle, Tintern Abbey, Eaton Hall, Blenheim Castle, Versailles, Goethe's Garden House at Weimar, Windsor, and numerous cuts of Muskau, its castle and park. The author's style, which has been closely followed by the translator, is poetic and original, and his method of treating the subject so near his heart removes it altogether from the region of dry and academic treatises. He was an enthusiastic lover of nature and possest of a cultivated taste and the improvement of his property became for him an artistic delight. His account of how he transformed much of it into a thing of beauty by idealizing and harmonizing its natural attractions makes most interesting reading for all lovers of outdoors, and the text and illustrations combined form a valuable contribution to the literature of landscape-gardening.

Gorky, Maxim. In the World. Pp. 507. New York: The Century Company, 1917. $2. Postage, 14 cents.

Last year, in "My Childhood," Gorky described his life up to his seventeenth year, when he was literally "thrown out" of his home to shift for himself. In this volume he shows how he managed to live, as doorkeeper in a shoe-shop, "washer-up" on a boat, or simply drifting about Russia asking questions, absorbing all that he could from those he met, building up his character and his literary taste. It is difficult to understand wherein lies any fascination in these pages, which chronicle cruelty, brutality, and a life of coarse and often loathsome surroundings, but fascinating they are, grippingly interesting, brutally frank, and full of a faith in the Russian race, which looks beyond sordid surroundings to an ultimate self-mastery and high attainment. The vivid picture of Russian characteristics should hold the attention of every reader. As in the former book, his grandmother, that wonderful character, dominates his life and the pages of his new book helping to form the taste of one of Russia's greatest literary artists. Strangely, Gorky never paints an attractive face, rarely an attractive character, but he gives a vivid portrayal of Russian sadness, stolidity, and proneness to yield to the temptations of the "flesh and the devil." "It is painful to remember," says he, "how many good people in my life I have seen senselessly ruined." From his standpoint "gaiety has no place in the Russian life. Too often Russian gaiety changes suddenly into cruel tragedy." Again he writes: "Within me dwelt two persons, one was cognizant of abominations and obscenities and was crusht by the knowledge of every-day horrors; the other, baptized by the spirit of noble, wise books, fought against the sapping of his brain-power and having his heart trampled by dirty footprints." The book has a strange power of holding the reader's attention. It reveals race characteristics



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Dr. Harvey W. Wiley of Washington, D. C., the famous pure food advocate, says: "Eat oranges—eat them all the time; as many as you can get. I eat Florida oranges every day and advise people that they cannot find a healthier food."

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Miss Mary Arline Zuhorst, principal of the National School of Domestic Art and Science, Washington, D. C., says: "We thoroughly endorse a more extensive use of oranges and grapefruit by those interested in the pleasant road to perfect health."

Miss Lula Graves, of Lakeside Hospital, Cleveland, Ohio, in a recent book, said: "I strongly recommend the use of citrus fruits and give them first place in the diet of the sick. Their constant, judicious use is beneficial. They are refreshing and stimulate the appetite."

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You and all the members of your family will be the brighter, the cheerier and the healthier for doing this. And as you eat more oranges and grapefruit and less meats and grains you will conserve the latter for shipment abroad to feed our soldiers and our allies in the war for freedom.

In a recent magazine article, approved by the United States Food Administration, stress is laid on the food and health value of oranges and grapefruit, and they are referred to as "medicine that tastes better than food and food that is more potent than medicine."

The article further emphasized the fact that the prices of citrus fruits have advanced but slightly during the past five years, whereas those of almost all other food products have increased heavily and persistently under the pressure of growing demand and lessening supply.

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This is a handsome 36-page volume, with beautiful art covers in colors. It gives the opinions of physicians and food experts on the food and health value of fruit, and contains scores of recipes telling how to use these fruits in cookery, confections and other ways. Copy gladly mailed you free on request.

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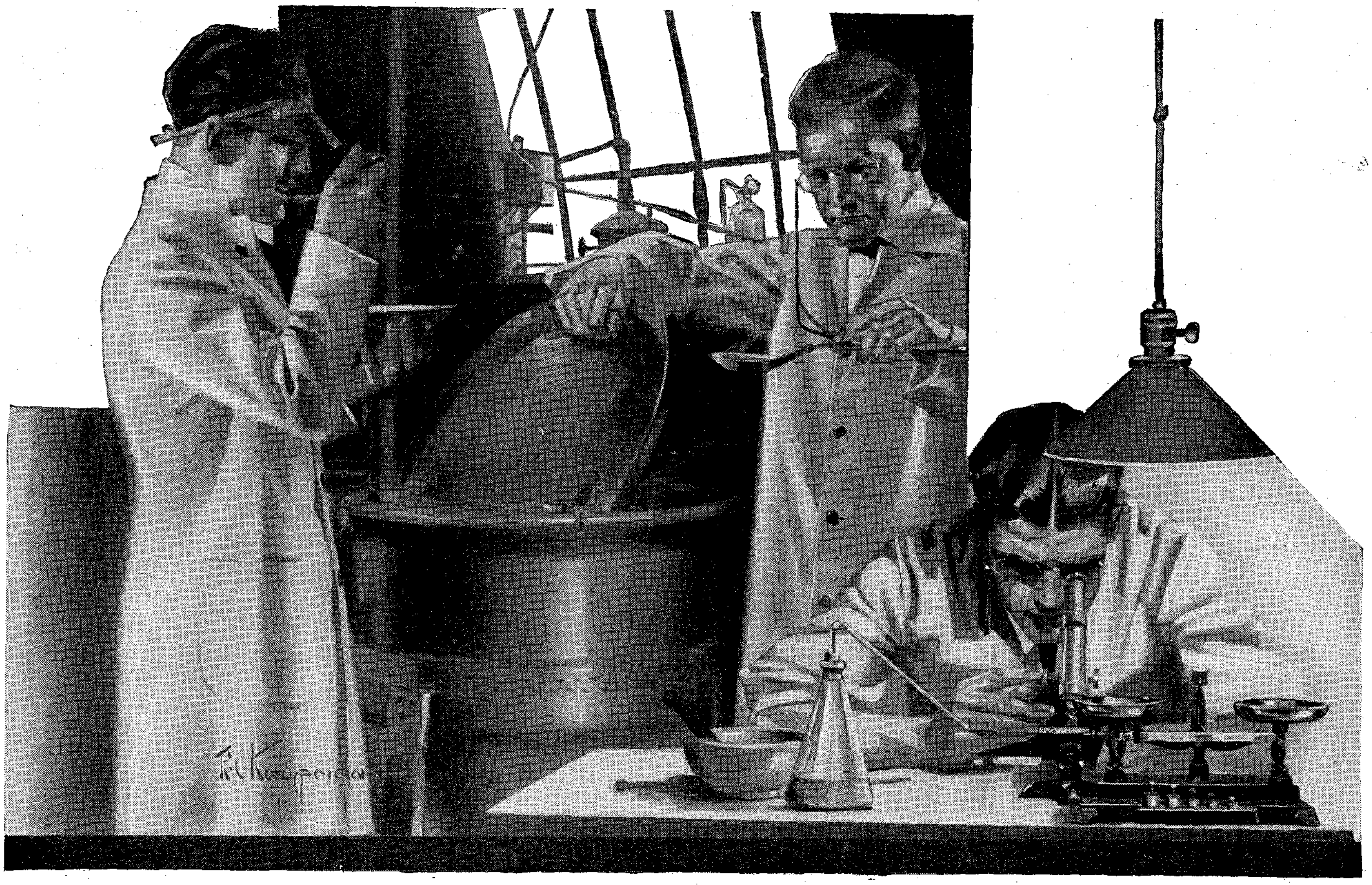

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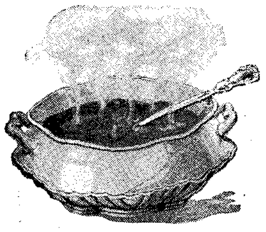

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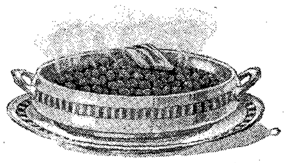

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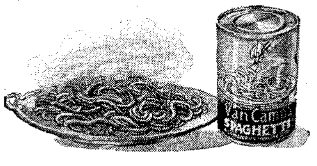

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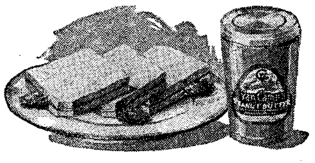

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and inspires horror, admiration, and hope for Russia's future.

Keen, Edith. Seven Years at the Prussian Court. Pp. 315. New York: John Lane Company. $3. Postage, 14 cents.

Miss Keen, the young Englishwoman who writes this book, was, for seven years, companion to the Princess Margarethe, daughter of the German Emperor's sister, Princess Frederick Leopold of Prussia, and should be able to relate much that is enlightening and interesting of Prussian life, court ethics, and royal customs. She does this in a way, but there is frequently a bias in her manner of writing that makes one realize how difficult it is for the author to be fair toward her country's enemies.

Calhoun, Arthur W. (Ph.D.). A Social History of the American Family from Colonial Times to the Present. Vol. I. The Colonial Period. Large 8vo, pp. 348. Arthur H. Clark Company, Cleveland. Postage, 16 cents.

"An attempt to develop an understanding of the forces that have been operative in the evolution of family institutions in the United States" is the way that Professor Calhoun, of Clark University, describes the work (in three volumes) of which the first volume is just issued. Most readers will take up the book with some bewilderment, since few have supposed that anything worthy of being called "evolution" has taken place in the family on this continent. These readers are altogether unprepared to realize how great a change has been wrought both in the ideals and the conduct of an American family since the earliest settlements.

To give a view of the richness of the contents of this volume is impossible in a brief notice. Let us take a single chapter and give a few facts there brought out—Chapter VI, "The Status of Children in the New England Colonial Family." The size of the family and the mortality of infants first come under notice—Cotton Mather had fifteen children and only two survived him; of Judge Sewall's fourteen only three outlived him. This was in part the result of conditions—a new land and dense ignorance of hygiene. The size of these families was moderate as compared with many. Religion and astrology ran a close race in rearing the child, while Calvinistic theology did its best to induce a morbid precocity; the literature prepared for infantile adults of six or better must have made their angels weep. And yet a wealth of affection between parents and children marked their mutual relationship in family training. It is a joy to note that childish spirits and pranks caused their overmorbid parents no end of perplexity and trouble. Improvement over European traditions is noted in the practical abolition of primogeniture and division among all the children of the paternal wealth. Child labor at an early age was normal, and the state stepped in to prevent the waste of childhood's hours and to secure their occupation in productive labor—in part the result of life on a virgin soil. The children of the poor could be taken from the parents and "bound out," while, in the family, work at the loom and the spinning wheel and in the field curtailed the time for youth's natural recreation. The period of infancy was shortened, the age of virtual adulthood advanced by many years. As full of facts and their exemplification as this chapter is every one of the twenty chapters in this volume. The study is by sections—New England, New York, New Jersey and Delaware, Pennsylvania, and the South (to which last seven chapters are given), the difference in these sections being determined partly by the type and national origin of the settlers and the government, partly by local and climatic conditions. The reading for this work has been wide and thorough, and an excellent bibliography is appended. The construction is impartial and illuminating. The publishers have given an excellent page on attractive and substantial paper in a serviceable cover. This is a work of first importance in its field.

Koebel, W. H. British Exploits in South America. A History of British Activities in Exploration, Military Adventure, Diplomacy, Science, and Trade in Latin America. Illustrated with photographs and old prints. Pp. 587. New York: The Century Company. $4 net. Postage, 16 cents.

The subtitle of this quite imposing volume, as given above, sufficiently characterizes it. The frontispiece—"A South American Home"—lends it an air of intimacy, maintained by the subsequent illustrations, which comprise many portraits of South American heroes, from John Hawkins, "the free-lance," to Bolivar and Garibaldi, and many bits of attractive scenery, from the Santos River in Brazil to a street scene in Rio de Janeiro.

British activities in South America have been vivid with romance. They began with the old English navigators and buccaneers who sailed the Spanish Main, and those were surely romantic times; they continued with the beginnings of British trade. Those early British voyages to the South-American continent led naturally to the service of British fighters in the cause of South-American independence, and British relations with new republics logically followed. Three chapters in Part II deal with revolutions and their leaders—San Martin and Bolivar, and Miller and Barnardo O'Higgins, particularly; and six chapters in Part III treat of British participation in the affairs of Brazil.

Now that Brazil and the other countries of South America are so near to an active part in the Great War, or by the time these words appear in print may have actually entered it, wide attention will center in those regions covered by this book, and the information afforded by it will come opportunely. That we of North America need to know more about our neighbors on the far south of us must be admitted. The closing chapter (XXVI), on "To-day and To-morrow in South America," shows how England invested two or three millions of pounds a century ago in those newly founded South-American States, and has now invested there some seven hundred million sterling; and it proceeds to consider what this ought to mean for the future. North-American capital may well ponder the same problem, with its differences.

"There are times when it is necessary to think imperially," says Mr. Koebel, "outside the bounds of our own empire." He rather laments the progress which the Stars and Stripes have made in Buenos Aires; and his feeling may be suggestive of what may follow for the United States—after the War. "South America is the blue ribbon of the selling world," he tells us. "The North American has already given ample proof that he means business—very big business—in the South." Then why should he not win the blue ribbon that seems to have been so generously accorded to Germany in the past, because of her

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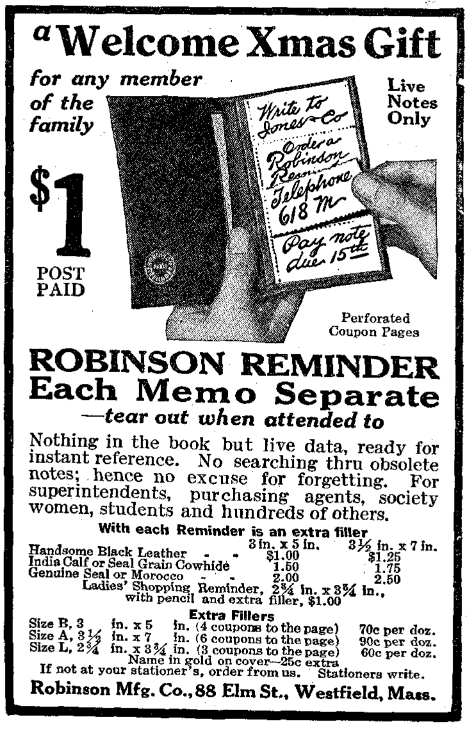
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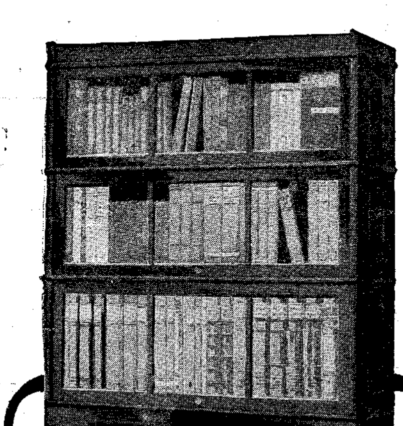

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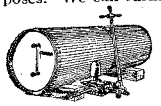

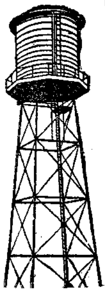

South-American outreach? Why may he not successfully compete with Britain for the world's first commercial prize? The remarkable amount of attention which the world has given to South America is revealed by the "Bibliography of Modern Works" about that region, filling fifteen closing pages of this book.

The Unwritten History of Braddock's Field (Pennsylvania). Prepared by the History Committee under the Editorship of George H. Lamb for the Celebration of the Golden Jubilee of Braddock, the Silver Jubilee of Rankin, and the One Hundred and Seventy-fifth Anniversary of the First White Settlement West of the Allegheníes. 1917. Illustrated. Large 8vo, pp. 336. $1.50 plus postage.

A large proportion of Americana that have become valuable is composed of "local histories." In many cases, however, these works dealt with matters that had more than local significance. So with the present volume. Thus at Braddock's Field, seven miles from Pittsburg, two important discoveries were made: (1) colonial militia on their own ground were the equals or betters of British regulars; and (2) here George Washington first displayed those qualities of generalship that later marked him out from the run of men. Moreover, the localities mentioned in the title-page have influenced greatly the commerce of the continent through the coal and steel industries developed there.

The present volume is a composite work from twenty-three hands, and covers the entire history of the immediate vicinity of "Braddock's Defeat," including economic, political, social, institutional, and local interests. Devotion to strict historical truth has been the aim of the several writers, who were chosen for their ability to speak on the subjects committed to them. The interest is mainly local, as is usual in such cases, and the sale of the volume will probably be limited to libraries, to those interested in the place, and to collectors of Americana. The book is an excellent example of local pride based on firm foundations—of worthful contributions to national weal.

Bleackley, Horace. Life of John Wilkes. With numerous illustrations. Pp. 464. London and New York: John Lane Company. $5 net. Postage, 16 cents.

Remarkable as the career of John Wilkes confessedly was, and undeniably interesting as this biography is, in spite of Mr. Bleackley's literary skill its final impression is not good. Altho "John Wilkes was one of the most important figures of the eighteenth century in England," he is oftenest spoken of, even in this book, as a demagog and a libertine. That he was outrageously the last is freely admitted; that he may have been the first seems rather too well shown. But he posed as a patriot and an advocate of liberty; and he exercised wonderful power—in Parliament and out of it, as an exile from England and an office-holder in London on his return. If, as we are told, none "of his contemporaries influenced more powerfully the spirit of the age," that spirit must have been grossly immoral to condone his immoral grossness. "An Exhausted Volcano," as the caption of Chapter XX, well indicates the life and spirit of the man, at least. Yet his biographer says: "It was the proud privilege of John Wilkes to preserve one of the most essential principles of English liberty"—meaning "no more persecution for political offences," and we might join in praise of him because "no one did more to obtain the freedom of the press" than he, if so much that he did had not been so malodorous of unwholesome license.

De Benneville, James S. Tales of the Samurai. Oguri Hangwan Schidaiki. Being the Story of the Lives, the Adventures, and the Misadventures of the Hangwan-dai Kojiro Sukeshige and Terute-hime, his Wife. (A Redaction from the Kodan and Chronicles of the Japanese Originals.) 8vo, pp. xx-485. Philadelphia: Peter Reilly. $2.75 net. Postage, 16 cents.

The history and legends of Japan abound in cycles of stories that narrate personal devotion and heroism of a stalwart kind. Some of these have become well known to the Western world through the mediation of the late Mr. Greey, Dr. Griffis, Percival Lowell, Messrs. Aston and Chamberlain, and others. The tale of the "Forty-seven Ronim" is remembered as one of the most popular. The theme of the present tale is among those best known to the Japanese, tho almost unknown to others. In dramatic form, or as a dialog-lecture, its repetition or representation in the theater is constant Founding their narrative on historical personages and facts, the story-mongers of Japan, like those of the Arabs, came to embellish their stories, always, of course, remaining faithful to the genius of their country. In the frequent telling the order of narrative became fixt, sometimes in several forms, in which divergences are found. So with the present tale. These cycles are of great worth to students, apart from their intrinsic interest, even tho they are unreliable as history, because they so fully reveal the methods of thought and action and the life of Old Japan. No better guides can be found to life in the Island Empire down to the middle of the eighteenth century than just these tales.

The present interesting tale is redolent of Nipponese perfume. Devoted love, pregnant hate, bitter revenge, brigandage, death, the honor of the Samurai, and the humility and devotion of the people all speak forth here in abundant measure. Piety—duty to gods, family, and lord—sounds the dominant note. One can not read the story without gaining insight into a method of thought and mode of life which once was common and even yet is not altogether extinct in Japan.

The book is printed on doubled Japanese paper, tastefully bound in ultramarine cloth, with stamped characters and devices, and is clasped with braid and ivory pins. It is altogether creditable and attractive.

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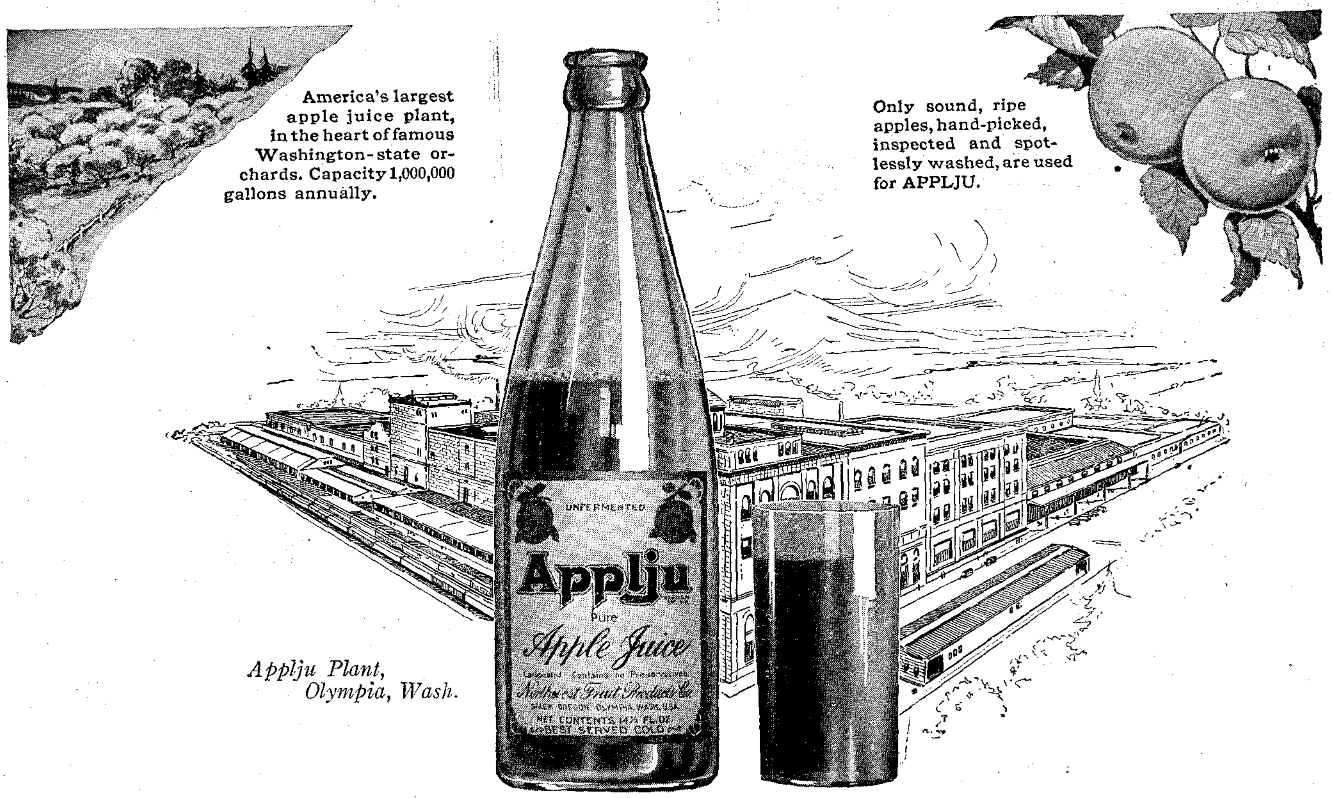
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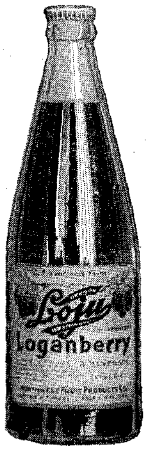

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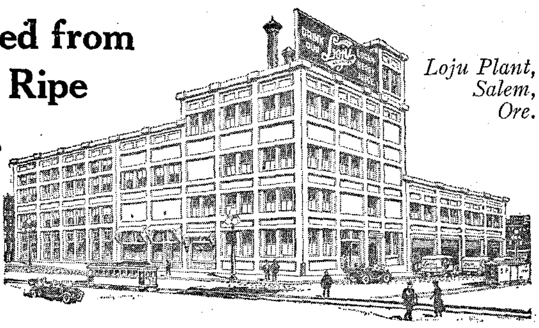

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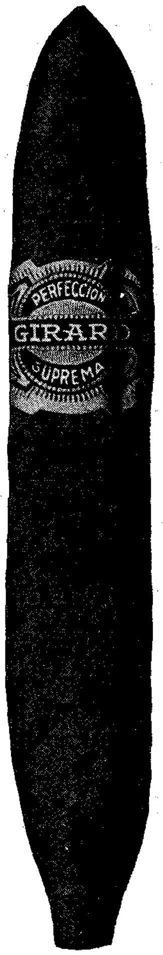

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES

NEW YORK'S MAYOR-ELECT A SELF-MADE MAN

IF Horatio Alger or Oliver Optic were writing stories for boys to-day they would find an excellent hero in the Mayor-elect of New York City, for the rise of Judge John F. Hylan contains all the elements of the farm-to-the-bench career of heroes of those boyhood tales of the past generation —even to the mortgage on the old farm up in Hunter, Greene County, N. Y., where Judge Hylan was born. Yet, aside from the fact that he was able to qualify for the bar, says a writer in the New York *Times*, there is nothing in Judge Hylan's achievements that indicates intellectual force. That he is not "brilliant" is readily admitted by his friends, whose description is that he is by nature a "plodder." It is said that during the campaign the Judge spent hours in writing and revising his speeches. He does not drink or smoke and by temperament is inclined to the retirement of domestic life. He spends his vacations with his wife and his daughter, who is twenty-one years of age, either on the old farm in Greene County, at Saratoga, or in the Adirondacks. Physically Judge Hylan is a robust man, six feet tall, square-jawed, and weighs about two hundred pounds. Persons who went through the campaign report that he finished in better physical shape than he was at the outset, while his rivals were plainly much worn. Of the farm, whence sprang the new mayor, we read in the New York *Evening World:*

> The Hylan family didn't have a very large farm. The mortgage was bigger than the farm, and the man who held the mortgage was strictly business. On the day the interest was due he appeared at the farmhouse at about two minutes before twelve o'clock, noon, and if all the interest was not right there he would proceed to throw a scare into the Hylan family that would last them for days.
>
> He was the bugaboo of the little Hylan flock. When the children went to bed at night they would hear their father and mother talking in whispers about the mortgage and the holder thereof. So, under these circumstances, little Johnny Hylan went to work early in his career. He went to work for the mortgage.
>
> His first work off the farm was in the capacity of water-boy for a railroad section-gang. He was a husky lad and the farm training and railroad work toughened his muscles. When he was old enough he became a brakeman and fireman on the Stony Cove and Catskill Mountain and Kaaterskill Railroads. After he became a fireman there wasn't any more worry in the Hylan family about the interest on the mortgage. Johnny's wages took care of that.
>
> At the age of nineteen Johnny Hylan, who had been gradually tiring of the gloomy mountain scenery of his birthplace and his narrow environment, determined to strike out in the world and take a chance in the city. His worldly possessions consisted of a Sunday suit, a working suit,

several shirts, some underwear, a pair of shoes, a hat, a couple of pairs of overalls, a tooth-brush, a comb (which he wore in the upper left-hand pocket of his vest), and $2.50. His parents didn't want him to go to the wicked city, but his determination had developed, and he wore a large, drooping red mustache and considered himself man enough to tackle the city and get away with it.

One of his brothers was a helpless invalid at that time. He had another brother too young to earn money. His parents maintained that it was his duty to stick to them and his job on the railroad. It was perhaps characteristic of him that in this, his first great struggle, he had his own way. Surreptitiously borrowing a trade dollar from a neighbor, he lit out for New York. This was in the winter of 1887. He had a distant relative in the then city of Brooklyn, and that fact prompted him to settle there.

Through this relative he got work as a track-layer on the Brooklyn Elevated Railroad, but he thought he was capable of something better, and he put in an application for a fireman's job. On March 11, 1888, he was notified to report for duty the next day—and Johnny and New York's famous blizzard arrived at the same time. The Judge says:

"I'll never forget that day for two reasons. One was the terrific storm that buffeted our little locomotive and finally tied it up in a snow-bank. The other was the thrill I felt at being at work as a fireman so soon after my arrival in the city. The pay was much better than I had received in the country or as a track-layer. It was sufficient to allow me to pay my expenses and to resume the payment of the interest on the mortgage on the old homestead up in Greene County. I was a mighty proud young fellow that day. I doubt, no matter what happens to me, if I shall ever again feel quite as satisfactorily proud as I felt over my job as fireman on the Brooklyn 'L.'"

In the fall of 1889 he was promoted to the engineer's side of the cab with a wage of more than $100 a month. Then he felt that he could go back home up country and claim his boyhood sweetheart, Marian O'Hara, who lived on a near-by farm. Marian was willing, and they were married and established themselves in a two-family house in the Bushwick section of Brooklyn, where the judge has lived ever since—not in the same house to be sure, for he now occupies one of his own. To the *Evening World's* reporter the judge said:

"For perhaps a year I was utterly ambitionless. My younger brother, who had been studious and had worked his way into a substantial education, died about this time. That event switched me out of the beaten track. I thought of my own case. I had no education. We had looked to my brother to carry the family name into the law and we had all anticipated that he would win distinction at the bar.

"The death of my brother blasted that family hope. I can not remember when the notion first came to me, but I conceived the idea that I might take the place

PUT a man in a uniform—and what a difference it makes! He actually seems to be sturdier, smarter, and better built. Perhaps that accounts for the general awakening this year in the matter of men's clothes. Civilians have come to see what a tremendous difference a suit or an overcoat can make. And, quite naturally, more and more of them have been attracted by the conservative styles, the excellent tailoring and the individual fabrics of

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of my dead brother and represent the Hylan family at the bar. I broached the subject to my wife. It was our first big problem. Her advice was good then. It has always been good since, and I consult with her about everything—even politics. She told me to take a chance. I had determined to become a lawyer.

"While I had the groundwork of an education acquired in a country school I realized that I was far from qualified to begin the study of law without preliminary training. I looked over the situation carefully and decided to take the academic course in the Long Island Business College, in Brooklyn, and to ground myself in law by reading law-books in the office of a friend in Long Island City. I am more or less methodical and I framed a program for myself which would allow me to pursue my studies and at the same time run my engine on the Brooklyn 'L.'"

Some idea of the task which young Hylan set himself may be gathered from the fact that he worked seven days a week on his engine, taking it out every afternoon at 2:30 or 3 o'clock, and on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays working thirteen hours straight. On Saturdays his bit was twelve hours and on Sundays eleven. The rest of his time he divided as best he could between his studies, his law-reading, and sleep. His persistence attracted the attention of Prof. Andrew Gerndt, who gave his lunch-hour to the private instruction of the young engineer, and according to *The Evening World*:

While he was pursuing this languid existence he saved up enough money to pay off the mortgage on the old farm.

After graduating from the business college young Hylan studied law for two years at New York Law School. One of his instructors was President Wilson, who lectured on constitutional law. A month before his graduation in June, 1897, Hylan was separated from his job on the Brooklyn "L." An inspector caught him studying law in the cab of his engine, reported him, and he was dismissed.

With his wife and infant daughter young Hylan went back to the old farm at Hunter, where he spent the summer of 1897. The bar examinations were held in Syracuse in October. Hylan had exhausted his savings, but he had his card of membership in the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers—of which he is still a member in good standing—and this card enabled him to ride from his home to Syracuse and back in the cabs of West Shore Railroad locomotives. He passed his bar examination.

It was now up to the ex-locomotive engineer to make a living as a lawyer. He put a mortgage of $500 on the old homestead, returned to Brooklyn, and opened a law-office at Gates Avenue and Broadway, where he was known. His first month as a lawyer netted him $26 in fees, his second month $46, and his third month, $81.

From then on his income steadily increased, but he didn't open a larger office until he had paid off the $500 mortgage on the old farm.

In reply to the question as to how he got into politics, Judge Hylan said promptly:

"I walked in. I have always been interested in politics, but I didn't have much time to mix in political matters while I was studying; nor have I ever been actively engaged in what you might call the practical workings of a political organization.

"To become a factor in that sort of politics, you must be in accord with the leader of the particular unit of the party to which you belong. It so happened that I couldn't always subscribe to the views of the leader of my organization, and when I couldn't so subscribe I said so.

"I wasn't any too popular with the organization, so I busied myself with civic affairs. I think a man can do more for the people along the line of activity in civic betterment than in what is known as practical politics."

Of the personal characteristics of the mayor-elect *The Evening World* says

Judge Hylan has no fads. He has never had a golf-club in his hands and has never tackled the modern dances. He wouldn't know a jazz band from a calliope. He belongs to no clubs and he does not bowl or play billiards or play cards. He admits that he is not much of a reader, and what reading he does is largely confined to history and the science of government.

"One of the Brooklyn papers stated the other day," said Judge Hylan, "that I eat in beaneries. I can hardly deny it. I have never frequented the dining clubs or the big hotels, and where the bulk of the people eat is good enough for me."

GERMANY'S CHANCELLOR A "DOGGED OLD FELLOW"

THOSE who are in a position to know a little more than the other fellow about Berlin politics smile behind their hats at the appointment of Count von Hertling, for they claim to recognize in it only one more move in a plot to restore von Bethmann-Hollweg—the "scrap of paper" diplomatist—to the Imperial Chancellorship. And this, notwithstanding the fact that Hertling is said to have the strong support of those in the inner court circles who, by means of a Catholic Chancellor, hope to draw the Center away from the Reichstag opposition majority.

The plot is quite truly described by a correspondent of the New York *Times* as piquant, and is said to be simply a process of elimination, by which "impossibles" are to be put forward until the patience of the Kaiser, or the list, is exhausted. Then, of course, there will be nothing to do but to call back von Bethmann-Hollweg.

However, in putting forward von Hertling as a puppet, Bethmann-Hollweg's friends may have pulled the wrong string, for, altho "a sedate, spectacled professor," seventy-three years old, he is described as a "dogged old fellow" with a strong under jaw. A writer in the Boston *Transcript* says of him:

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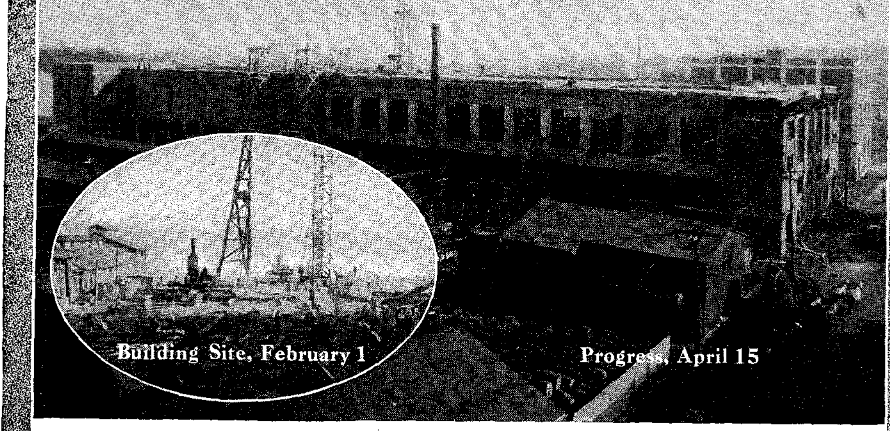

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Figure 2 shows improperly designed flues and arch. The arch reflects the rays not only on the hearth, but beyond it. Thus the work does not receive full benefit of the radiant heat.

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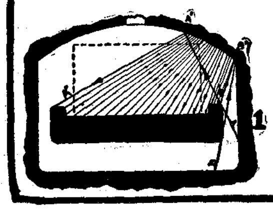

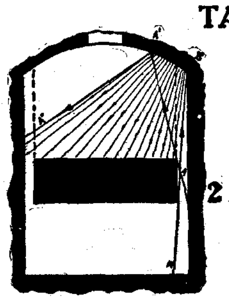

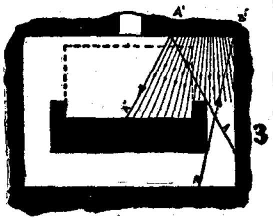

him a long and brilliant record in the political life of Germany. As early as 1875, and for fifteen years thereafter, he was in the Reichstag, building up a reputation for sound, conservative, statesmanship, and, as one of the leaders of the Center, specializing in the many important negotiations which, during that period, marked the relations between Germany and the Vatican. These activities in the interests of German Catholicism were temporarily suspended in 1890, but were renewed six years later, when he was again elected to the Reichstag and became one of the leading spokesmen of the Clerical party. Since then he has been almost consecutively associated with politics in Berlin and Munich, and has always been regarded as one of the ablest men in the Empire.

Why people abroad have been ignorant of Hertling's political progress is, first of all, that they do not ordinarily pay much attention to Bavarian matters, and secondly, because Hertling has hidden his own life under the professional bushel; in other words, he is a professor turned politician, not a politician wholly—I use the word "politician" here in its best sense. Hertling is primarily the perfect scholar. His early education in a Darmstadt gymnasium was followed by a brilliant career at Munich, Münster, and Berlin. From 1867 to 1882 he taught at Bonn, and shortly afterward was promoted to a full professorship at Munich. His subject was philosophy, in which he made himself an acknowledged authority. Since that time, whether actively engaged in his work as professor or in politics, he has always maintained the reputation he gained in those early days as one of Germany's foremost thinkers. I am told, and I think it true, that there are people in Bavaria today who never think of Hertling as a politician, but always as the *Herr Professor*, and attach far more credit to his successes as a teacher of men than they do to his knowledge of statecraft.

But von Hertling was not much known by the world at large until about five years ago—in February, 1912—when he was called upon by Prince Leopold, then Regent of Bavaria, to form a cabinet in succession to Count Podewils, and, says the writer:

It was not until two years later that King Louis, in appreciation of the work of his Premier, bestowed on him the well-merited title of Count and placed the "von" in front of his name. Meantime, the Premier had exhibited considerable courage in his speeches and public doings. Some of his actions were highly distasteful to the militarists.

"It is now high time," he said regarding one of his early budgets, "to let the armaments rest, for the German people can assume no more burdens for many years to come."

At this same time he pleaded with the Socialists to come forward with some practical proposals for social reform, and promised (*mirabile dictu*) that he would consider any proposals that might be made for the reform of the Reichsrath, "which at present consists mostly of nobles."

These utterances, and some others, it need hardly be said, drew to Hertling the attention of Berlin, and it is on record that there were some fiery meetings between him and Chancellor Bethmann in 1912. So wild were some of the rumors of quarrels that the Bavarian Premier thought it advisable to protest against being called a "triumphing consul" who had "vanquished the Imperial Chancellor and had slain the Secretary of State for the Imperial Treasury." The allusion was partly to a speech which Hertling had made in the lower house of the Prussian Diet, when a Defense Bill was discust and the Premier pleaded for a just share of control by Bavaria in the foreign affairs of the Empire.

In Germany, when a prominent man reaches his seventieth birthday, the world turns out to do him honor. Be he statesman, professor, painter, musician, or writer, the desire to show him respect is general, and there are many modest men in the fatherland who never discover, until their seventieth birthday arrives, how great is their personal hold upon the communities in which they live. Hertling confest as much when Bavaria paid its tribute to him on August 31, 1913. Even in his political life he had shown a retiring disposition, and when not engrossed in state affairs, preferred the solitude of his study and his books to big dinners, speeches, and other routine matters of a public man's life. The old Premier's surprize, therefore, was profound when, on rounding his seventieth mile-stone, he found his pathway blocked with all sorts and conditions of men and women gathered to express their personal affection for him and their appreciation of his services in Bavarian politics and letters. Naturally, as the old man is a sincere Catholic, and the most prominent Catholic statesman in Bavaria, his coreligionists took a leading part in the celebrations. They paid him the signal honor of electing him president of the Society for the Propagation of Catholic Knowledge at the general convocation of that society in Freiburg in 1913. They paid him also the usual honor of a *Festschrift*, but in his case it was a *Festschrift* that must have gone straight to his scholarly old heart—nothing less than a huge quarto volume of nearly 650 pages, containing over fifty special contributions from the greatest leaders of science, art, music, and religion. Many of the names represented in this colossal product of scholarship were those of Hertling's colleagues in the universities.

Of the professor's entrance into politics—or more properly statecraft—in his later years, the writer says:

> This much, anyway, may be said of Hertling—he is probably the most learned man, the soundest thinker, now holding an important political position in Europe. Mr. Balfour, with his mere handful of philosophical works, is a pigmy student compared with the man who since 1871 (when his great work on Aristotle appeared) has been pouring forth many portly tomes on philosophy, politics, and *Kultur*, and has yet found time to edit, and contribute to, a truly colossal history of the middle ages. I shall not try here to give a complete list of Hertling's titles, but they include learned discussions of "John Locke," the English philosopher; "Albertus Magnus," a remarkable treatment of the "Principles of Catholicism and Their Relation to Knowledge," and a work dealing with the Augustan Era and Ancient Civilization. These few references alone show the extent of Hertling's knowledge and industry.

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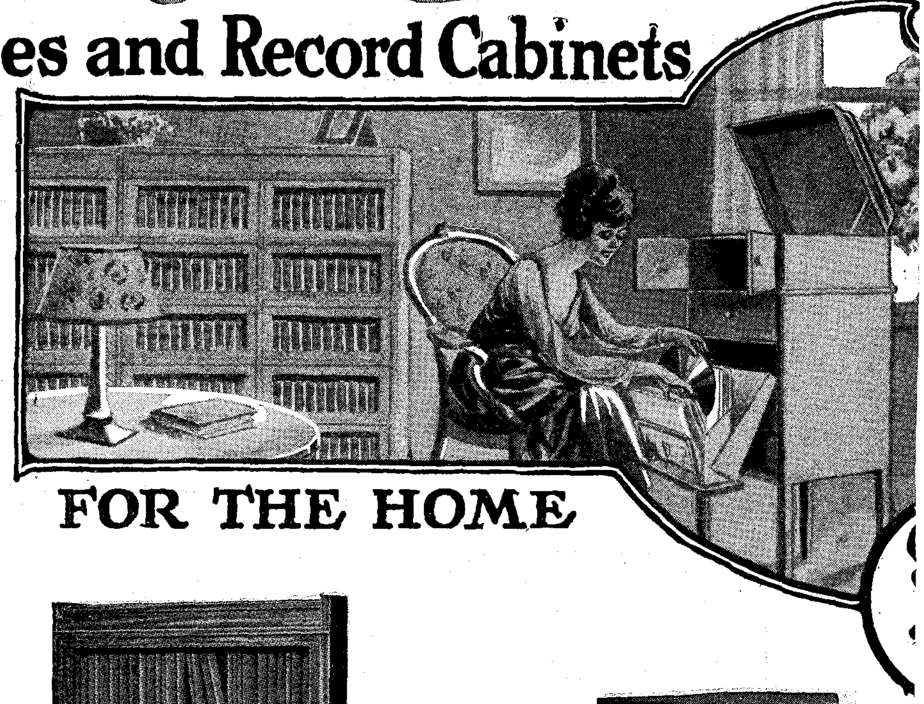

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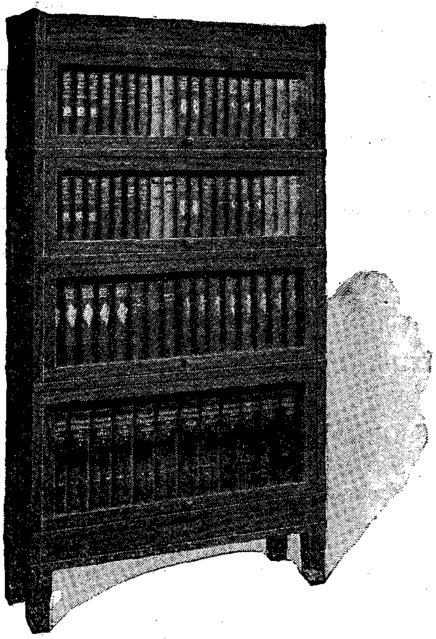

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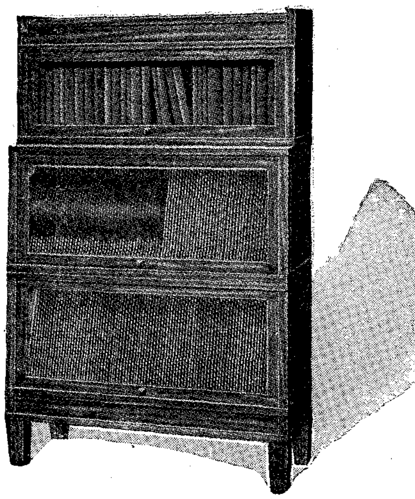

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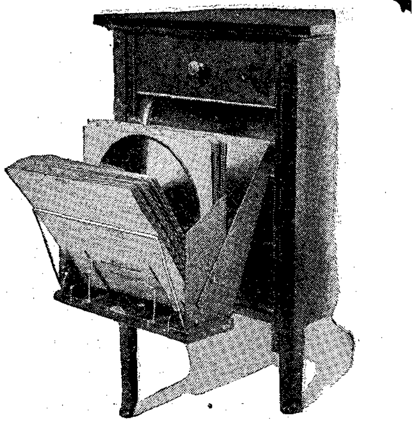

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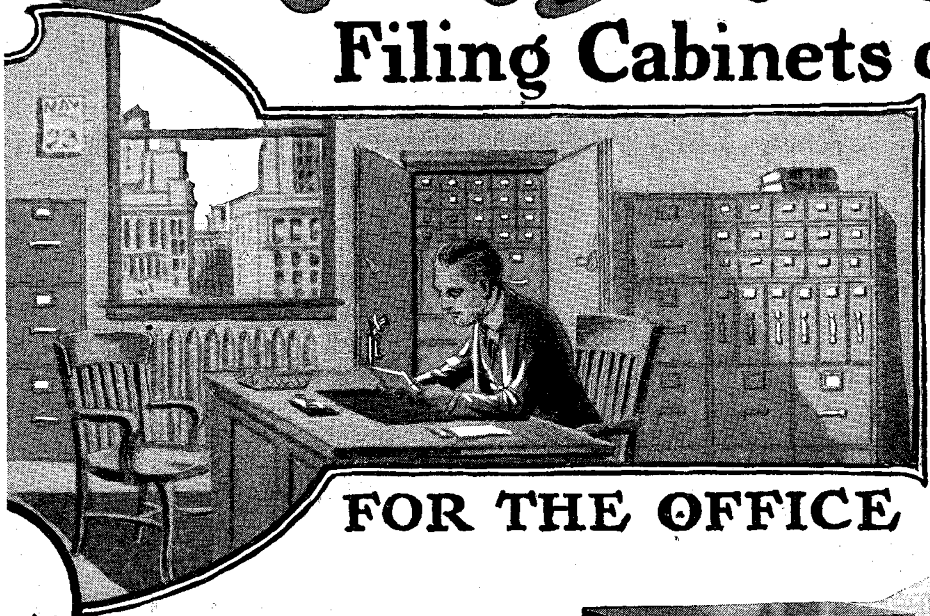
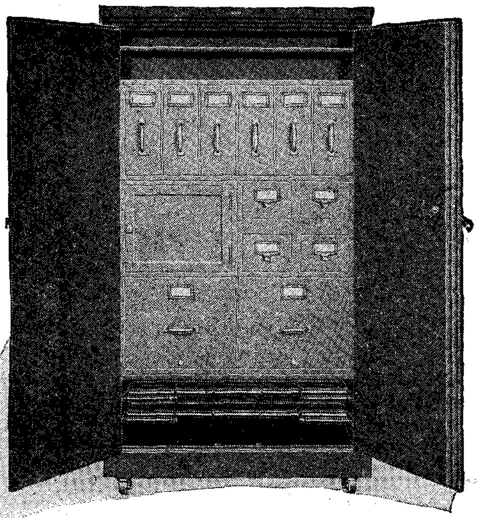
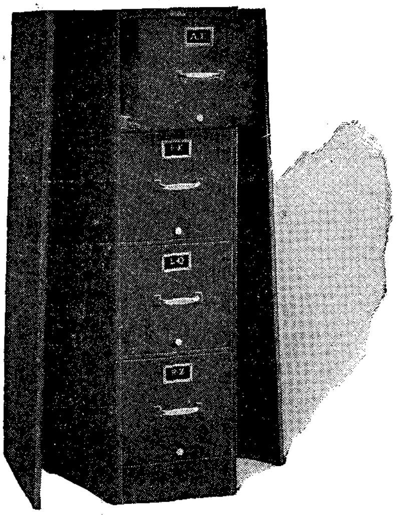
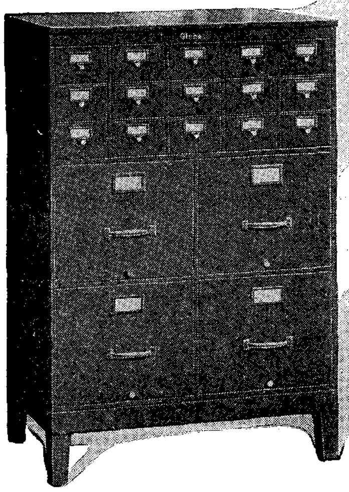


FOR THE OFFICE







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AN ENGLISHWOMAN IN THE SERVIAN ROUT

When a Servian introduces his wife to a stranger he says:

"This is my wife—God forgive me!"

In describing the extent of his family he remarks:

"I have three sons and—God forgive me, three daughters!"

It is, therefore, somewhat remarkable that, in that country where Turkish ideas prevail, a woman should have been so signally honored as was Mrs. St. Clair Stobart, who commanded the First Anglo-Servian Field Hospital with a rank in the Servian Army corresponding to that of an American major. When disaster befell the Servian Army, Mrs. Stobart, who is an Englishwoman with indomitable courage, led her entire unit safely through icy torrents and over snow-capped mountains—a terrible trek of 800 miles to the outskirts of Belgrade. For this she was officially commended by the Servian War Minister. Mrs. Stobart tells of her experiences in a book which she calls "The Flaming Sword" (Doran), from which *The Ohio State Journal* quotes in telling this story of the Servian retreat:

Before going to Servia, Mrs. Stobart had an unusual experience as a Red-Cross executive. She served four years in the Transvaal, returning to London in 1907. As one of the founders of the Women's Convoy Corps, she proved in Bulgaria during the first Balkan war (1912–13) that women may be of high use not only as nurses but as hospital physicians and administrators. After the outbreak of the present war she established a hospital at Brussels, and on its fall was condemned to be shot as a spy. She protested to the German commandant that she was engaged in hospital work, to which she says he retorted:

"You are English, and whether you are right or wrong, this is a war of annihilation."

Escaping execution by a miracle, she was in Antwerp during the bombardment, and later in charge of a French hospital at Cherbourg.

News of the typhus epidemic in Servia sounded in her ears an irresistible trumpet-call, and April 1, 1915, found her on board a packet bound for Saloniki in charge of a unit of seven women doctors and eighteen women nurses, besides attendants, raising the total number to forty-five. She established a hospital at Kragujevatz, in Servia, and soon afterward organized six branch hospitals in the vicinity, where 20,000 men, women, and children were treated not only for typhus, but for diphtheria, tuberculosis, and other diseases. Mrs. Stobart was herself sick with typhoid, and narrowly escaped death.

In September came rumors of the triple invasion which was preparing against the little kingdom—from Germany, Austria, and Bulgaria.

Mrs. Stobart was asked to take her staff and accompany the Army as a flying unit to the front, and to her amazement the Chief of the Army Medical Department added:

"We shall be glad if you will take command of the column. We ask you—without supervision of Servian officers—to take entire charge of material and equipment as well as of the staff. This is, I believe, the first time in the history of Servia that such an appointment has been offered to a woman; but new times, new customs, are here—and we know you can do it."

Her command consisted of two women doctors, four women nurses, a woman cook, two interpreters, a male secretary, two women orderlies, commissariat officers, sixty Servian soldiers, thirty ox-teams and wagons, six automobiles, and eventually a railroad train. The unit was attached to the Schumadia division, comprising 25,000 troops.

Taking up the story of the Servian retreat before the relentless German troops, *The State Journal* says:

One night the entire unit was in imminent danger of being overtaken by the Germans. A large number of wounded were in hand, and three of the six motor-cars were lagging behind. No wagons were available, so Mrs. Stobart struggled a mile across marshy fields, tumbling in the dark into half a dozen ditches, to ask aid from an army major whom she knew. He could give her no help, and she hastened back to her column.

"There was only one thing to be done," she says, "if the whole hospital was not to be taken by the enemy. The staff, who usually rode in the motors, must walk; the worst wounded must go in the motors, those who could crawl must crawl, and as for the others—

"The road was abominable, with mud and holes and narrow and broken bridges. We were continually, all through the night, obliged to lift the wounded out of the ambulances and carry them over the dangers, while the motors—those wonderful Ford cars—performed acrobatic feats inconceivable to orthodox chauffeurs at home.

"And when day came I saw once more the nightmare picture of drab-drest, mud-stained soldiers, splashing with their sandaled feet in the sloppy mud; sometimes stumbling, then rising, smothered with mud, without a word. Weren't there worse troubles than that? '*Hleba?*' (Bread) I asked. 'None for three days,' was the answer.

"Commanders of other columns often urged me to sleep during the night treks of the wagons, but I preferred to be at the head of the column by night as well as by day, so that the men should feel I was not asking them to endure what I would not endure myself."

Mrs. Stobart recalls having gone as long as eighty-one hours without sleep or rest. She was riding horseback and sometimes caught herself dozing in the saddle.

Glimpses of the horrors of this appalling hegira of a whole nation occur in Mrs. Stobart's diary of the retreat. Wagons filled with little children; the oxen, weary and hungry, led by women, also weak, hungry, and footsore.

"I saw a tiny boy leading two tiny calves drawing a cart containing a tiny baby," she writes. "I saw a woman carrying her two babies, one on her back and one in front; and the baby on her back was knocked off by the horns of a passing ox."

She tells of the silence of the fleeing multitude. Not a sound of grief or pain was uttered. Doggedly they pursued their way, and then:

Finally the miserable cavalcade came to the border of Montenegro, the land of the Black Mountains. Roads ceased, except for the tracks trampled out in the snow by thousands of refugees who had passed before, and these tracks passed a mile high, across snow, ice, and boulders, unbroken forests, seas of mud and rivers without bridges.

"No hay was procurable for the animals, and all we could give them to eat was dead beech-leaves, which we unburied from the snow," writes Mrs. Stobart. "We slept around the fire and prevented ourselves from slipping down the mountainsides by logs of wood placed at our feet. . . . Along the track men by the hundreds lay dead—dead from cold and hunger, and no one could stop to bury them. Worst still, men lay dying from cold and hunger, and no one could stay to tend them. . . . It is believed that no less than 10,000 human beings lie sepulchered in those mountains."

As the rout proceeded, the motor-cars were lost one after another; the starving oxen, when unable to drag another step onward, were slaughtered and devoured, all the medical stores and instruments of the unit had to be abandoned, and the carts were cut down from four wheels to two. But the greatest difficulty was in obtaining provisions in that devastated country.

The unit at last reached Scutari, where Mrs. Stobart took an Italian boat for Brindisi. On reaching Rome the next evening she enjoyed her first "good, sit-down, hot meal" in nine months.

GERMAN BATTLE-FIELD LETTERS FULL OF REVOLT

The spirit of the battle-field speaks in the letters and diaries found in the possession of German prisoners, or on the bodies of those who will never return to their loved ones. The letters from home breathe a spirit of bitterness; the diaries in the trenches a spirit of revolt. The correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune* at the front sends extracts to his paper. Here are some pages from the diary of a captured soldier, whose lack of heroism is *not* so strange when one reads of the bombardment of their own trenches by the Germans:

At last we arrive in the second line. We got into a dugout that offered little cover—two small pieces of a tree-trunk and a layer of rails on the top. Scarcely had we got in—it was about 6.30 A.M.—when a maddening drum-fire was opened by the English and kept up until 7 o'clock. An airman had observed a movement in our trench. Our dugout, thank God, escaped damage.

The first day passed off quietly, all things considered. At night the artillery-fire became more intense. The worst of it was *that our own artillery* persistently fired short. One gun fired into our trench perpetually. It was a disgrace to be compelled to sit within a mile of our own artillery-fire.

The afternoon of the next day the English began firing mines. Three men promptly went away to the rear; I tried

> to follow them, but lost my way, altho I had helped carry back a wounded man only that forenoon. However, I managed to get out of the mess successfully enough.
>
> During the night I lay with another man in a concrete dugout full of water in order to be out of the way. It was the first time I had ever shirked duty, but it is mere stupidity to be too conscientious in such matters. In fact, one ought to go to the rear or even allow oneself to be placed under arrest rather than remain in this miserable caldron.
>
> Outside the shells are whistling and crashing, and the dugout shakes perpetually. Many of the company have cleared out or have never come into line at all. Only a sergeant is left in the company. Everybody does his utmost to get out of the way, and quite right, too. Life is precious.
>
> To-night I shall have to go forward again as I have left my rifle-belt and kit in the trench. If only I come through this tour without mishap! My rations will last until to-morrow morning. Food and coffee can not of course be warmed up in the midst of all this artillery. When there is nothing left to eat I shall go back on my own responsibility—that's final.

The report of a platoon commander to his commanding officer tells of a man who refused to go into the first trenches, preferring arrest. The report reads:

> Schule was present here this morning. I again gave him ample time to think over his behavior. When I asked him again in the afternoon what he was going to do he said he wasn't going into the line. Thereupon I put him under arrest and sent him to the guard-room.

Then here is a letter from a wife who cries out against the horrors of the war and those responsible:

> I do not think things are going at all well on the Western front. If only we could have peace and you soldiers could be treated as human beings again! Haven't those on top poured forth enough human blood yet? When will it end? One can hardly stand it any longer.
>
> Many persons in Germany can say, "I consider myself just as necessary to the welfare of the state as Wilhelm." The war retards the progress of the nation, and, further, the Government—not the people—gave its assent and started things. Why should one be compelled to take a more active part than rulers, and why should one stake more than they?

And now a girl pours out her heart to her lover at the front, crying out against "this murdering," and declaring that her love for her country has turned to hatred. She tells, too, of the calling of the children to the colors:

> Why must I always fear for the dear life of my sweetheart? I owe love to my fatherland, but I must tell you that this love has changed into hatred, as we have learned that we are only here to be destroyed.
>
> Our dearest are on the front, sacrificed for the profit of the upper ten thousand. And we must still have patriotism! Never will this be the case with me. It will not uphold me in my sorrow. I feel only

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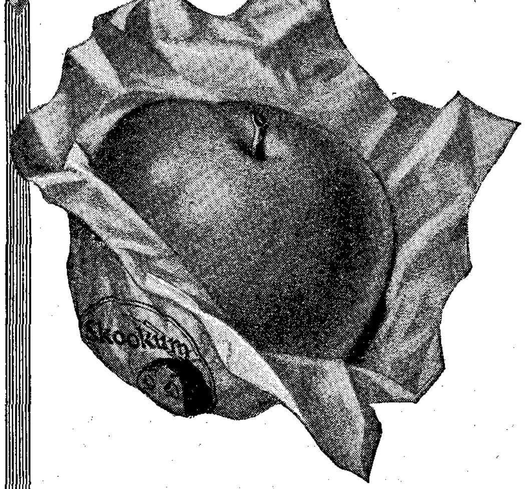

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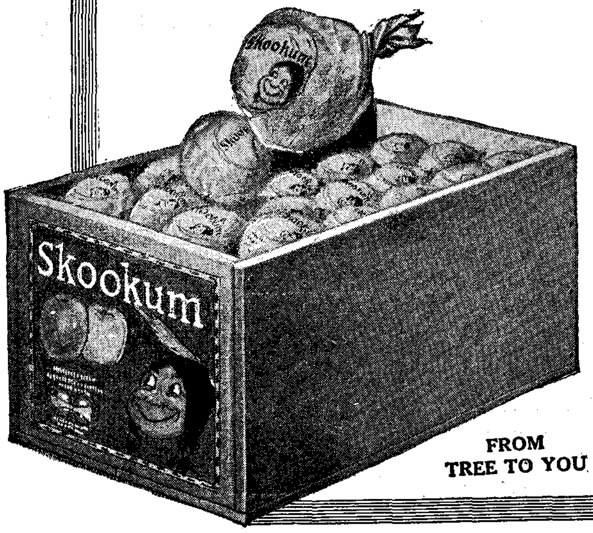

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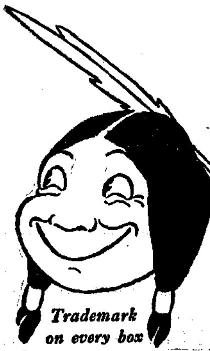

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> bitterness toward the land which stole my darling.
>
> There are still people who think we can not sign peace unless we get Belgium. Of what use would Belgium be to me and thousands more like me? I know what you think about it, but I know that you share my opinions.
>
> Will there not soon be enough of this murdering? Must it go on until everything is in ruins and every human life is destroyed?
>
> And now children are being called out. Is this not a real mockery? Hardly have they left school when they are called to fight for the fatherland. Ernest Belich's brother is to be a soldier. He is 17½ years old.
>
> Is not Germany making herself ridiculous? I am disgusted with all this. It was said about another nation (Russia) that it accepted bondage. Can the German people now say they are free? No, we are treated worse than slaves, and for such slavery we must cheerfully sacrifice our lives. The man who still risks his life for the love of Germany is perfectly insane.

GENERAL MAUDE, ENGLAND'S NEW KITCHENER

BAGDAD is a long, long way from Belgium, and it is much easier to form an idea of General Haig or General Pétain, because we see so many photographs of them and read so many stories about them; but in General Sir Stanley Maude England has another general about whom a legend is said to be growing up very like the one which haloed Kitchener's name.

The Kitchener comparison suggests itself because of the striking parallel between the Bagdad campaign and Kitchener's Nile campaign to Omdurman and Khartum. As was Kitchener, so Maude was faced by the problem of advancing into a desert country along a river which must furnish his line of communication. As Kitchener, he had to create transport, hospitals, housing, sanitation, and water-supply for his troops. As Kitchener, he was obliged to rely for munitions and supplies upon bases far overseas, with the additional menace of a hostile sea Power to entangle the situation. As Kitchener, finally, he had to contend with an alien climate, in which white troops could work only during the cool months of the year. And Maude's solution of his diverse problems was startlingly like Kitchener's, says a contributor to the New York *Evening Post*, who procured his information from Mr. Arthur T. Clark, a Y. M. C. A. worker with the British forces in Mesopotamia.

Mr. Clark's story is the first detailed account of the six-month offensive campaign which resulted in the recapture of Kut-el-Amara and the taking of Bagdad, the reestablishment of British prestige in the East, and the defeat of the German threat at India. General Maude's army numbered 300,000 men, combatants and non-combatants, and before he advanced a foot he had every contingency provided for and every precaution taken against failure. As Kitchener, he has the strength of the man sure of himself, the ability to bide his own time, to keep his own counsel, to drive men unmercifully, and yet to inspire all about him with his own indomitable spirit, according to Mr. Clark, who says:

> The Tommies adored him. They just worshiped him, the way they did Kitchener, and I dare say a legend is growing up around his name, exactly as one did around Kitchener's. When General Maude passes by, every Tommy stands so stiff and salutes so earnestly that he quivers all over. They do it, I suppose, because they feel deeply about it, and that is the only way they can show him how they feel. He is a very silent man, with a wonderful face, clean cut and very strong. He drives his staff terribly, and when an officer makes a blunder the General gives it to him, I can tell you. They are all afraid of him—the officers, I mean. But at the same time they have implicit confidence in him.
>
> One day in Bagdad he came into the Y. M. C. A. to see what we were doing. I happened to be there alone, and he asked me to take him around. He wanted to see everything, the servants' quarters, the kitchens, the ice-cream freezers, the entertainment facilities—everything. He went over them all himself. He didn't say much except to ask questions. And he didn't offer any compliments. That is his way. If a thing is all right, well and good. You have done your duty. That is enough. But if it is not done right, he tells you so, and he tells it in a way you won't forget.
>
> He reached Basra, which is the British base in Mesopotamia, sixty miles up the Shatt-el-Arab, the stream formed by the junction of the Tigris and the Euphrates, in August, 1916. From then until December 13 he devoted himself entirely to the work of organizing the campaign he had in mind. Of course, I don't know the British plans, but the officers out there in Mesopotamia thought the Army would not be pushed much beyond Bagdad. General Maude's campaign last winter, at any rate, had for its objective Bagdad, and I think that was all. During his preparations for the campaign General Maude left only a few troops on the fighting line just below Kut, where the Turks held the apparently impregnable Sunniyatt position, between the left bank of the Tigris and a small lake. All the rest of the Army was put to work helping the coolies and transport troops, building roads, and carrying up supplies.

At this time the British Army had been reenforced until it was much larger than the Army that had tried unsuccessfully to get to Bagdad. Including coolies, transport, commissariat, base troops, boatmen, and other units behind the line, the Mesopotamian Expeditionary Force, as it was called, must have numbered 300,000 men. Of fighting troops General Maude had the four complete divisions and part of three others, and our informant reminds us that—

> A British Army division has about 20,000 men. The proportion of Indian troops to white was about two to one. The races were mingled in all the divisions except the Thirteenth, which, by the way, was the only division sent out direct from home. All the other divisions were Indian army units. The Thirteenth included a Lancashire brigade and battalions of the Hants,

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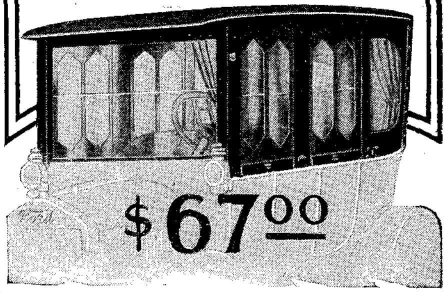
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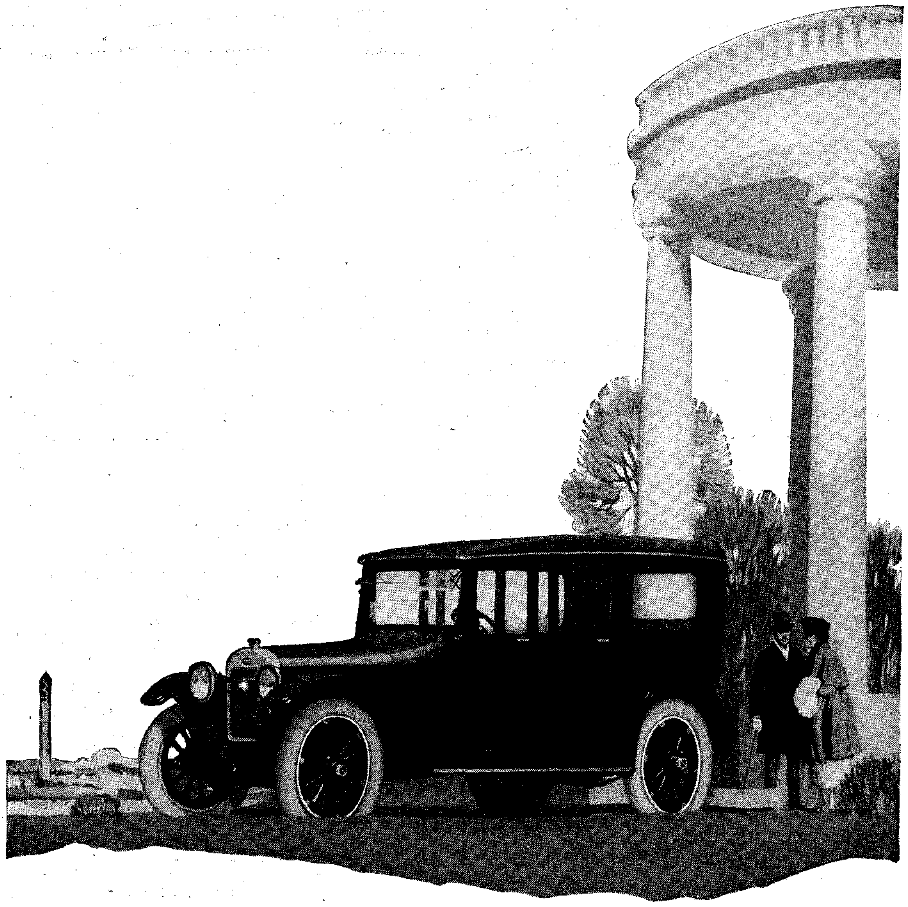

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OAKLAND SENSIBLE SIX

Wilts, and Welsh Fusileers, South Wales Borderers, North Staffordshires, Warwicks, and Worcesters. The Indian troops were mostly Sikhs, Punjabis, and Gurkhas. The British liked the Gurkhas best. The Tommies told me they were never sure of the other Indians. Some of the Highland Light Infantry claimed that a Sikh regiment, which was supposed to support them with reserve bombs in the fight on the Shatt-el-Hai, had failed to come up, with the result that the Highlanders were badly cut up.

The Cavalry Division, which did splendid work, was made up mainly of Indian troops. I know of only two white regiments in it, the Thirteenth and Fourteenth Hussars. The Indian Lancers were a great sight as they rode over the desert, with their lance pennons flicking out over their heads. General Maude also had plenty of artillery, altho none of his guns were larger than four-inch, because of the sand and the difficulty of transporting heavy pieces through it. We had gas, just as the Turks did, but there was a very good feeling between the opposing sides, and, by a sort of gentleman's agreement, neither side used it. Up to the Bagdad campaign, too, the Turks had the ascendency in the air. The British had only BE12's and a couple of Bristol Scouts. They never fought in these machines unless they had to. But under General Maude the air service was improved and strengthened.

On December 13 General Maude began a feint attack upon the Sunniyatt position, the Turks' only bar on the road to Bagdad. It was so strong that it was practically impossible to take it by frontal attacks. In the meantime the British held what was known as the Sinn-Dujailah position, out in the desert on the right bank of the Tigris, across the river—that is, from the Sunniyatt position, and about midway between the Sunniyatt and the Shatt-el-Hai, a tributary of the Tigris. Under cover of the feint attack on the Sunniyatt lines, General Maude threw a bridge across the Shatt-el-Hai and advanced his troops from the Sinn-Dujailah position almost to the banks of the Tigris above Kut. By January 19 the British had cleared the Turks from the ground between the Shatt-el-Hai and the right bank of the Tigris.

Above Kut the Turks still held the right bank in the Dihra Bend, and by an attack there on February 10 the British captured the licorice factory, which General Townshend had held throughout the first siege of Kut. From February 17 to 22 there was a general attack on the Sunniyatt position to divert the Turks' attention. On the 15th the Dihra Bend was cleared of Turks, all of whom were now on the left bank. Most of this fighting was done in the rain. On the night of the 22d came the big attack. The British feinted to cross the river at Kut and at points just above and below Kut. At the same time they sent three parties of the Norfolks to force a crossing in the Shumran Bend in pontoons. Two companies did get across and entrenched, and, under cover of their fire, the engineers built a pontoon bridge over the river in nine hours, altho the river here is 330 yards wide and the current flows at five miles an hour.

Simultaneously the British attacked the Sunniyatt position, and during the night of the 22d took the first two lines of trenches and held them against six Turkish counter-attacks. Next morning news that the British were across the Tigris in their rear had reached the troops holding Sunniyatt, and their resistance crumbled. The Turks ran away so fast that few were captured, altho the British took two-thirds of their artillery, but—

> General Maude did not rest with the recapture of Kut. He followed up the Turks by land and water. On March 7 the Turks held the line of the Diala, a tributary of the Tigris from the east. The British tried to throw a bridge over near the mouth of the Diala, and repeatedly parties of volunteers undertook to get the pontoons across, but every man was killed. On the night of March 8, however, sixty men of the North Lancashires got across higher up the Diala, under cover of a barrage fire so intense that it raised clouds of sand which obscured the enemy's vision. These North Lancs entrenched in a nullah and hung on there until midnight of the 9th. They lost twenty men. When their ammunition ran out, more was sent them by a cable which was shot across with a rocket. But the Turks soon cut this cable by machine-gun fire, and afterward ammunition was thrown across by hand.
>
> While this was going on the British threw a bridge across the Diala still higher up, and flanked the troops holding the right bank of the tributary. The Seventh Division, the greatest fighters in the Army, who had been marching up the right bank of the Tigris, arrived in the suburb of the city on that side of the river in the early morning of March 11. The railroad station of the Bagdad Railway is on this bank, and it was the first capture of the British. Among the troops in this division were battalions of the Black Watch, Seaforths, and Leicesters. The Seventh claim they entered Bagdad first, but the Lancashire battalions of the Thirteenth Division say that they entered at the same time or earlier from the south.
>
> The British casualties in the whole campaign were about 30,000. The Turkish losses were much heavier. They lost over 8,000 prisoners alone.

The only flag flying in Bagdad was the American, and the American Consul, Oscar Heiser, was about the only check to the lawlessness that prevailed during the evacuation, and we read:

> The Kurds came in and looted and massacred before the British arrived. All the houses were stript of doors by the looters, and most houses were without doors when I got to the city to open the Y. M. C. A. station there. You know the British kept on after reaching Bagdad, and by May 1 they were fighting about 100 miles north of the city, 32 miles above Samaras, where the first break in the railroad from Bagdad begins. The Turks left six locomotives here after carefully blowing off the cylinders on one side. The British promptly took the engines, removed the cylinders from four and patched up two, so that they had the railroad operating again in a few days. . . . Bagdad was a very interesting place under those conditions, altho I shared with the Tommies some disappointment at the aspect of the City of the Califs. Except for its size, it was like any other city in Mesopotamia, mud-built, dirty, unsanitary. "Blow me, I thought we

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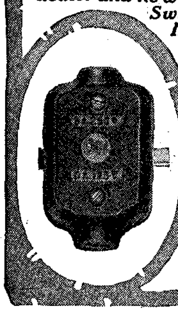

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was comin' somewhere," I heard a Tommy say.

The Tommies got along very well with the Turks and had an admiration for them. They called their enemies "Johnny Turk," which is their pet name for their Indian favorite, "Johnny Gurkha." During the hot weather of 1916, when both armies faced each other at the Sunniyatt position, by a gentleman's agreement like that with reference to gas, both sides knocked off fighting. The only water was in the river, and an hour was fixt for the British to go down and get theirs and another hour for the Turks. Once, I heard, after the British had made an advance, a Turkish aeroplane flew over the camp and dropt a note of congratulation. I don't know whether this was true, but the Tommies believed it.

The worst enemy of both Turks and British was the Arab. The Arabs plundered both sides indiscriminately, and whenever a battle was fought the Arabs joined the winning side. At one time a suggestion was made that the Turks and British call off the war for a while and form a composite Anglo-Turk army to *strafe* the Arabs. Arabs are inveterate thieves, and they will risk anything to steal under difficulties. In fact, they prefer to steal where it is difficult rather than easy. Two Arabs entered the tent next to mine at Omara, and, while one of them held a knife over the sergeant who occupied it, the other took everything he could lay his hands on. And they escaped, altho that was in the middle of the camp.

The Australian wireless detachment at Omara lost thirty-one rifles one night when their sentry went to sleep. Another time an Indian sentry challenged an Arab, who did not reply. The sentry shot at him and the Arab fell down. The sentry was curious and went up to investigate. As he approached, the Arab jumped up, seized his rifle, and ran away. Another time Arabs stole ten camels out of a camp that had blockhouses every 500 yards and sentries every 250 yards. By order, Arabs are shot on sight from the advanced base, north.

He speaks with warm feeling of the Tommies, who are "simple and awfully grateful for anything you do for them." He found them much more sentimental than our own men, and they invariably asked Mr. Clark, who had his violin with him, to play "The Rosary."

They liked things like "Little Gray Home in the West," "There's a Long, Long Trail," "Give Me Your Smile," and "Thora." They never know what is going on in other sectors. They seem to know only just what their own battalions are doing, and that is principally what they talk about among themselves. In hospitals and at the Y. M. C. A. I found a sure way to interest them was to get out maps and explain the objectives of the campaign. They never complain, and when they are wounded their first demand is for a cigaret. One of my friends was working in a dressing station, and he asked a man, whose two hands had been shot off, if he could do anything for him.

"Light me a cigaret and put it in me mouth," said the soldier, in his faint, husky voice.

And with that he died contented.

HOW INSPECTOR SCHMITTBERGER MADE GOOD

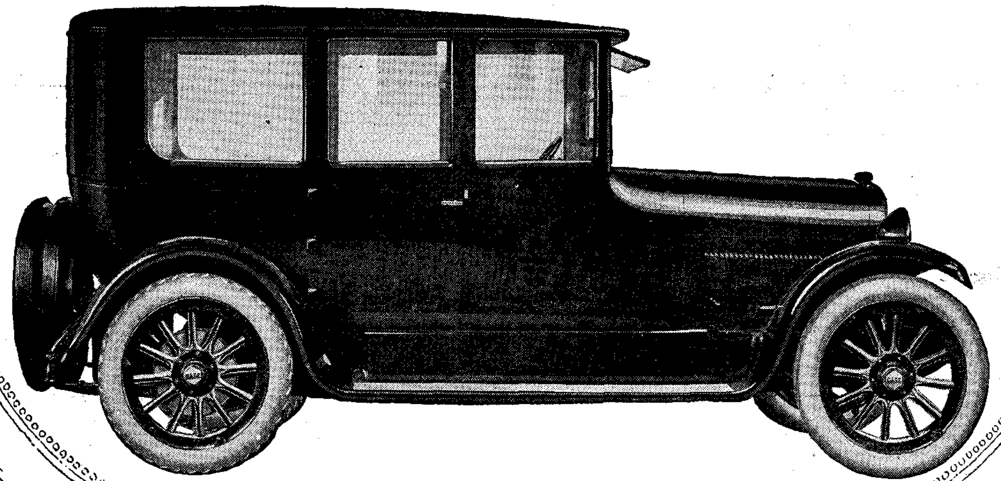
THE way of the transgressor is hard, but the way of the "squealer" is impossible. Briefly stated, this is the cynical code of crooks by profession or in secret, but it is demolished in the life-history of Max F. Schmittberger, Chief Inspector of the New York Police Department, who died a few days ago. The New York *Herald* calls him "one of the most noted police officials in the world." Of the forty-three years he spent on the force, twenty-one were passed in the malodor of the old *régime*. He was known as a good fighting cop and a good detective, but his other qualifications did not become known until he himself disclosed them as a witness in 1895 before the Lexow Legislative Committee, appointed to investigate graft conditions in the New York Police Department. That Captain Schmittberger, as he was then, should have ruined himself by his confessions seemed likely enough, but the fact that he so thoroughly bared corruption in high places in police circles made him a marked man for any reprisal, even unto death. He not only lived and fought his way upward to the highest post in the department, but afforded an example of the poet's truth, "That men may rise on stepping-stones of their dead selves to higher things." *The Herald* outlines his career as follows:

Maximilian Frederick Schmittberger was born in Wurzburg, Bavaria, sixty-six years ago, and was brought to New York when seven years old. The first time he saw a New York policeman he informed his parents that that was what he wanted to be. That ambition remained with him, and when twenty-three years old, in 1874, he was appointed to the force.

His first work was in the old Tenderloin, between Twenty-third and Thirty-third Streets and Broadway and Seventh Avenue, the headquarters for the meanest persons, men and women, who lived in the city. He first attracted attention by his arrest of "Mike" Coburn, a pugilist, who had whipt many policemen and who, when drinking, always looked for a "cop to lick." Coburn had driven a horse into a restaurant in Thirty-first Street and demanded that a bale of hay be served to the animal. Tables were overturned and the place was in an uproar when Schmittberger, then called "the boy cop," because of his youthful appearance, arrived. Coburn laughed and dashed for him. Schmittberger gave Coburn the worst beating he ever suffered, locked him up, and the next day sent him to prison. That established his reputation for fearlessness, which he retained to his last breath.

He was made a "roundsman," corresponding to the present rank of sergeant, because he found a Police Commissioner's lost dog. That illustrates the influences at work in the department in that day. Promotions were purchased. Graft was the accepted thing. There was an adopted scale whereby gamblers, saloon-keepers, evil women, thieves, and others were assessed an established amount of money for the privilege of committing crimes.

CASE SIX



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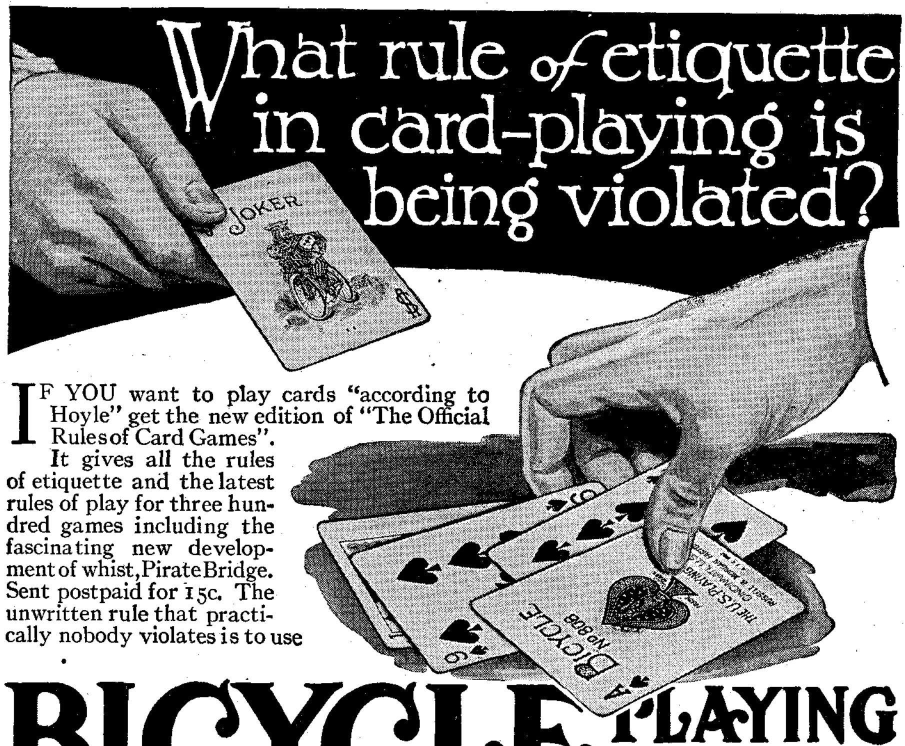
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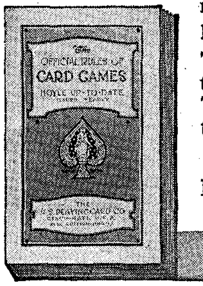

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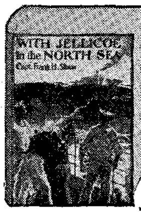

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Even the peanut-man had to pay a quarter a day to the policeman on post to stand at any particular place.

Those were the influences through which Schmittberger rose until the reformation came. He became a lieutenant in 1888 and a captain in 1890. As a lieutenant he was a "wardman," or graft-collector for several inspectors and captains.

As a captain his first assignment was in command of the harbor police, which he organized. Many steamship companies praised him for his work, but as commander of the Tenderloin precinct there was another story, which he himself told as a witness before the Lexow Legislative Committee that had been appointed in 1894 to investigate graft conditions in the New York Police Department upon the appeal of the Society for the Suppression of Vice.

That investigation was at its height when John W. Goff, chief counsel for the committee, and William Travers Jerome, assistant, went to Captain Schmittberger and urged him to tell what he knew. He had been indicted, accused of taking $500 to protect a steamship company. The captain took his wife into his confidence. She consulted Father Ducey. The two prevailed upon Captain Schmittberger to make "a clean breast of the whole business."

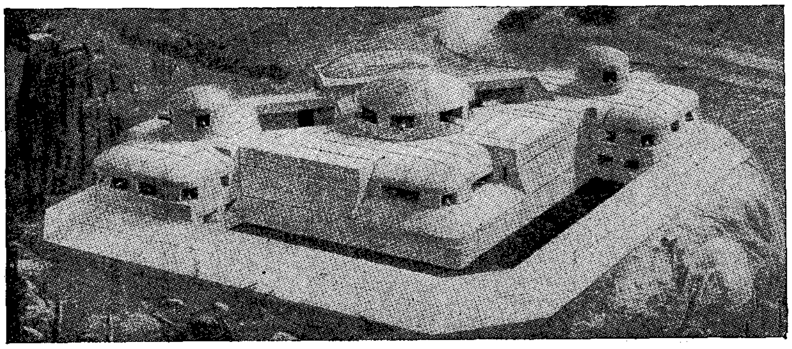
The result was that Captain Schmittberger went on the witness-stand early in January, 1895, and gave testimony that startled society, which had not even dreamed that police graft had been so general. Captain Schmittberger did not spare himself nor any one else. He testified that as a "wardman," and later as a captain with his own "wardmen," he had collected bribe-money from women of the lowest type, from gamblers, from thieves, and that he had licensed crime. Then he told how he had paid part of the money so collected to two of the four police commissioners existing then, to two inspectors, and to the secretary of another commissioner.

From this time until 1906, when Police-Commissioner General Bingham made him chief inspector, Schmittberger's days and nights were a continuous fight against intrigue and influence aimed at his ruin. Of his latest work in the department, which ceased only with a breakdown of his health last summer, *The Herald* says:

> As chief inspector, which ranks with chief of police in other cities, he was the disciplinarian of the department. Under Commissioner Woods, in the last few years, Inspector Schmittberger had perfected an intricate but perfectly operating system for the protection of the city in any great emergency. For instance, if the water-supply of the city is cut, the police will know instantly what to do. If the great East River bridges are wrecked, the police have arranged a system of communication by wireless, tunnels, and vessels. If bread-riots occur, the police at headquarters have another remedy, devised by Inspector Schmittberger. He established wireless stations in various parts of the city in case the telephone fails.

If Max Schmittberger, after peaching on his pals, had quit the police, left New York, and lived in honesty and retirement until the day of his death, his case would not have been particularly interesting, remarks the New York *Sun*, for many men caught with the goods and forced into confession and disgrace have amended their ways among strangers and made their later days at least inoffensive. But Schmittberger paid the penalty in the uniform that had covered his wrong-doing and achieved his rehabilitation on the site of his downfall. This journal scores the police force of Schmittberger's earlier days when—

> Only one offense was unforgivable in this corporation of corruption. A man might steal and murder and do worse things, even to holding out, if he could get away with it, and still pass muster, retain his seat in high councils. But he must not divulge the secrets of the system, go back on his partners. He might be jailed, railroaded, slugged, or stabbed, or shot for that; and Schmittberger did exactly that. He took the lid off with a story of brazen criminal conduct that shattered the repose of a careless city, aroused a State, and reverberated throughout the whole nation. He gave New York a black eye, America a black eye; he confirmed Bryce's philosophic judgment on our failure in city government, and made the name of Lexow familiar to everybody in the United States who could read.
>
> Having done this, Schmittberger set to work to establish himself among decent citizens. He kept his job, part of the reward of his treachery, and began a task few men would have the nerve to tackle. He had destroyed his own world; his former associates, colleagues in crime, he had transformed into bitter, relentless enemies. He had no standing with honorable men; it is a question which more heartily detested him, the crooks he deserted or the clean men he served. His life was not forfeit, perhaps, because his very ignominy threw protection about him, but he was threatened. Every old association he severed at a blow; the knitting of new ties was not easy, nor was it soon accomplished.
>
> In the score and more of years that followed the Lexow explosions Schmittberger must have lived a life of amazing rectitude. Deceiving the virtuous, to whom he must look for whatever support he could hope to get, is comparatively simple; blinding powerful, relentless enemies equipped with every device of spydom and betrayal cunning could suggest is a harder task. Schmittberger's reformation underwent a double test; that he survived is the evidence of its sincerity and endurance. And if the cheers that greeted him when the police paraded up Fifth Avenue, with him in command, were less hearty than those that rose for some other blue-clad figures, he silenced the hisses that were his wage in the first days of the new existence. Yet he knew—none better—that no day passed that men, some with real cause to hate him, others with a curiously perverted sporting instinct and no reason for their enmity, did not denounce him as a traitor to his kind and friends.
>
> He was a good policeman, a strict disciplinarian, an organizer, fearless; he caught the stride of men bent on better things, and never lost the step. In the records of the department he will have credit for numerous wise and well-judged readjustments; but outside of it he will live as the policeman who went about as far wrong as a policeman could, then retraced his steps, in toil and sorrow, and eventu-



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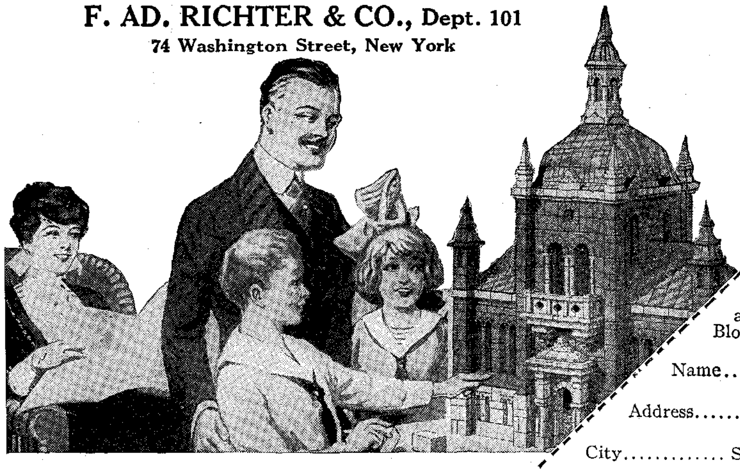

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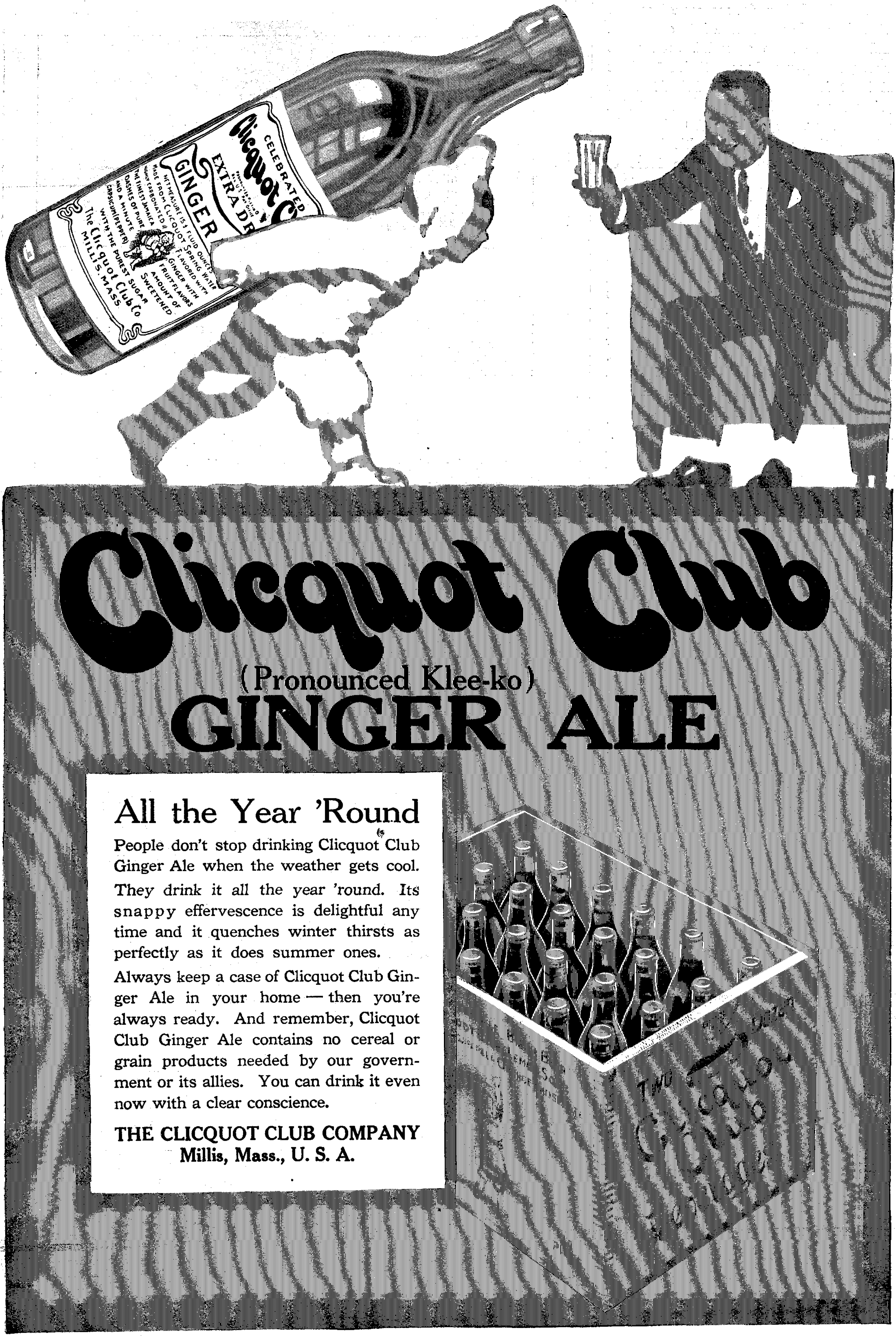
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PAT THE "BOCHE"-KILLER ONLY A STRIPLING

It has been said frequently that the air game is the young man's game. It is not only the young man's game; it is the light-hearted man's game. Glance over a bunch of the youngsters who have made good in the air, and pick out a grouch. You can't do it. Take Pat for example—"Pat the *Boche*-killer," as his pals in the British aero squad call him. The United Press correspondent with the British armies in the field tells a characteristic story in the New York *Evening Sun* about the youngsters in the air-service at the front. He was standing in the British aerodrome—just behind the lines—when a speck in the sky caused some one to remark:

"Here comes a bird! It's Pat. Watch him!"

I watched. At 120 miles an hour the speck came at us. Suddenly, at a height of about a mile, the machine slowly turned over sidewise, then plunged earthward upside down.

"He's done himself in!" some one exclaimed.

It certainly looked so. Pat's machine, the engine stopt, was plunging earthward, perpendicularly, spinning round and round on its own axis. Then suddenly it straightened out flat, went a hundred yards and shot up into the air, again perpendicularly. Slowly, gracefully, the aeroplane turned over on its back, again upside down, looped the loop twice, flew on straight, rolled over and over, plunged sidewise, went into another "nose spin," first with a right-hand spin then a left-hand one, and so on, until he had every one gasping for breath.

Finally the machine came down and lit on the field. Out of the pilot's seat climbed a hooded, goggled being which with one quick jerk tore hood and goggles from head and face, and behold: A kid, a boy, a stripling just turned twenty.

It was Pat, star pilot, *Boche*-killer, blushing and smiling like a sweet girl graduate. He wasn't swanking nor swaggering, but behaving exactly like any kid home from school after algebra and football. For that is just the way he looked—like a kid who has done a little mathematics and considerable football—hair tumbled, face red and glowing, eyes sparkling.

Nobody asked him if there had been anything doing over the line, not any more than one brother asks another that question when they meet at home after office hours. But, as you shall see, it had been what you or I would call a rather busy day. However, I did not find that out until later—the next day, in fact, when I read the air reports.

An hour after Pat had come down I saw him again. This time he was washed and combed and had on his slacks—which is English army stuff for trousers—instead of his breeches and leggings. He was in the R. F. C. reading-room, a room in a shack and next door to the dining-room. He and another kid—a major, if you please—in an air-pilot's uniform were singing:

Hallelujah! I'm a bum!
Hallelujah! Bum again!
Hallelujah! Give us a handout
To save us from sin.

This verse was sung in a deep bass to the well-known revivalist tune, then, as the next lines were reached, the bass changed into the high falsetto of the farmer's wife as she stands on the back porch:

Oh, why don't you work
As other men do?

And then the bass again, imitating the bum:

How the hell can I work
When there's no work to do?

There was nothing evil, nothing sacrilegious about it. Nothing more devilish than healthy boys, with bright, clean minds. These were just kids having fun.

Outside on a court leveled and laid out in what was recently a corn-field four more kids were playing tennis across a net made of wire originally intended to keep trenches from caving in. Near this was another court, a Badminton one, and here four more beardless *Boche*-killers were racqueting feathered globules about like mad. All day they had been fighting in the air, miles above the earth, waylaying, stalking Prussian airmen in the clouds!—these school-kids—and now they were having a bit of relaxation before dinner.

More kids still were grouped about a tent on the edge of the Badminton-court and a hilarious contest was going on seeing who could climb over the roof of the tent in quickest time. The winner was the *padre*, the airmen's chaplain—bully good man that he is—who came sliding down the near side of the steep tent-roof crying as he came:

"Here comes a perfectly good parson!"

And the kids about him laughed, like kids will at a Punch and Judy show, over the antics of their *padre* who influences them like a real father.

And these youngsters had all been in a big fight that very day. The writer says:

Thirty-nine of them had fought over more than sixty German airmen and had bested them. They had sent seven enemy machines crashing through the clouds to the ground, bombed two railway-stations, given the range for any number of direct hits on Prussian artillery, dived at and silenced a number of anti-aircraft guns which were hampering them in their work.

And Pat? Pat had attacked four German *Albatross* machines single-handed and scattered them, all save one, which he riddled with his bullets and flung head over heels three miles to the earth, where it smashed and blazed and glowed until it was cinders.

And then Pat, attacked in his turn by ten enemy machines as he flew alone three miles above the ground, escaped by a "nose spin," a literal drop out of the blue, such as I had seen him do that afternoon over the aerodrome.

When I read these reports two thoughts chased themselves round and round in my head. One was:

"The air game is a young man's game."

And the other was in the guise of a haunting tune:

Hallelujah! I'm a bum!
Hallelujah! Bum again!
Hallelujah! Give us a handout
To save us from sin.

The laughter of Pat, the boy *Boche*-

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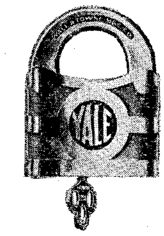

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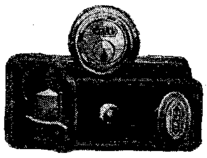

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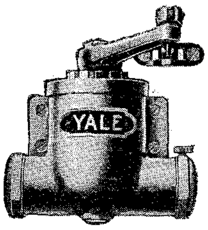

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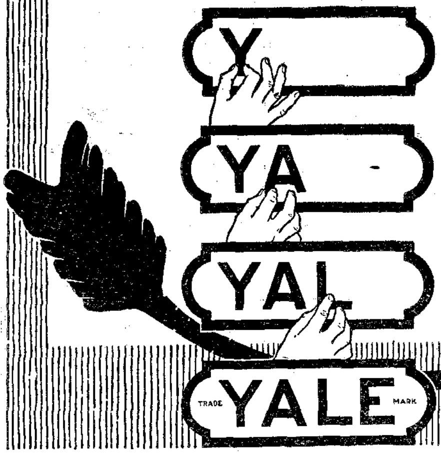

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killer, as he came back in deep, burlesque tones imitating the bum's reply to the farmer's wife, was part of the music:

How the hell can I work
When there's no work to do?

STORIES OF "THE LEGION THAT NEVER WAS 'LISTED"

A GRANDSON of Gen. U. S. Grant is a "water-boy" for the Foreign Legion.

Doesn't sound very heroic or even romantic, eh? Well, take it from one who knows, it is some little job. Twice every twenty-four hours—once during the day and once at night—Capt. Algernon Charles Sartoris, an American volunteer in the Foreign Legion, loads four small donkeys with water-bags, and leads them through muddy communication trenches, and woods that are constantly shelled by the enemy's guns, right up to the front firing-line where his thirsty comrades are fighting.

Democratic? Yes, but this descendant of good American fighting stock is only an example—a fine one to be sure—of the sort of men from all walks and stations in life who make up

The Legion that never was 'listed,
That carries no colors or crest,
But split in a thousand detachments
Is breaking the road for the rest.

For, writes Paul Ayres Rockwell in the Chicago *Daily News:*

In the Foreign Legion—that strong corps of heroes where princes and poets battle shoulder to shoulder against the Germans with ditch-diggers and unlettered peasants —men often are placed in positions which contrast strongly with their former station in life.

Of the rallying of the Legion at the far-reaching call of war a writer in the Montreal *Star* says:

When the call of Armageddon sounded in the ears of a startled Europe the Dominions of the British Empire rallied instantly and with splendid loyalty to the brotherhood that unites the different branches of our House to the British flag and the Allied cause.

At the same time, busied about their various ventures, many thousands of Britain's gentlemen adventurers who never have claimed citizenship of any other land than that of their birth in these gray islands flung aside, as tho of little worth and no importance, all the multifarious concerns into which, with all the rather reckless enthusiasm of their wandering kind, they had sunk their whole capital of energy, ability, and money, and raced headlong for the nearest homeward-bound steamer.

Many of them actually left houses, cultivated lands, mines, pearling ventures, machinery, contracts, half-completed "deals," concessions, dear-bought treasures of one kind and another, literally to take care of themselves, to be seized by the first comer, or to revert to the jungle or the wilderness from which they had been won.

"The Legion that Never Was 'Listed" received no calling-up notices; no touch of compulsion was ever laid upon them, or, in the nature of things, ever could be; and a thousand obstacles lay between them and the carrying out of the one ambition which at this moment possest them to the exclusion of all lesser things.

Many of them lacked passage-money and must needs work their passages; others lacked the ordinary necessities of travel, so furiously hurried had been their voluntary uprooting. None of them were satisfied by the rate at which their steamers carried them, hurrying over all the seven seas to the recruiting-offices of Mother England, where, had they so chosen, they could have made their attestations in a hundred different dialects, and recorded their last place of residence in all the most remote and out-of-the-way settlements of the world's farthest reaches.

But it is not alone those of English birth who have hastened from all the corners of the earth to do battle for the world's democracy. They hail from all nations, in the veins of whose scattered sons red blood flows, and in whose breasts beat honest hearts. Gerald Brandon, a legionary and a writer, tells in the St. Louis *Post Dispatch* some interesting experiences at the front, among which is the story of what happened when Lieutenant Fabre met the German who tried to bayonet him:

Lieut. Marius Fabre, our acting company commander, was a great believer in cold steel.

"The bayonet is the only decisive arm," he would say. "Artillery can establish a curtain of fire which it is difficult, but not impossible, to get through; rifle-fire will thin the ranks of an attacking force, but it takes a vigorous counter-attack with the bayonet to demoralize the *Boches*."

In accordance with his ideas, so Lieutenant Fabre trained his men, and, whenever we were at *repos* in the rear, he kept us at bayonet practise until the company was known among all the troops in the neighboring sectors for its proficiency with "Rosalie," as the soldier nicknames his steel.

We were at Cumières early in 1916 when the Germans attempted what was to be their great offensive. We were ready for them, for our intelligence service was active, and our aero scouts had noted unusual preparations behind their line for several weeks past.

Notwithstanding the preparedness of the Legion, the Germans, after two days and nights of bombardment, succeeded in making their way through the wire entanglements, and were swooping down upon the trenches when Lieutenant Fabre, recognizing the opportunity for his favorite tactics, leapt "over the top," shouting:

"*En avant! À la baïonnette!*"

And then says Mr. Brandon:

We swept down on the Germans like a whirlwind. They gave at the first shock, and we surrounded them. The Germans fought stubbornly. They seemed hypnotized or intoxicated, returning blow for blow automatically but unenthusiastically, until not a one was left alive.

That it might not massacre its own men, the French artillery had suspended

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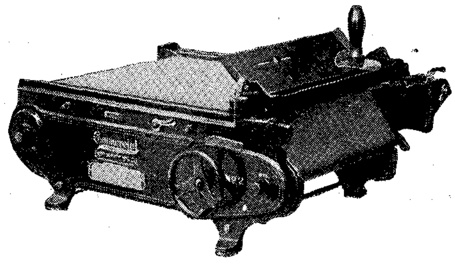

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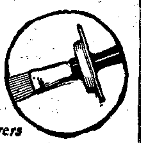

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its fire, thus allowing another contingent of Germans to steal up on us. We were no longer fresh, and greatly outnumbered, so were ordered to fall back on our trench that the artillery might again drop its curtain of fire. Those that were left of us returned, but Lieutenant Fabre was not among us.

We learned afterward that Lieutenant Fabre, who had been wounded, came back to consciousness half an hour later. Where was he hit? He could not tell. He started to feel over his body, but at his first movement a bullet whistled close to him and he relapsed into immovability. Some *Boche* marksman was finishing off such wounded as still showed signs of life, so he figured he had better play dead.

The hours passed and the sun went down, and a heavy mist spread over the battlefield. In the shadows, from either trench, parties of stretcher-men started out to bring in those of their wounded who could be reached without risk.

Lieutenant Fabre, who had dropt into a doze, was awakened by voices near him. He opened his eyes and tried to collect his wits, when a form stooped over him and a hand unbuttoned his tunic. Thinking the fumbling fingers were seeking his wound, he muttered feebly:

"Not there, higher up. Around the shoulder."

The form straightened suddenly and growled:

"*Ach das schwein.* He is not dead after all."

Just then the moon shone forth from behind the clouds, and its rays fell on a scene that typifies the German *Kultur*—a group of *Boche* soldiers pilfering the dead. One of their officers, snatching a rifle from one of his men, plunges it into the breast of the helpless wounded Frenchman.

But Lieutenant Fabre did not die. Later that night he was brought to our lines by one of our patrols which was seeking his body to give it decent burial.

It was found that the bayonet had glanced off his rib, and that the wound was not mortal. But he lost much blood, and two days afterward he was sent to the American hospital in Paris. It took Lieutenant Fabre several months to recover, for his convalescence was retarded by mental pictures of that scene when the plundering German sought to drive his bayonet into his heart—and believed that he had done so. Fabre's hatred for the man became almost an obsession, but eventually he was discharged, and when strong enough he returned to the front with the stripes of a captain on his sleeve. But that picture was still firmly fixt in his mind, and Mr. Brandon proceeds:

One day he was reviewing a new batch of prisoners taken in recent operations near Verdun, with a view to picking out the more unintelligent among them for questioning. Intelligent men catch the drift of questions and evade or misinform. Unintelligent prisoners under clever cross-questioning give out information which they do not even know they possess.

Suddenly Captain Fabre turned pale and, stopping a German officer who was marching disdainfully past, he asked him his name in a voice that shook with suppressed emotion.

"Were you at Cumières on February 16?" he demanded in a tense voice.

"Yes," replied the German, "and I chased back one of your counter-attacks."

"And did you go out on patrol that night?" insisted Fabre.

"I do not remember, but most likely I did," returned the German, puzzled at the personal note in the questioning.

Fabre could control himself no longer. Springing at the prisoner, he forced him against a near-by wall and, pointing his pistol at him, broke out into a volley of almost hysterical abuse.

"I have you! Assassin! Murderer! Pig of a *Boche!* And I will make you pay. You do not remember the helpless *blessé* you bayoneted that night at Cumières? How many wounded Frenchmen have you killed in the same way? But that time you missed, and I saw your face in the moonlight. I have hungered to meet you again, but scarcely dared hope to. Say your-prayers to your 'old German god,' for you are about to die."

The German, who up to that moment had faced the pistol without alarm, suddenly remembered that night at Cumières. Fear came to him, and he crumbled in a heap at Fabre's feet, awaiting the bullet.

A group of other French officers, attracted by the tumult, had come up and were silently watching the drama. They knew the story.

"Shoot the pig," said one. "We will report that he tried to escape."

Fabre's finger tightened on the trigger. Then with an effort he controlled himself and said contemptuously:

"Get up and take your place in the ranks. You richly deserve death, but I am a French officer, not an executioner."

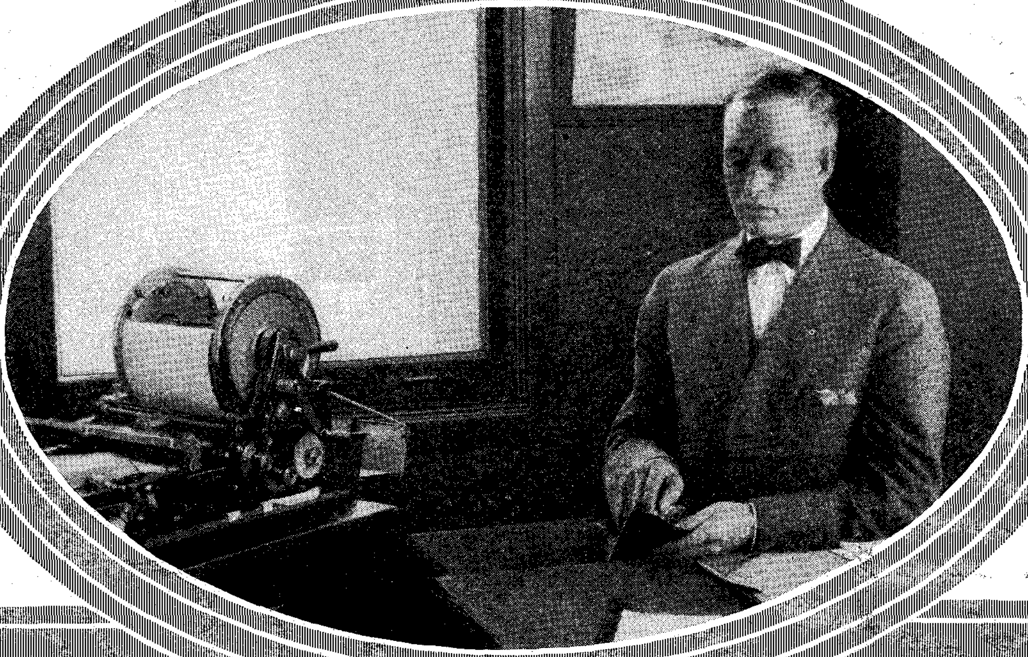
Romance and mystery, as well as horror, haunt the battle-fields of France. In the Kansas City *Star* Sterling Heilig tells of a child found by men of the Legion wandering alone—save for a deerhound—in a small clearing in a country that only a short time before had been overrun by German troops and was scarred by the fire of artillery. This is the story of the "Duchess," the mascot of the First French Foreign Legion:

It is a girl, eight, nine, or ten years old (nobody knows), small, wiry, plain featured, with deep-sunk eyes, high wrinkled forehead, severe and strained expression, and much given to silence—she is only learning to speak again. She is uncannily intelligent, and of such peculiar intensity and "gifts" (to judge by tales ascribed to her, but which I can not guarantee) that you will understand how "second sight" might be claimed for deeds where science (if you are stuck on science) would prefer obscure and primitive instincts developed abnormally by the horrors and din of war in which she lived who knows how long alone?

They came on her absolutely alone as to human companions, in an advance over long-disputed territory beaten up by artillery and previously held by Germans. There was scarcely any population. She stood in a little clearing with an aged deerhound dog, who disappeared the same day.

"He saw her safe among protectors," says Turov, the Bohemian, "and he went off to hunt her family."

The legionaries were convinced that the



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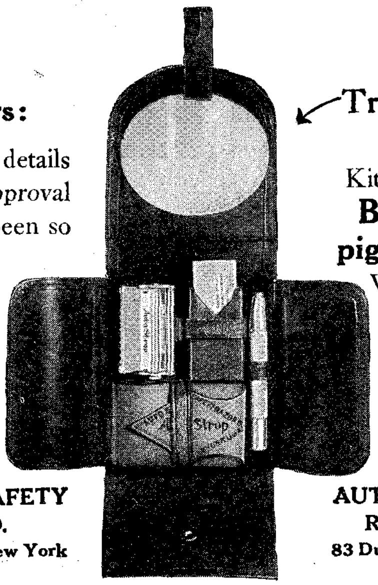

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child is of birth and title, lost from some northern château in the early days of the invasion. Later, they noticed that she slipt away quietly. They followed her through underbrush to a ravine through which a creek flowed and where grazed a venerable horse, which she petted solemnly.

"We know that horse," said a peasant of the remaining population coming up for supplies. "He came down with a priest from the north, long ago. The Germans worked him in the fields, until he got a bad name for being too lucky. He was always getting away, and they always found him again; but four times his plowmates were killed by French shells, and twice the men, and this old nag was never touched. Each time he ran away some bad luck happened, like a fire, *avion*-raid, or that explosion which the Germans had in 1916; and each time he escaped injury by not being there. At last the captain ordered him slaughtered for horse-meat. That night he kicked a Bavarian, breaking three ribs, and got away. They did not find him, being too busy burning houses and preparing for their retreat. But we never saw the child."

And so the mystery of the child began. She seemed unable to give any information regarding herself or where she came from, since she was apparently both deaf and dumb. One day she led her new friends to a spring of water which was cleverly concealed by plaited twigs and moss. At another time she pointed out a *cache* where one hundred and fourteen bottles of wine had been hidden.

"She is a peasant child from near-abouts," declared Holman, the legionary from Luxemburg, shrugging his shoulders.

"No, no," retorted Bompard, the Swiss. "She eats like a lady. Let us make an experiment. We will put a napkin at her plate, and see what she does with it."

This being regarded as an excellent test, it was tried. Our informant relates:

They managed to get six napkins from American clearing-house agents, "gewgaws for officers' messes, doubtless," according to Kirinskoff, the gloomy Russian. The Little Duchess looked at hers beside her plate indifferently, and then, without haste or curiosity, placed it in her lap as the meal began. The table was spread picnic, on the ground. Bompard glanced at Holman, as to say: "Didn't I tell you?"

At that moment, Bellacoscia, the Corsican, tucked his napkin under his chin, and Quennion, the Breton, tied his round his neck. In two minutes it was noticed that the Little Duchess had tied hers around her neck! After the meal Holman started to triumph.

"You saw?" he said——

"Of course," replied the Swiss, "and I am more convinced than ever. It was the tact of a lady. Not to correct another or be different in small matters when you sit at his table. Certainly, the child is well born."

To sift it out, they "tried her in a parlor." A mile away was the devastated Château of X——, inhabited two years by Germans, and gutted and burned in their retreat. The fire had not taken in one wing; and a small drawing-room was fitted up with odds and ends of furniture by the legionaries. They even found an old piano, doubtless from some nursery schoolroom, disdained by the Germans. To all this they led their "Little Duchess."

The child paused in the monumental entrance to the château, and looked round with tranquil approval.

"Is it well?" asked Athos, the Greek.

"It is well," she answered. Swiftly through the empty halls—not to confuse her memory—they led her to the "furnished parlor." Malatesta took her to the "sofa."

"Is it well?" asked the Italian.

"It is well," answered the child, who did not stop at the sofa, but seated herself composedly on a battered *pouf*, or ottoman.

"That settles it," said Bompard. "Children in old French families used always to be taught to sit straight, on such stools, before their elders. It is the grand old bringing-up of the nobility."

"Tut, tut," said Turov. "In Bohemia well brought-up peasant children seek a stool to sit before their elders!"

"Good," said Bompard. "Let us risk a strong test."

He motioned the little girl to the piano. The child sat on the piano-stool, perplexed, troubled, wrinkling her forehead. The hulking legionaries held their breath. What strain of effort might be not there, to remember an elusive something, sweet and peaceful, far-off, through a purgatory of confusion, fright, blood, hunger, loneliness, and awful explosions which hurt her poor head! Or had they just set up a peasant child on the piano-stool, before a task which was impossible and cruel, if she should grasp the meaning of it?

Malatesta, bluff and tender-hearted, started, with an oath, to rescue her. At that moment her hands reached the keyboard. The child struck a chord, a single chord, and that was all, but a chord, and a true one.

"That's enough to-day!" said Bompard in high glee. And all piled out of the moldering château into the springtime sunlight, laughing and chatting boisterously and petting the "Little Duchess" prodigiously.

Since then the child has returned several times to the piano, accompanied by some amateur musicians among the legionaries, and she has remembered bits of tuneful exercises. Of course, she turned out not to be deaf and dumb at all. It was only the natural result of the terrible artillery-concussions and the nerve-racking scenes through which she had passed. But she is learning to talk again, aided by the rough legionaries. Sometimes she learns ten new words in a morning, but Malatesta and Turov will not let her be pushed.

"She is not like the others," says the Bohemian, who is superstitious, and this is the reason:

Turov would never wear a helmet, because it gave him headache. One morning, to general surprize, the child brought the heavy head-piece and indicated that he should put it on. To humor her, he wore it for half an hour in the shade; but starting off with a scouting party (it is No Man's Land up there), he slyly left the heavy steel *casque* behind, according to

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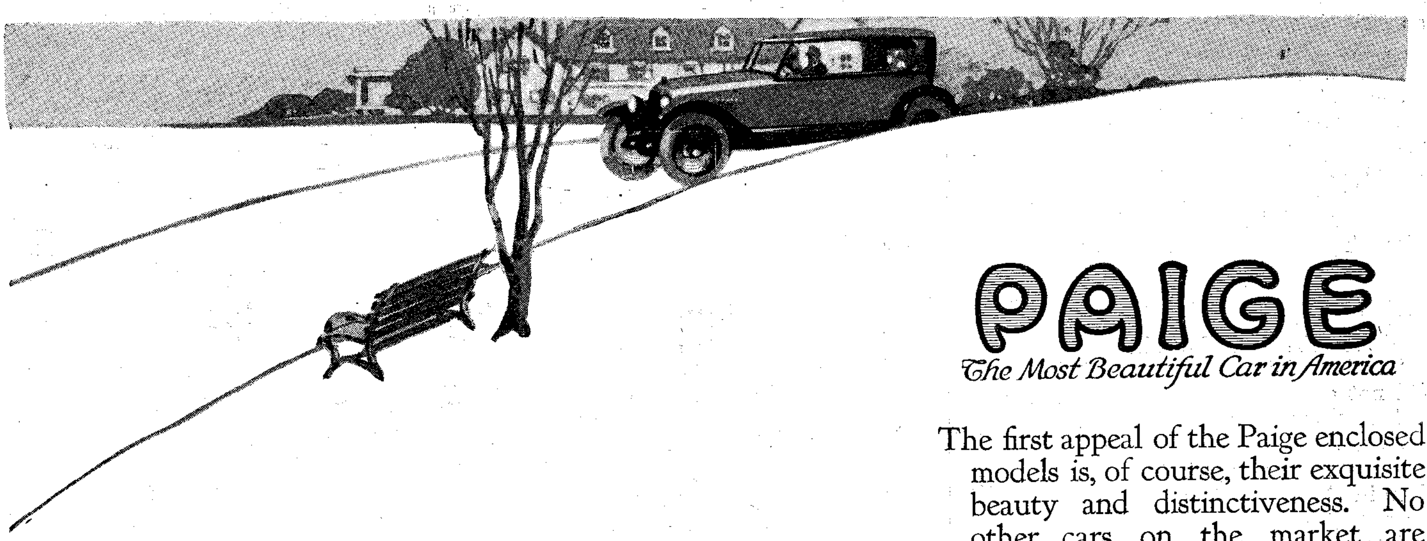

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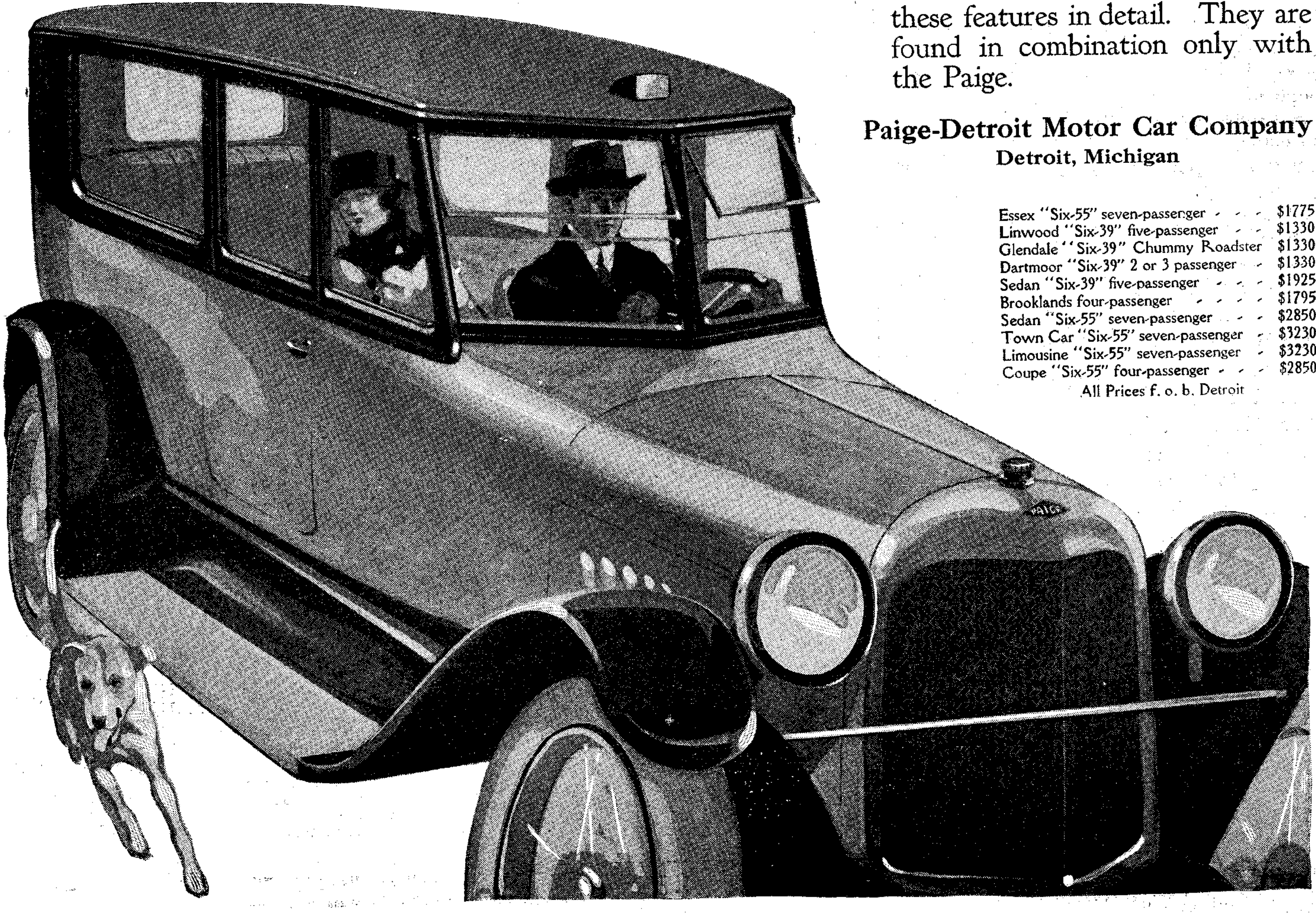


habit. On the edge of the forest something tugged at his coat-tails.

"What, what?" inquired Turov, the dreamy, the absent-minded, the demon in combat.

It was the child—with his helmet.

"What could I do?" the Bohemian said in telling the story. "Fool the child? In play, yes, for a fancy. Fool a child who cares for me, who runs in the hot sun to make me wear my helmet? No, I can not. So I said, 'Give me the thing. I'll wear it and have headache.'"

An hour later Turov, who had never been touched throughout the war and pretended to "have a star," received a man's size shell-scrap on the head. It dented the steel helmet and knocked him unconscious for ten minutes, but it would have spattered his brains if he had been wearing his cloth cap.

"She's a mascot," says Turov. "A real one, such as we used to have in Bohemia in the old days when people believed. They were always children or young girls."

PASSING OF THE "HOUSE WITH THE BRONZE DOOR"

ONE of the largest charitable organizations now doing notable relief-work among British soldiers at the front was founded with a fortune won in a few hours' play at the roulette-table in the Monte Carlo of Manhattan, the notorious—in some respects famous—"House with the Bronze Door." Many of the tales told of the fortunes won and lost in that Temple of Chance read like romances, but none is more striking at this time than that of the Englishman who, as a guest of a New-Yorker with the *entrée* to the palatial gambling-house in West Thirty-third Street, struck a "run of luck" in the big arched room on the second floor. The New York *Sun* says:

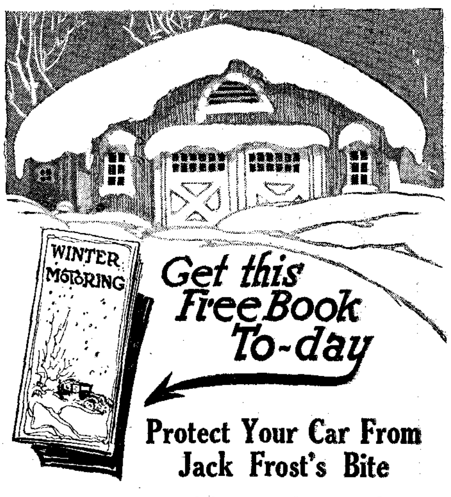
> While strolling down Fifth Avenue with his host in the cool of a June evening in 1898, the talk drifted to games of chance. The New-Yorker suggested that they try their luck at the wheel, and they turned into Thirty-third Street and walked down to the "House with the Bronze Door."
>
> When the Englishman left the place that night he had won $165,000, so the story goes. Being a rich man with large interests in the gold-fields of South Africa, the winnings were not greatly needed. Stories in the papers the next morning of the suffering of our soldiers following the capture of San Juan Hill gave him an idea and he turned his winnings of the night before, with $35,000 out of his own pocket, into a fund for relief-work. He has added considerably to this charity in subsequent years. It would indeed surprize England if it was known that the initial fund of this organization was won at a roulette-wheel in the big arched room on the second floor of the Monte Carlo of New York City.

The "House with the Bronze Door" that for twenty-six years provided entertainment for wealthy New-Yorkers and their visiting friends with a disposition to "buck the tiger," and which successfully defied the laws, the police, and the District Attorney of New York, is closed now. About ten years ago the police managed to gain access to the place, and *The Sun* says:

> That was the night Jerome launched his famous raid in which he smashed his way into Canfield's and a half-dozen other fine gambling-places in the city. On this night the impregnability of the place was discovered. Jerome smashed at the door, but he might have been beating the air with his big steel mauls, so little effect had they on the doors.
>
> After he had battered a while a courteous servant in evening clothes, and with the deportment of the best-trained butler in the city, opened the door to the raiders and they swarmed in to find nothing more than the finest fitted-up gambling-house that they had ever entered. The place was all illuminated so that the visitor from Rutgers Street, where Judge Jerome made his headquarters while District Attorney of New York, and the police from the Thirtieth Street station might admire the splendors.
>
> On the walls were oil-paintings which cost a fortune. On the floors were the finest examples of the art of the great rug-makers of the East. The floors were of hardwood, the work of experts. The ceilings were frescoed as only the homes of the rich could be.
>
> The stairway, which the police raced up from the entrance-hall to trap the players, was guarded by a banister held up by carved figures of wood, the result of two years of work on the part of ten Italian wood-carvers. Sixty thousand dollars is said to have been expended on this stairway.
>
> In the roulette room on the second floor was evidence of big playing, but there was nothing tangible by which Mr. Jerome could bring any one into court. In fact, he found no one there to arrest, but the courteous servant who had let him in and one or two others.

It was not until several years later, when the adjoining house was removed, that the gamblers' "get-away" was discovered in the shape of a tunnel leading into the "House with the Bronze Door." While the District Attorney and the police were searching the five floors of the gambling-house for the men they were confident were in the place when they entered the players were safely located in the house next door. Had the District Attorney been able to break into the place before these men got away, says *The Sun:*

> He would have had to arrest some of New York's well-known citizens. He would also have seen three men playing at a roulette-wheel on which were stakes totaling $125,000. One of the players, a member of one of America's wealthiest families, is now engaged in manufacturing war-materials for the Allied armies. At the time of the raid he had just bet on the turn of the wheel when the blows on the door sounded. He and his friends scurried to the "get-away," but the man at the wheel remained to watch where the marble stopt before he made his escape with the $125,000. He paid over the money to the young winner when all got to the place of safety in the next building. The honesty of the man so surprized the lucky gambler that he handed the game-tender $10,000 as a reward. The attendant



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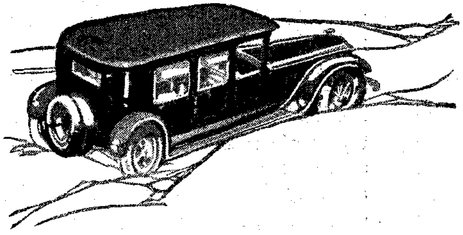

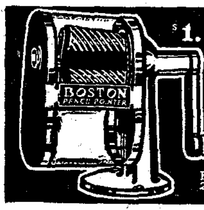

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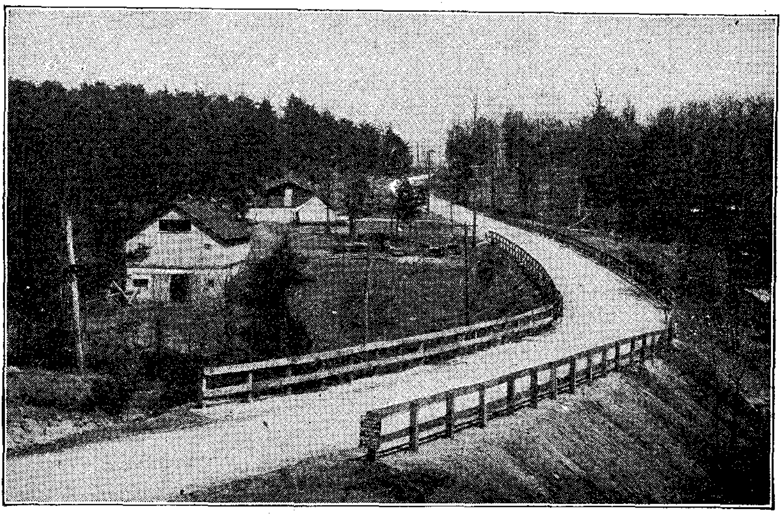

Concrete road near Greer, S. C., on National Highway; built by Slattery & Henry P. F. Patton, County Engineer

Inefficient Highways Must Go

EVERY day or two some disturbance threatens a source of food supply, principally because of lack of transportation facilities. Greater production by farm and factory will avail us little with inadequate transportation. Perishable products must be moved to market quickly.

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War supplies must not be held up because railroads have to handle short haul traffic which should go via the motor truck and concrete highway. But the motor truck can work economically only on the best paved highway. Gravel and macadam roads cannot stand the strain of swiftly moving, heavily loaded motor trucks. The wear and tear of such traffic makes expensive repair necessary frequently. Eventually they must be rebuilt. We must literally pave the ways with concrete.

Only about one per cent of our country highways has been improved. Hundreds of thousands of miles are awaiting the magic of concrete pavement to make each of these miles an efficient arm of our railroads. Agricultural, industrial and military needs are insistently demanding concrete roads.

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CONCRETE FOR PERMANENCE

> bought a fine home on Long Island with the money the following week.
>
> Stakes of this size, tho large, were not unusual in the "House with the Bronze Door." Folks who were close to the business side of the establishment for many years have said that an average of $50,000 was lost and won in the place night after night. At times the stakes totaled more than $100,000.
>
> Fair play and courtesy were the key-note of the place. The word of the player was always accepted without question. He was usually known by name, and by his financial standing also. A man whose income was his salary, even tho it was a substantial one, was not invited to the "House with the Bronze Door" more than once. Men employed by banking institutions or who held positions in which they handled trust funds were not desired and were politely told to find another place to satisfy their sporting instincts. In this way the house avoided much scandal and police animosity, since no one was permitted to play who could not afford to lose.

While many large fortunes were won in the Monte Carlo of New York it did not always go the way of the player. *The Sun* tells the story of a lawyer who made a name and fortune by saving the neck of a rich young man charged with murder and who won another fortune and then lost both in the "House with the Bronze Door":

> The fortune apparently was his undoing, for the first thing he tried to do was to break the bank of the "House with the Bronze Door," which men will say was as big a job in those days as breaking the bank at Monte Carlo. He succeeded for a time. His success was nothing short of phenomenal.
>
> In two nights' play the lawyer had taken $210,000 from the house. It seemed so easy to win that he apparently thought that in this direction laid his fortune. Instead of making gambling an occasional pastime he made it a business. Even then fortune remained with him and he won. Eventually his luck turned and it remained turned until he had lost all he had won from the house, several hundred thousand dollars, it was said, and $80,000 in addition.

The gambling-house at the start was not so well furnished. It was opened in 1891 by an association of gamblers and race-track men who purchased the house, which was then the only one that could be bought in the block with the Waldorf-Astoria. The following summer the services of Stanford White, the famous architect, were engaged to remodel the place at a cost of $500,000, and, says the writer in *The Sun:*

> Mr. White was not limited as to what he was to spend and the result was that he went to various corners of the world for the things which he thought would fit in with the scheme of decoration which he had planned. For instance, the bronze door at the rear end of the entrance hall was found in Italy, and its history shows that in 1498 it was swinging from the entrance to the wine-cellar of the Doges' palace in Venice. The price which the gamblers

paid for the door varies in reports from $8,000 to $28,000.

The door at the entrance was of wrought iron weighing several hundred pounds, and it, too, had a history. The large reception-room at the front of the street floor was of gold and the floor was covered with red velvet carpet. Back of this was the foyer hall. On one side was the famous stairway which took ten Venetians two years to complete. On the other side was what looked like a large oak box. By pressing a button a door slid back and one found within a small electric elevator to the gambling-rooms on the upper floors.

On the second floor front was the large roulette-wheel room. It was arched, with the ceiling covered with paintings. On this floor was a bath with a marble reclining slab and other apparatus which is said to have cost the owners $2,000, a sum sufficient to buy a cozy home in the suburbs in those days.

And now the nose of the Goddess of Chance is out of joint. Where men once wooed her another idol, almost as alluring—the Goddess of Fashion—has set up her shrine. The "House with the Bronze Door" has been rented by a wholesale milliner!

"MOTHER," THE NEWS-VENDER BEHIND THE LINES

OF all the appealing figures of womanhood that have become known in the story of the war day by day, few are more striking than the woman news-vender whose stand is on the bridge over the railroad-tracks at some unnamed junction behind the British line. As the Tommies ride by on their horses dragging the impedimenta of war, they address her as "Mother," and rarely if ever forget to remove their cigaret and touch the brim of their helmet in salutation to this woman who has stood there so long watching them come and go. Thus she is pictured for us in the New York *Tribune* by Floyd Gibbons, a correspondent with the British armies, who tells us the tides of battle that have swept about her for more than three years have only softened her smile and put just the slightest tinge of weariness in her eyes, and that—

Through air-raid and bombardment, gas attack and fire since the British occupation of the town she has been at her post in the center of this indescribable ruin. From one end of the structure one sees the gaping ruins of the center of the city. To the right, some distance down the railroad-tracks, between which grass and weeds are growing, stands the enormous steel hull of ——— station, still holding its metal outlines. It stands silent and ominous, a black tattered hulk amid a straddling mess of rust-brown rails.

In the opposite direction the repair-work has started among the wrecked structures. There are life and movement betokening the inevitable advance of reconstruction. From the other end of the bridge the way leads through a street banked high with wreckage to the shell-pitted borders of the town, where the ground is trenched and scarred,

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It was necessary to replace a 24" 3-ply belt that had given long and profitable service. The superintendent shopped around—and decided to economize by getting a 2-ply belt of a different tannage. "I guess it will do all right," he said. Here is the record of how that belt "did"—

Jan. 25	New belt installed (labor cost)	$26.99
Jan. 27	New belt taken up (labor cost)	9.06
Jan. 28	New belt found to be too light for the work. Taken off and returned to factory to have another ply added. Old 3-ply belt repaired and put back temporarily . . .	64.56
Feb. 15	New belt with extra ply added, cost of reinstalling	24.87
Feb. 22	New belt taken up	22.87
Mar. 8	New belt taken up	23.87
May 3	New belt taken up	31.37
	Total expense	$203.59
May 7	Tests show efficiency of machine to be less than with the old 3-ply belt.	
May 15	Graton & Knight 24" 3-ply Heart Belt—the *standardized* belt for that job—installed.	

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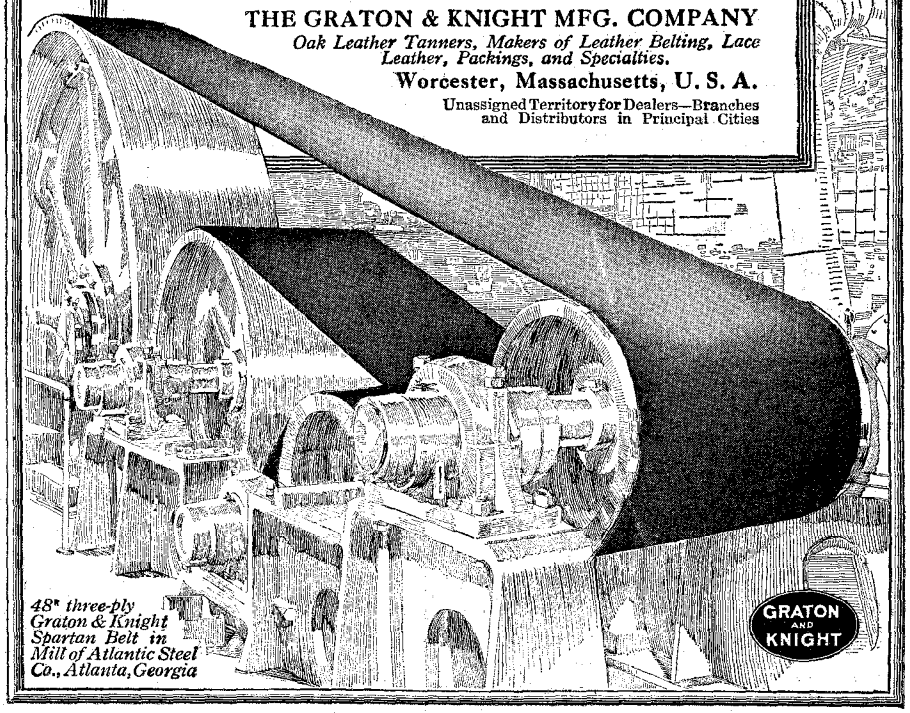
Unassigned Territory for Dealers—Branches and Distributors in Principal Cities



48" three-ply Graton & Knight Spartan Belt in Mill of Atlantic Steel Co., Atlanta, Georgia

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are of the finest possible quality. Imported Sumatra wrapper, rich, aromatic, even burning, hand made by experts. Direct from factory to you, you get the middleman's profit. Cigars their equal cost 10c each at your dealers.

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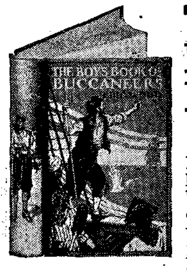

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By Eric Wood

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and dilapidated dugouts give it an appearance of a squatters' colony, cleared of its inhabitants by some scourge. Beyond this the spiny backbone of the bridge, jagged with splintered tree-stumps and tottering towers of ruined walls, rests against the sky-line like the edge of an inverted saw.

Day and night under the thunder of the guns this has been "Mother's" dismal panorama. She observes the war every day from her own little hilltop, and it is doubtful whether her senses can be much further imprest by the historical events in Russia, the overthrow in Greece, the peace overtures from Rome, or the preparations for war in America, all of which she helps to herald in the papers she sells.

Her stock consists of Paris and London dailies, a few periodicals, and some soldier magazines, and her shop is a reenforced sentry-box topped with double layers of sand-bags. There is an almost endless stream of traffic across the bridge. "Mother" sees the boys marching by in the daytime, and later, when she hears the throbs of the motor-ambulances, she knows that some of them are being brought back. The story is that "Mother" knows what to do with the unsold copies of her papers, and the wounded who are brought back that way tell the story, says our informant, who adds:

There are other stories about her. One recounts how she said good-by to her husband and two sons and saw them march away in their scarlet pantaloons, members of the same company that later suffered heavily on the slopes of La Fleurette, where the French piled up their slain.

Guns were being moved up the day I stood on the bridge. Only one piece at a time, with its complement of six horses, made its way across the span. Midway the bridge an artilleryman, steel-hatted and belted, was bouncing on the springless seat of a gun-carriage. Seeing the news-vender he removed the cigaret from his mouth and called above the rumble of the heavy wheels:

"I say, 'Mother,' have you got a copy of *Blighty?*"

"Yes, my son," "Mother" replied, selecting the desired pamphlet from the rack and walking beside the moving gun-carriage as she handed it over the wheel.

"Here's one franc, 'Mother'; keep the change and slip us a copy of *La Vie Parisienne.*"

"I don't carry it—it's naughty," replied "Mother," with a chiding shake of her finger.

This brought a laugh from the gunner's mounted mates, who understand "Mother's" censure for their comrade's preference. He joined the laugh and shouted back:

"All right, 'Mother'; keep the change, anyway."

"Many thanks, my son, *au revoir* and good luck," "Mother" smiled back to him as the gun-carriage bounced off the bridge on to the approach and rattled away with its load of care-free tenders on the way to the front.

As the gun-train passed and the traffic ceased the old gray-haired woman deposited her papers in a rack and filled a tin cup with water from the jug. Then I noticed tiny blades of grass were sprouting from the sand-bags on the roof of her bomb-proof, as if Nature was endeavoring to efface the evidence of her children's misdeeds. And among the sand-bags just over the door was a small potted geranium. "Mother" was watering it from the drinking-glass when I left.

WAR'S STRANGE TENTMATES IN THE CAMPS

SOMEWHERE in the Bronx the local population lacks two Chinese laundrymen and somewhere in Manhattan, better heard of than visited, one member less of the Gopher Gang no longer dodges encounter with a bluecoat. The explanation of these disappearances is to be found in the Selective-Draft Law, which has thrown together so many queer combinations of tentmates. The laundrymen and the New York gangster are met at Camp Upton (New York) by a New York *Sun* correspondent, who reminds us that in peace times a Chinese story had to be "well plastered with joss-sticks, idols, incense, heathen gods, tom-toms, pig-tails, flowing sleeves, almond eyes, chop-suey, chop-sticks and chop English." To-day a Chinese story is done up in regulation "O. D." uniform, clicking heels, right-hand salutes, kitchen-pots, and all the well-known army terms. Thus the narrator proceeds:

Chin Wah, recent laundry expert and proprietor in full with Sing Ing of the "Oriental Hand Laundry" in East 155th Street, the Bronx, silently rolled another pill. "Pill" is used with proper explanatory note, because whereas in the rare old fiction days "cooking a pill" had to do with yen hop, to-day it tells of naught but rolling a cigaret. And in the great democratic army of freedom all men of all races and creeds, colors, sizes, and nationalities roll pills.

With his cigaret lighted and one deep inhalation gained Chin settled back on his army cot with complete Americanized Oriental satisfaction.

"Great life if you don't weaken, eh, Wah?" Battling Murphy, one-time Gopher, contributed.

"Me likee almee vely much," Chin announced. "Evly lettle ting vely fine."

"Who's this pal of yours, Wah—this other Chinee, Sing Ing, or something musical like that? Did he come out here with you? He's always sticking around you like you owed him some dough or else he was trying to nick ya for some. Gimmalight."

Chin Wah crossed his legs and then passed over his lighted cigaret.

"He my bludder Ing. He wolka tlee years on Hundled Flity-fif stleet wif me."

"Oh, he's your brother, eh?"

"No special bludder; he my plal. He come in dlaft wiv me. He my plal."

In the two days that Chin Wah and his pal had been in Company A, 304th Machine-Gun Battalion, Battling Murphy, ex-Gopher, had taken up most of his off hours talking to him. Chin's frontal attack on the Bat's brand of the King's

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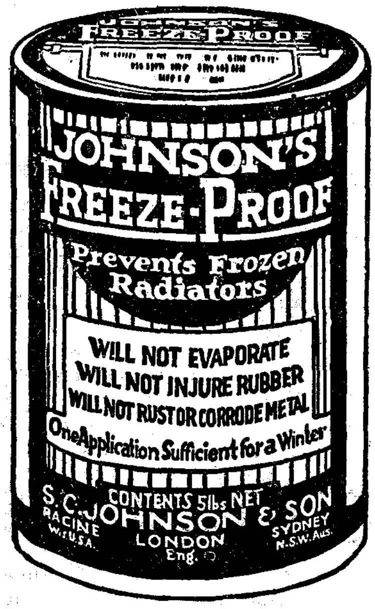
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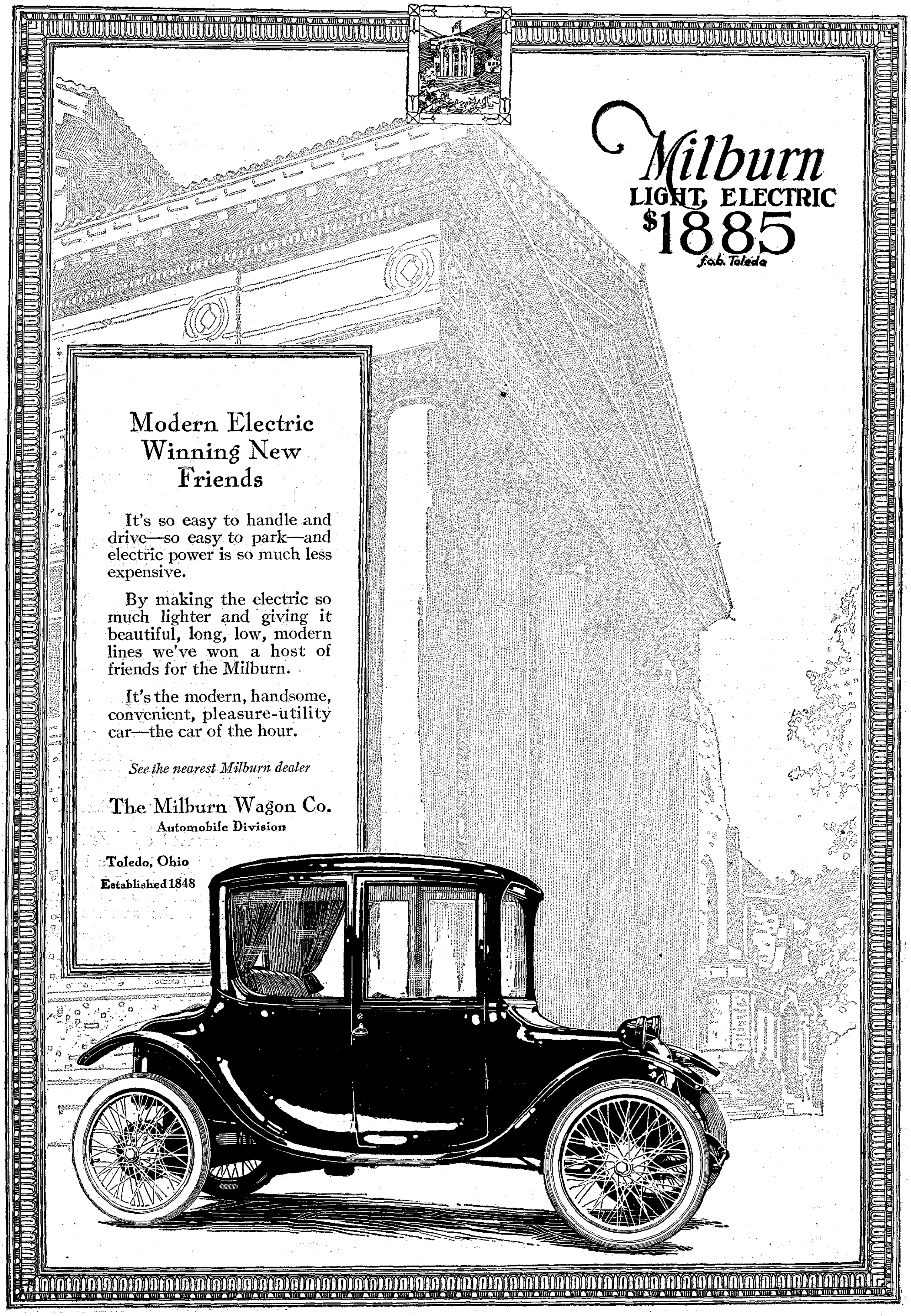

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own English was about the funniest thing that the Battler had heard since the busy days of September 10, when he had first joined out in this great army of emancipation. Then, too, Chin always had a full bag of the makin's and a trick smile, and he was rare sport for the Battler.

But Chin's pal bothered him a lot.

"Where'd ya catch this here bird, anyhow, Wah," the Battler rambled on. "He must be some rare Chinese fowl that sailed in on the big draft."

"Me no cathum; he my plal. Know what he fella do? He come 'long me. Sing, he some boy."

"Some boy is right, Chin Wah. Loosen up with the story. You ain't holdin' out nothin', are you, Chin? He ain't no kidnaped heathen maiden in disguise or nothin' like that, is he Chin?"

At this suspicious question Chin slowly shook his head, and declared in his best laundry English just how he came by Sing, and how he entered the "Suicide Club," as the men of the machine-gun battalion call themselves, the *Sun* man says, "in modest moments of self-appraisal when on Sunday leaves their best girls breathlessly pick up the army pearls dropt casually from their lips."

"Well, Sing he lun launlee up on Hundled Flifty-flif' Street along me. Not gota lotta monee but plenty, so when dlaft come my number he way up soon, but Sing he way dlon low. Sing he like my bludder and he say, 'I wanta go along you.'

"Dlon stleet nother Chineeman he lun laundlee and he gotta low number like me. He no wanta glo, so Sing he go that flella and he say, 'Me go flor you.' That fella he say, 'Sure, Mike,' and Sing he to go blord along me and everting fine."

"That guy was nuts. That's what I mean, Chin," interrupted the Battler, memories of his valiant claim for exemption still green.

Two full minutes it took Chin to make the Battler withdraw his accusation and then he continued his narrative. Taking the physical examination in the name of the rival and less warlike competitor, Sing Ing had passed and been ordered to leave for Camp Upton October 1. With Chin he had reported for duty promptly, and after repassing the physical examination here had been assigned to the headquarters troop. Being of unknown fighting ability and handy with the laundry iron and cook-stove, it had seemed to the powers that be in army circles that Sing Ing and Chin Wah would best do in this non-fighting tho quite doggy branch of the service.

But Sing and Chin had not been consulted, and instead of visions of returning with medals on their chests and battle-scars to go swaggering about Chinatown with they could see naught but a peaceful, almost household, future pressing some general's pants or running errands on motor-cycles, or at the most, carrying messages to the front. And Sing and Chin wanted service, raw red service, where the bullets were the thickest and the battle-roar the loudest.

So, following a conference of war, they decided to put in a request for transfer, choosing the rollickingest, fightingest, cockiest outfit in the whole division, known even by their own admission as "The Suicide Club"; and the little gods of fate who pull the army strings and tangle up army red tape jerked a thread here and another there and bright and early Tuesday morning Sing and Chin, the Celestial twins, trekked with mattress and blankets from headquarters barracks to the barracks of Company A, 304th Machine-Gun Battalion, Capt. Alfred Roelker commanding.

"Sing he sell laundle for tle hundled dlolla." Chin rose, yawning and stretching his five feet four. "We bly Libbuly Bonds. Say, when we go this here damma Germainee?"

"Well, whatcha think of that? Welcome home, old kid!" the Battler contributed. "Say, whadja do with your shirt-washin' outfit?"

THE NEW LIGHT OF ASIA A GENERAL CONVENIENCE

AS the Chinese Rebecca and her neighbors foregather at the village well for a bit of morning or evening gossip one no longer hears the clink of clay vessels on the coping as the women await their turn at the sweep. Mingled with the chatter the higher note of clattering tin now blends. For the Rebecca of the East to-day carries the household water-supply in a Standard Oil can. As a matter of fact, the empty oil-can is the general family container and carrier. Babies ride in it, hens lay in it, and the week-end visitor utilizes it as a "grip!"

A writer in *The World Outlook* says of the S. O. C.:

Even the British Army or the American woman, the world's most persistent pokers-into-out-of-the-way-places, according to Jerome K. Jerome, would have a bit of hunt to find any spot in East Asia where the petroleum lamp does not shed its effulgent rays. Go to the forests of Kokkaido, the mountains of Formosa; to the hut by the compost-heap in any ant-hill of a village or town in any one of the empire provinces of China, some so far away that they are not yet on the schoolboy's map, and, besides the hut, include the *yamun* of each of the many varieties of Chinese who toil not nor spin but only take the Government cumshaw; go also to the *nipa* or *cogon* shelter of the rice-paddy farmer in the Philippines, not forgetting the erstwhile head-hunter of the mountain provinces and the skilful wielder of the kris in Moroland—in all you will find the cheerful and odorous kerosene lamp. This lamp may be suspended mid glittering crystals from the ceiling, or, with a headlight reflector, be fastened on the wall, or, and much, much more frequently, it may be the little bright-colored tin hand lamp, the particularly potent hit of the Company.

In regions where the name of the United States may be unknown, the "Great Company" is a revered household word. How has this "drive of civilization" been carried on, been executed? The obvious answer is, by vision, by enterprise, exprest in the modern terms of organization and advertisement. What is the cost of a few hundred millions of red or green tin lamps with oil enough to run them for a few weeks, distributed intelligently, compared with the returns from this psychological advertising?

So much for what the cans originally contain. It is the emptied vessel that now concerns us, for it is used in the

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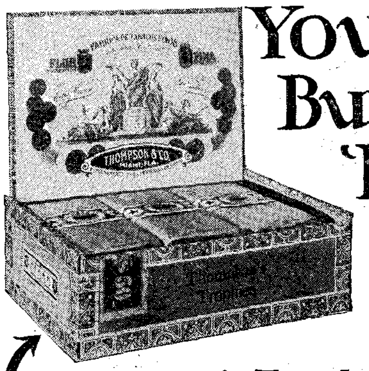

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P. O..

DATE.............. STATE....................

Eastern household daily for some utilitarian purpose. In the first place, it is the universal unit of measure. Instead of selling by the liter or gallon, the local coconut-oil producer quotes his prices by the Standard Oil can. And, says the writer in *The World Outlook:*

> Some handy Orientals make of the versatile oil-can a very good traveling week-end box. Flattened and shaped properly, a can makes a practical shelter from the rain—that is, as hat or umbrella. And as the patter of the drops on the tin is musical, rhythmical, the muses of poetry and music are aided.
>
> Saunter through a village, or in the parts of a city where the people live, and you will see dwellings in plenty with the weatherside clapboarded with flattened out oil-cans; the same material neatly covers the comb of the thatched roof, and sometimes roofs instead of being thatched will be wholly made of oil-can tiles. The cooking shelter, or kitchen, is sided up with oil-can boards, and all this metal building-material is oxidized to a most effective reddish-brown tinge.
>
> In the houses, native or foreign, private or hotel, offices not excepted, the dust-pans used are made from oil-cans; one end, part of a side, and two sides cut sloping, making the utensil. If the yard is swept this brand of dust-pan is used to gather up the refuse. The *caminero,* or "road-keeper," uses this same capacious dust-pan when brushing up his section of the street or road.
>
> As you stroll along the street, a babe, with all the accumulated wisdom of past ages of ancestry in his inscrutable, baffling black eyes, may deign to glance at you with his curiously appraising, supercilious expression, from his carriage made from a Standard Oil can, pushed with conscious pride by nurse or sister, according to the station in life of the occupant.
>
> The family hen lays her eggs and later sits with the patient dignity of maternity on her quota of the same in a nest made from half of a Standard Oil can.
>
> But as a water-carrier the oil-can transcends all its other uses. A stout stick across one open end of a can fastened inside by nailing each end of the stick to a side of the can, and a five-gallon water-pail is the result. A pole of bamboo or other flexible strong wood from three to five feet long, a Standard Oil can-pail swung on either end and the stick balanced well on a shoulder of a boy or a man, and a durable, utilitarian water-wagon is constructed, having a capacity of ten gallons and moving with a steady speed of a fast human trot.
>
> If the purveyor be a girl she takes one can only; and if a Filipino, balances it on her head and never slops a drop; if a Japanese or a Chinese, it is carried somewhere on the shoulder or back, and in any case the carrier trudges or patters along with sturdiness and ofttimes grace. It is something that rivals the fascination of tight-rope feats to watch a half a score or more Filipino girls swinging along, each with a five-gallon Standard Oil can filled with water on her well-poised head.
>
> In the quiet of early morn or the stillness of evening, groups still gather, in the East, for gossip and water at the well or hydrant, but with the chatter of tongues is now blended the rattle of the useful Standard Oil cans.

AMERICANS WERE FIGHTING EARLY AT THE FRONT

THE "red-headed gunner" who fired the first American shot at the Germans was not the first American on the firing-line by a long shot. Americans have been there almost from the start, and in large numbers, too. Some of them have become well known; others have been doing their work just as bravely and well, the undiscovered by fame. Lord Northcliffe recently said to a Chicago *Tribune* reporter:

> I do not suppose that there are very many people in this country who know what a large number of Americans have been fighting the Germans in France ever since the war began. You will before long have a very big, and I am sure from what I have seen of them a very formidable, force in the field. But you have had for three years and three months past a number of brave and adventurous young Americans putting their backs into the war alongside of the British and the French. That is how I am able to describe a visit to American troops on the French front, altho you have not as yet officially taken your places on that front with the armies that you have raised for the crushing of the Prussian attempt at world-domination.
>
> The first time I came across Americans at the war was in September, 1914, only about a month after it had begun. During the Battle of the Marne I was billeted in a village where there were a number of dispatch-riders belonging to the British Army. I was a good deal surprized to find that among them were many from the United States. On their motor-cycles they were doing excellent work and thoroughly enjoying it.
>
> Before this, in the very first days of the war, there had been numerous enlistments of Americans in the French Foreign Legion. It seemed as if every American young man living, or even staying as a visitor, in Paris felt that he must be "in it." These also were rapidly turned into good soldiers. The French have testified over and over again to their pluck and endurance and other valuable fighting qualities.
>
> There were, and still are, many Americans in the French and British Flying Services. American boys make very good airmen. They have cool heads and bold spirits. They very often know something about machinery, and readily pick up that technical knowledge of engines which is so useful to the driver of an aeroplane.

Some months ago Lord Northcliffe made a visit to the front at the request of Sir Douglas Haig. It was in a sector where a Canadian regiment was stationed, and in the regiment he says hundreds of Americans were serving. He says in *The Tribune:*

> They were coming out of the trenches one afternoon, after being in them for two horrible, muddy, dangerous weeks. I met them near the village where they were to be in rest *billets* for a short time. They came down a hillside through a wood of tall pine-trees, came down with long steps and cheerful calls to one another, as if they had been having the easiest, happiest time in the world.
>
> It was easy to see what continent they came from. Tall they were and spare of

The Fate of the Unprepared

Among the remarkable events of this war no fact stands out more startlingly than the tragic sacrifice of Russia's unequipped soldiers.

The army has been victimized by intrigue and treachery. Guns were sent to the front without ammunition and ammunition without guns. Supplies were provided that when unpacked proved to be rubbish. Left stranded by communications that broke down under slight pressure the brave Russian troops hurled themselves again and again against foes perfectly prepared.

From the very verge of victory they doggedly fell back fighting with stones and clubs and iron bars, resisting heroically but ineffectively.

No thought can be more abhorrent to Americans than that of our boys ruthlessly slaughtered because of lack of equipment or support which it is the first business of us at home to supply.

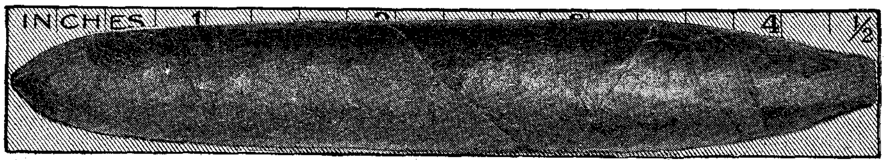
Our Government, never before so powerful, is working prodigiously in the preparation of armies and means of warfare. Throughout the nation there is a unity of purpose that is piling on the altar of liberty every personal ambition and corporate gain.

Mines, factories, farms, shipyards, the counting houses and shops of every industry are laboring day and night to supply the sinews of war.

The Bell System is co-operating to mobolize production, transportation and communication, and is using its every energy to speed up American defense.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy *One System* *Universal Service*



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From Factory Direct To YOU By Ex. or Parcel Post Prepaid

Made of Imported Havana Picadura, from our own plantation in Cuba—leaves that are too short to roll into our 15c cigars. They're not pretty, no bands or decorations, but you don't smoke looks. Customers call them "Diamonds in the Rough." All 4½ in. long. Only 100 at this "Get Acquainted" price. Money refunded if you don't receive at least double value. When ordering, specify mild, medium or strong. Your check accepted. Our references, Dun's or Bradstreet's or any Bank.

To each purchaser of 100 Edwin's Genuine Havana Seconds, we will extend the privilege of ordering, for 80c additional, one of Edwin's "SAMPLE CASES" containing one sample cigar each of our 12 Best Sellers—all Bargain Values—priced up to $15.00 per 100. Include this in your order—it's the biggest sample value ever offered.

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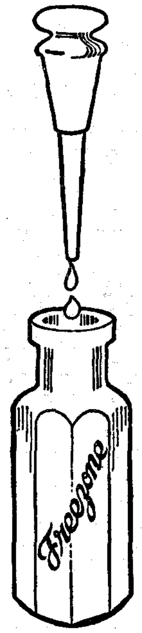
Lift Corns out with Fingers

A few drops of Freezone loosen corns or calluses so they peel off



Apply a few drops of Freezone upon a tender, aching corn or a callus. The soreness stops and shortly the entire corn or callus loosens and can be lifted off without a twinge of pain.

Freezone removes hard corns, soft corns, also corns between the toes and hardened calluses. Freezone does not irritate the surrounding skin. You feel no pain when applying it or afterward.

Women! Keep a tiny bottle of Freezone on your dresser and never let a corn ache twice.

Small bottles can be had at any drug store in the United States or Canada.

The Edward Wesley Co., Cincinnati, O.

—Advertisement

The Health-Care of the Growing Child

by Louis Fischer, M.D. For the mother who would guard her child's health and understand the best treatment during illness. Postpaid, $1.37. **Funk & Wagnalls Company, N.Y.**

"Kultur" in Belgium

Here is one of the most significant and striking books yet written on the fate of Belgium—for it is the work of a prominent Hungarian journalist, Odon Halasi, who recently spent several months in Belgium.

BELGIUM

Under the German Heel

In this remarkable book the author describes vividly the torture which "Kultur" has inflicted upon Belgium, and the hatred it has aroused. He explains the systematic means by which the Germans try to smother this hatred as well as the national spirit of the Belgians. The experience of each of the principal cities of Belgium, at the time of occupation and during the author's visit, is described. The attitude of the writer of this book illustrates the fear and hatred which the policies of the Germans have inspired in their Austro-Hungarian Allies.

Over 260 pages, cloth bound, illustrated; price $1.50 net, by mail $1.62.

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, 354 Fourth Ave., N.Y.

> figure, with long, serious jaws, and far-seeing blue-gray eyes. Release from the cramped positions and the tension of the trenches, where there was water two feet deep, and where the shelling was almost continuous, made them like schoolboys freed from their tasks. They were covered with mud. Some of them had their heads or arms bandaged. But they were all lithe and active, and when they were paraded for inspection before being dismissed to the cottages and barns where they were to find quarters, they had a kind of smartness, in spite of their fatigue, in spite of their muddy appearance, which impress me as a characteristic decidedly suggestive of the American continent.

And the "boys" were chewing gum—Lord Northcliffe calls it "sweetmeat"—a habit which they have also introduced among their British and French comrades in arms. And he says further:

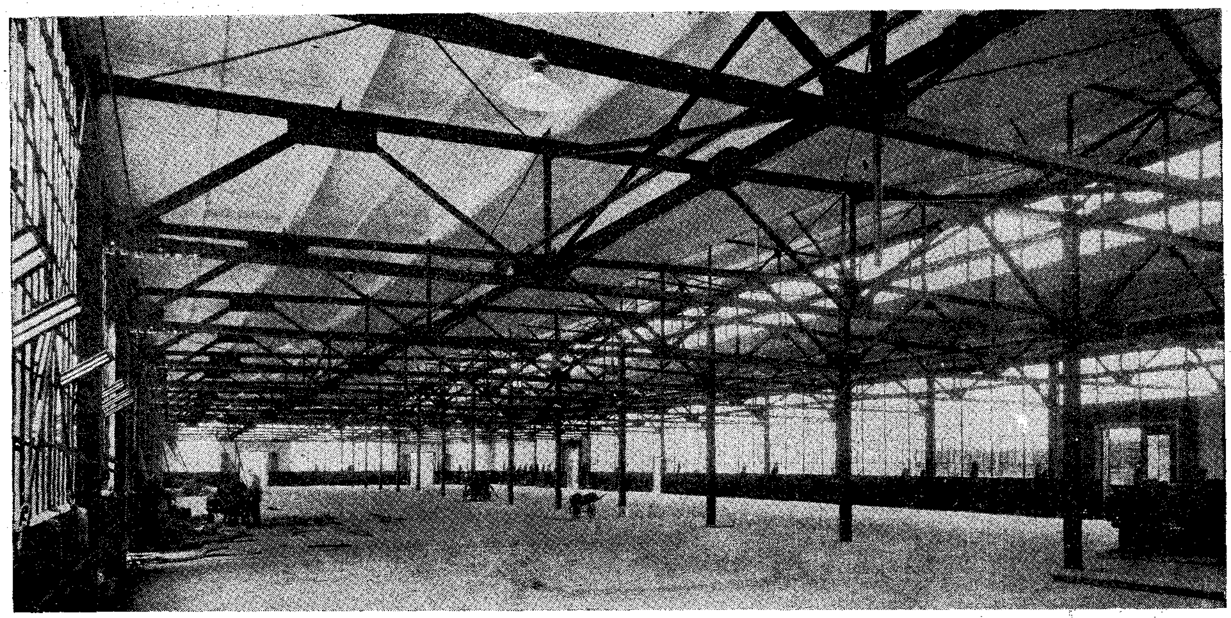
> The army doctors are inclined to think that it is quite a useful innovation. They say that chewing gum has a soothing effect, and anything which can quiet the nerves of men who are under the fire of trench-mortar and mine-throwers, called familiarly "Minnies," from the German word "*Minenwerfer*," is certainly of value.
>
> Those who are sending parcels to the soldiers of the American Expeditionary Force in France should certainly include packets of this sweetmeat.
>
> Another thing which should always be put in is a home newspaper, I mean a local newspaper, which gives the intimate details for which the boys at the front long so pathetically when they are far away from home. They like to see what their friends are doing. They like to read about "church socials." They like to know that Miss Smith poured tea for Mrs. Brown. The troops at the front always have plenty of the world's great newspapers to tell them what is going on, but the local home journal is a gift for which they are always very grateful.
>
> I saw those American soldiers having a feast on some rather special occasion and talked with many of them. They all assured me that they were very glad to be taking part in putting an end to the horrible organized savagery of the Prussian and that they were well looked after. They said they could not understand why there was at that time so much peace talk in the United States.
>
> They called the Germans "slantheads," and said, "If our people at home only knew what they are doing to French and Belgian women and children, they certainly would agree that the war can't stop until the Prussians are down and out." They told me with glee how, when the Germans put out boards in front of their trenches with "Why not have a peace talk" chalked on them, the only reply they got was a tremendous bombardment which cured them of that particular trick most effectively.
>
> Another trick in which the Germans indulged with special reference to the Americans then fighting against them was to spread the report that the Allies had hired them to fight. The hire which they received amounted to a dollar and a quarter a day. That may have seemed a very large sum to the German mind. The wages paid in Germany were notoriously small.
>
> But the men with whom I talked in that pine forest and in the village close by were certainly not the kind of men who could be attracted by a dollar and a quarter a day into giving up their usual occupations. There were business men among them, real-estate men, lumber men, university graduates, engineers. That silly German story was, like so many of their inept attempts at propaganda, a boomerang which returned to hurt those who launched it.
>
> Now the German propaganda talk makes light of the American armies which are in training for the task of helping to end the war. There is a stern warning in Holy Scripture against the folly of underestimating your enemy's strength. The Germans have already had two lessons which ought to have proved to them the wisdom of the Biblical adage. They said at the beginning, as they had said for years before the war, that the French were a worn-out nation and could not stand up in battle against them. They called the British Army "contemptible."
>
> Let the American people remember these taunts. That which the Germans are flinging in their insolence at the American armies will, I know, be disproved in the same crushing and significant way.

WORK OF THE BLUE CROSS ON THE BATTLE-FRONT

DOGS and horses are playing an important part among our Allies at the front, where they are showing conspicuous courage and devotion. The cavalry horse, that picturesque factor in the battles of the past, has had little share in the honors of the world-war until called upon recently to aid in covering the Italian retreat on the Isonzo. But in a more humble capacity this faithful animal has been bearing its portion of the burdens of war; for not all the labor of dragging the supplies of munitions and food to the front trenches has been performed by the motor-truck.

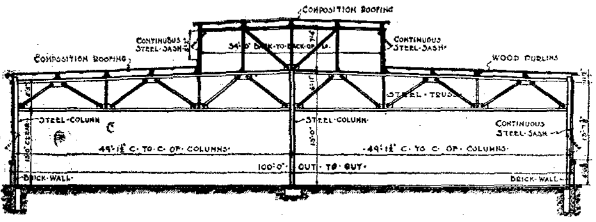
And the dog, ever the faithful friend of man, has frequently been of intelligent aid on the battle-fields. And these animal allies suffer as well as the men from the shell-fire, for to them also comes the death-shot or the maiming wound. And so they, too, have their sympathetic and tender nurses. In America the Red Star stands for the same thing to the animals that the Red Cross does to man. In France these friends of the suffering animals are designated by the Blue Cross. The society has established American headquarters in New York, where Mrs. Euphistone Maitland acts as secretary, and she declares enthusiastically that the war-dogs' devotion is equal to that of the bravest warrior in the trenches. In a description of the work of the animals at the front, Mrs. Maitland says in the New York *Times:*

> Many a Blue-Cross dog has his favorite master in the regiment, and when this master-comrade is reported missing, when he fails to return to his place in the trenches or behind the lines, the grief of his favorite dog is at once apparent. Frequently it is shown by the dog's fasting, melancholy, and even sulkiness. He may go about his



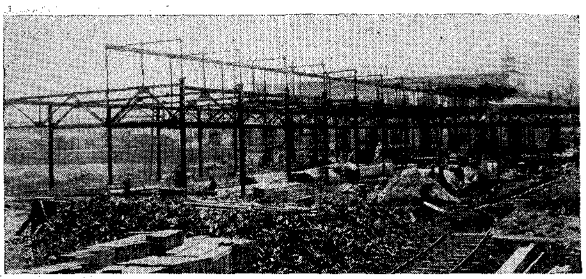
An Austin Standard Factory-Building Built for The General Electric Company at Schenectady, N. Y., in Thirty Working-Days

Austin Standard Factory-Buildings

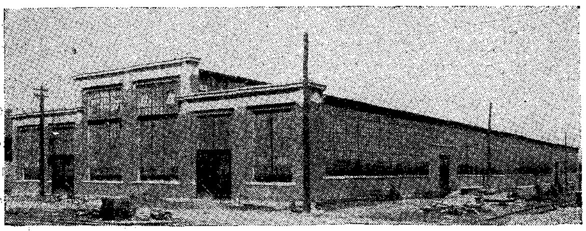


COMPOSITION ROOFING
CONTINUOUS STEEL-SASH
34'-0" BRICK-TO-BRICK
CONTINUOUS STEEL-SASH
COMPOSITION ROOFING
WOOD PURLINS
STEEL · TRUSS
STEEL-COLUMN
STEEL-COLUMN
CONTINUOUS STEEL-SASH
15'-0" CLEAR
49'-1½" C. TO C. OF COLUMNS
49'-1½" C. TO C. OF COLUMNS
100'-0" OUT TO OUT
BRICK-WALL
BRICK-WALL

This is the cross-section of our Austin Standard No. 3 Factory-Building for light manufacturing. Building No. 89 of The General Electric Company, Schenectady, is a Standard No. 3, 100 x 300 feet.



Building No. 89 of The General Electric Company at Schenectady, N. Y., on May 19, 1917, 21 working-days after day of order. The steel is more than half up and the roof-decking is going on.



The exterior of building No. 89 of The General Electric. Finishing this building on time last June brought us orders for five more buildings for the same customer, all of which have been finished *on time or ahead of time.*

Can be Occupied in 30 Working-Days

YOU can move into a new Austin Standard Factory-Building in thirty working-days from the day you sign an *Austin Thirty-Day Guaranteed-Delivery Contract.*

This is possible because the Austin Company—subject to prior sale—actually has all the materials in stock ready for immediate shipment.

The General Electric Company, The Dayton Metal Products Company, the United States Government, and many others have already taken advantage of Austin 30-day Guaranteed-Delivery of completed floor-space.

You can close the contract for which you are negotiating, buy your machinery for delivery at a given date, and buy your building on the same basis: from a catalog, at a given price, for guaranteed delivery, ready for occupancy in thirty working-days.

Write, phone or wire the office nearest the proposed work

The Austin Company

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The Jar of Musterole on the Bath-Room Shelf

When little Susie had the croup; when Johnny got his feet wet and caught cold; when father sprained his knee; when granny's rheumatism bothered her—that jar of Musterole was right there to give relief.

Musterole is a clean, white ointment made with oil of mustard and other home simples. It penetrates down to where the congestion causes the ache or the cold. And the heat which it generates usually carries off the congestion together with the cold or sprain or rheumatism. Yet its heat is a non-blistering heat. Musterole even *feels cool* a few moments after you have applied it. And the ease usually comes immediately while you are rubbing on Musterole over the place. Keep your jar of Musterole on the bath-room shelf—handy.

Many doctors and nurses recommend Musterole. 30c and 60c jars—$2.50 hospital size.

The Musterole Co., Cleveland, Ohio

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PERSONAL POWER

a big practical book by **Keith J. Thomas**, shows you the way to happiness and success through mental concentration and the development of energy and will. Read it and make good. *12mo, cloth, $1.75; by mail, $1.87.*

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It Slides in the Slot

TRI-CO UNIVERSAL RAIN RUBBER

Clears the Windshield, Top and Bottom, Clean Across

When it storms—slip it on—one movement of hand slides it clean across—removing the haze and blur instantly. The slot between upper and lower glass forms a perfect glass track—works as easily over rubber weatherstrip—marvelously simple—on or off in jiffy.

Demand TRI-CO Rain Rubber for unrestricted vision—the only device that clears the windshield entirely. ***PRICE,*** **$1.50**

At Accessory and Hardware Dealers, Garages, Everywhere.

If your dealer doesn't carry, send his name, this ad. and $1.50—we'll supply you. Mention make of car.

TRI-CONTINENTAL CORP'N, Buffalo, N.Y.

duties stoically, searching out the wounded on the battle-field, but his eyes are always eagerly looking among the dead and dying for the man he loves—the man who will never come back, the man he will never forget.

All of the Allies except England are using dogs on the battle-fields. Germany also uses them. The mortality among the animals is great. To the cavalry officers and men nothing is so horrible as the agony of the dogs and horses as they wait on the battle-fields or by roadsides for the hand that will give them either aid or merciful dispatch from their sufferings.

The knowledge of the importance of horses and dogs in war and of their need for human help was responsible for the organization of the Blue Cross in 1912. The society was at once recognized by the French Minister of War. Later, sole authority was given to this organization to care for the war-dogs and horses in the kennels and hospitals of France. The society was headed by some of the most prominent men and women in England, with Lady Smith-Dorrien as head of the fund. The work has continued, and much is being done now by the society all along the Western front. Russia cares for her own dogs, but Italy has recently enlisted the services of the Blue Cross. Great work is being done in Saloniki, to which we recently sent a magnificent horse-ambulance. Besides this, we have been asked to work with the American Expeditionary Force in France.

Many persons suppose that the motor-truck has entirely superseded the horse for conveying supplies and food to the soldiers on the field and in the trenches, but that is not true. Trucks can not go where horses can, so Tommy and *poilu* eat food brought to them by horses, and American soldiers may soon do likewise."

The much-despised mongrel dog has come into its own on the battle-front, and displays more energy and aptitude for the work than its pedigreed companions. The active fox-terriers find quite enough to do to keep the trenches free from rats, an occupation in which they take great pleasure. They also prove cheerful companions for the tired soldiers. Sheep-dogs, of which breed there are many at the front, are chiefly used for drawing small carts and machine guns. The St. Bernard naturally proves a high type of war-dog, while among the other breeds that are to be found doing their "bit" are mastiffs, collies, bulldogs, all sorts of terriers, and dogs from Alaska. These war-recruits are not admitted to service in a haphazard manner, but must undergo a period of intensive training. Miss Maitland says:

The examination of the dogs that are recruited is made by trained specialists of the Blue Cross. The animals are tested as to health, endurance, and intelligence. None but healthy, intelligent, quick, and even-tempered dogs are admitted into service. They are then taken to training-stations, where for months they undergo severe discipline and training. They are taught to love their friends, the Allies, and to know and hate a German uniform; to act as dispatch-carriers, sentinels, prison- and munition-guards, as convoys of small vehicles, and to work with the Sanitary Corps and first-aid units. The dogs are assigned to the branch of the service to which they are best adapted.

These animals, after finishing their course in training, usually have absolutely no fear on the battle-fields. They are rapid and eager workers. Cases of cowardice and lack of trustworthiness are as rare, if not rarer, among them than among men.

Among the dogs to undergo operation and treatment in one of our hospitals recently was a courier dog, which, tho wounded several times, and with a jaw-bone broken by shrapnel while it was conveying the message, did not slacken pace until faint from pain and loss of blood.

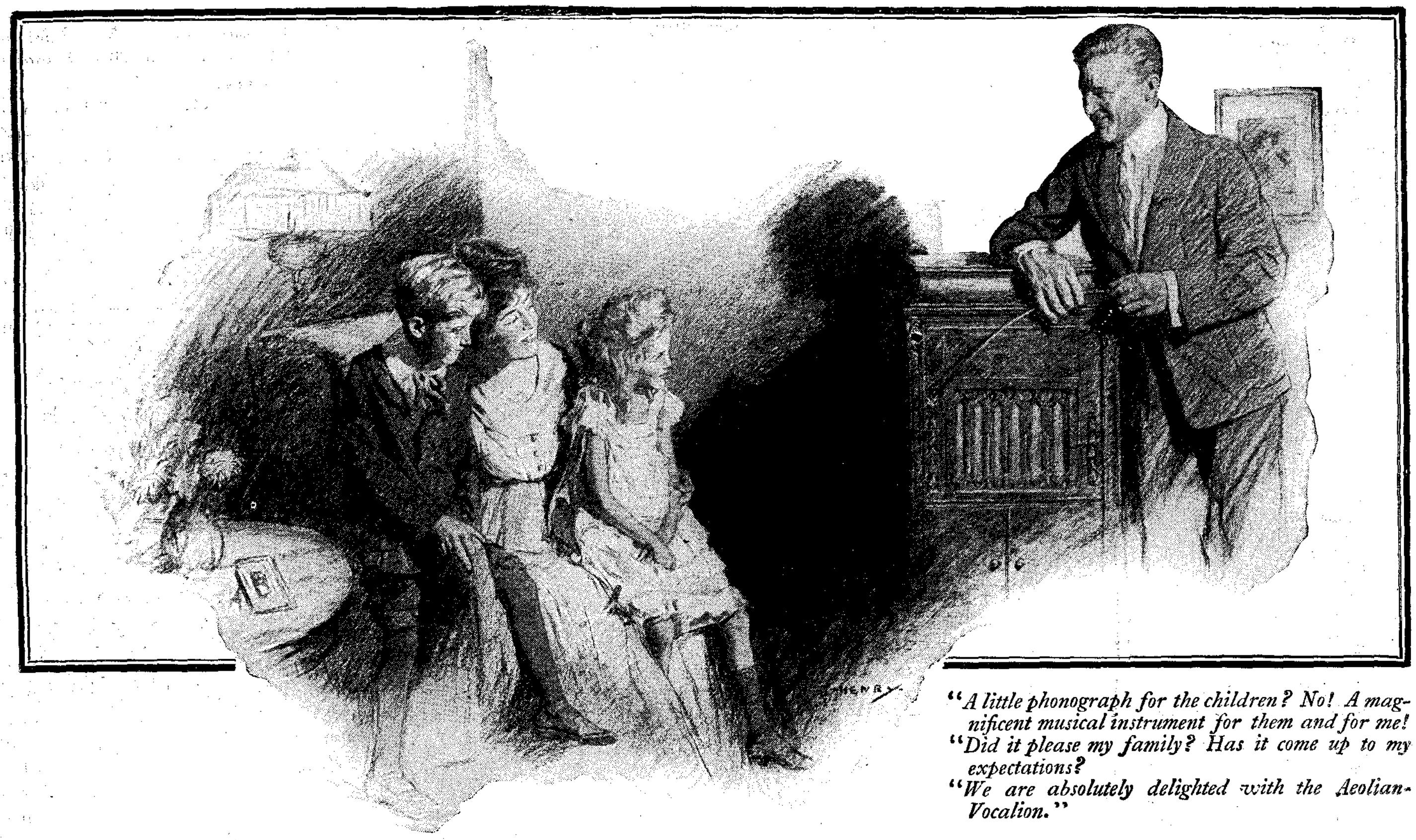
The dogs with the Ambulance Corps go upon the field in the thickest of fights and seek out the wounded. They rarely mistake a dead man for a wounded one. On reaching a wounded man the dog picks up the man's hat or mitten, gnaws off a button or some other means of identification, and hurries to the stretcher-bearers, whom he conducts to the wounded man. In this work the dogs are absolutely indispensable. Dogs have been known to shield wounded men with their own bodies and so save the lives of the soldiers at the loss of their own. Some of the ambulance dogs are taught to call the ambulance to the wounded man by a prearranged cry. All the ambulance dogs carry about their necks a flask and a package of rough dressings for first aid. Often they stand by the thirsty, dying soldier to give him a last drink of water.

The war-dog is no slacker. He knows whether he is slightly wounded or mortally hurt, and the dog that is only slightly hurt will not leave the field, but continues his work until a Blue-Cross officer insists that he go to the hospital. And no sooner is he well than he is eager to return to his dangerous duties. In the Blue-Cross hospitals at the front there are dogs suffering from broken legs, effects of gas, liquid-fire burns, deafness, and shell-shock. And there are also patients who are afflicted with nervous diseases, insomnia, pneumonia, bronchitis, and various other respiratory troubles. The sufferers receive every possible kindness and attention from capable specialists who have volunteered their services. Of the horses Miss Maitland says:

It is almost needless to speak of the part horses have in war. They are taken from between the shafts of family carriages, from peaceful pastures, quiet village greens, from the plow, the reaper, and the wagon, to be sent to the battle-fields to help fight for our countries. There is no animal that bears suffering more nobly and uncomplainingly.

"The work of the Blue Cross is the same for the horses of all of the Allies. There are twelve base hospitals in France, together with supply-depots and branch hospitals, from which the work is carried on. These have all been installed under the authority of the French Minister of War. Talented veterinarians make up an efficient staff.

"When a wounded horse is brought to the hospital he first gets a drink of water. He is then taken to the stable, where a good straw bed and good food await him. Some of the horses are too



"A little phonograph for the children? No! A magnificent musical instrument for them and for me!
"Did it please my family? Has it come up to my expectations?
"We are absolutely delighted with the Aeolian-Vocalion."

By Using the Graduola You Can Really Play
The AEOLIAN-VOCALION
The Phonograph Made by the World's Greatest Music House

THE children were responsible for my getting it. They had been asking for a phonograph for some time. Finally my wife said to me seriously that I had better buy them an inexpensive one. It would amuse them and if we chose some good records, would undoubtedly help them in their music.

Later as I entered a music store to order the kiddies' talking machine, I heard an instrument that at once won my genuine interest. This phonograph was playing an orchestral record and the orchestration was really splendid. I'd never heard anything on a phonograph, like it. The strings, woodwinds, and brasses had an immediately recognized *natural* quality.

I heard the record through and it was, by far, better phonograph music than I had ever expected to hear. It had depth, beauty and richness, in addition to its extraordinary faithfulness in reproducing orchestral instruments.

I Hear the Vocalion

A salesman noting my interest volunteered to further inform me. The first thing I noted was the beauty of the cases. They were simple and in very good taste. Due to the depth and richness of their finish, they were exceedingly handsome. After playing two or three vocal and instrumental records which only strengthened my favorable impression of the instrument's tone, the salesman said, "Now I'll show you the Graduola, which makes the Vocalion different from all other phonographs."

Putting in a record of "Sweet and Low" he drew a slender, flexible tube out of the side of the instrument and took the little metal device with which it terminated in his hands.

I Play the Vocalion

The spirit of the music gripped him. His eyes gazed far away and his body was slightly swaying and he was holding the Graduola to his breast almost as though it were a violin. He was *feeling* the melody and was giving color to it from *his own emotion.*

The man was actually playing!

"Let me try it," I said. And I played record after record. It was a very, very wonderful experience.

The two criticisms I'd had of the phonograph were gone. The tone of the Vocalion was natural, without stridency and here this revolutionary Graduola was taking all the stereotyped quality out of its music.

I buy the Aeolian-Vocalion

Even without its splendid tone and other features that made it the greatest phonograph I'd ever heard, the Graduola was enough. No one with a spark of musical feeling could fail to appreciate the tremendous advance this was in the phonograph. Somewhat to my surprise I found the Vocalion cost no more than other high-class phonographs. So I cancelled my order for the little instrument and bought a handsome though reasonably priced model of the Vocalion.

A cheap little phonograph for the children? No! A magnificent musical instrument for them and for me!

Did it please my family? Has it come up to my expectations?

We are absolutely delighted with it. We show it to all our friends and they are equally pleased. I have nothing to say against other phonographs. They are undoubtedly, many of them, fine instruments, but the Graduola, alone, makes the Vocalion absolutely supreme amongst all such instruments.

THE AEOLIAN COMPANY
PARIS 29 West 42nd Street, NEW YORK LONDON
Metropolitan Stores: Brooklyn, 11 Flatbush Avenue — Newark, 897 Broad Street — Bronx, 367 East 149th Street
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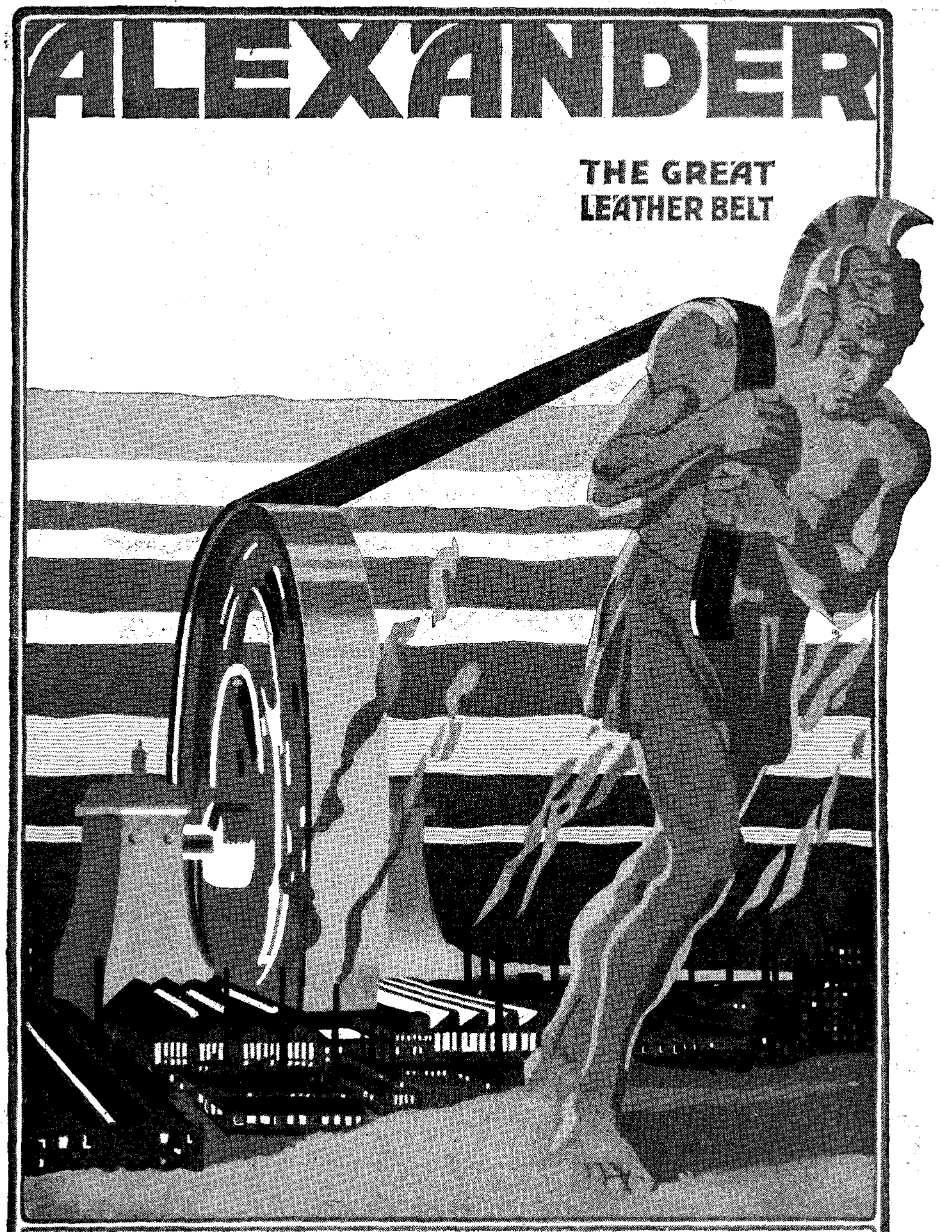
The Aeolian-Vocalion is made in a variety of models priced from $100 to $350. Models without Graduola, $35 to $75. Beautiful Art Styles at moderate cost. Interesting catalog upon request. Address 29 West 42nd Street, New York, Dept. E-11.



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tired to eat, so they sink on the straw and fall into a stupor. Unless immediate treatment is necessary they are not disturbed during this rest. But on the following day all the horses are washed and their wounds cleansed, inspected, and treated. The badly wounded are taken to the hospital, and after operation they are sent to the Blue-Cross pastures for recuperation and convalescence.

JAPAN'S SUFFRAGE LEADER TO STUDY HERE

KIMURA KOMAKU is Japan's first woman suffragist. But she is not of the militant kind. One would as soon expect to find militancy in the humming-bird. In fact, she says that while she has been working for suffrage for five years she realizes that she can make no more headway at present. And she is frank enough to admit that it may be partly because she does not know just how to go about it. So she has come to this country, where she will remain until she has learned the English language—and the ways of American suffragists.

Besides being a suffragist she is an editor, an actress, and a theatrical manager. It is as an actress that she has gained her suffragist ideas, strangely enough, and not as an editor, for it is only actresses, it appears, who are able to get in touch with the world's thought and trend. To a writer in the Philadelphia *Press* she said:

> I have been fighting for woman suffrage in Japan for about five years now, but I can do no more at the present time. I have failed for the time being—partly through lack of funds to continue the fight, partly because of Government opposition, and partly because I myself did not quite know how I should go about it.
>
> I am the editor of a woman's magazine in Tokyo, and through this organ I sought to establish a woman's suffrage society. Three very brilliant women were associated with me in this attempt: the wife of a high official, a woman doctor of law, a woman physician, and a woman professor of mathematics. The wife of the official deserted us at the insistence of her husband. We struggled along for a while; then the others also left me. Their interest in suffrage threatened their respective positions. The work, therefore, is temporarily discontinued. But I know what can be done. I know what will be done. And I shall never give up.
>
> Modern Japan is a wonderful nation—wonderful, indeed, in view of the fact that less than fifty years ago no hint of the world's readjustments troubled its long sleep. But modern Japan, unfortunately, is a man's world—its women have no part in its great entry into civilization. There are isolated instances, of course, of women who have emancipated themselves.
>
> We have great women teachers, great women writers, great women doctors, and a few great women lawyers. But for the most part the woman of Japan occupies the same position she did fifty years ago. Few careers are open to women in Japan. The stage more than any other career, however, offers to women a chance to

acquaint herself with the times and their character.

Only the women on the stage have an opportunity to talk to men of affairs. The wives are not thus honored. So it has come about that the actress now occupies a place in Japan analogous to that occupied in Greece of old by women of the Aspasia type. That is to say she is admitted as an equal to man's society. She often entertains in her dressing-room or at supper, after the play is done, men of letters, men of rank, chancellors, envoys, generals, officials. She is treated with respect. She is allowed to mingle in the discussion—whatever it is. Her opinion is often worth while and it is often listened to.

So we find in the Japanese actress a woman conversant with the big issues of the day, a woman who is given the chance to broaden and grow. In this way I came to know that there were women on the other side of the world fighting for liberty of thought and action and creed. You see, I am an actress, and thus I learned much that the stay-at-home wife of the merchant never dreams exists.

To be an actress in Japan requires not only an early start, but also a facility in many things that may seem foreign to an American actress, for Kimura Komaku says that in Japan one must be trained for her profession like an athlete, and must know how to juggle, dance, and walk on her hands. Her repertory is large and of wide range, as you may judge for yourself:

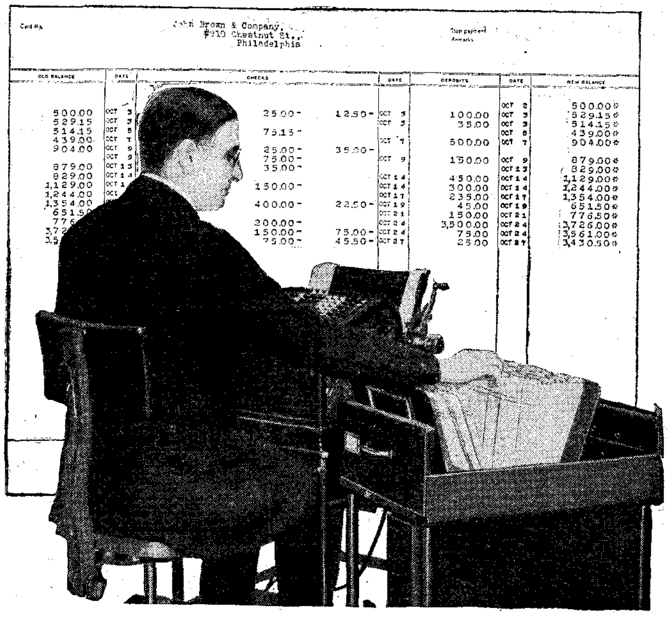
I have played most of Shakespeare's heroines and nearly all the great modern rôles—*La Tosca*, *Monna Vanna*, *Camille*. I have a repertory of 500 plays. I manage two theaters—the Kimura Komaku Theater and the Tokiwaza, both in Tokyo.

But how I envy the American woman her freedom! When my work has gone wrong and my weariness has been great I have looked toward the day when we, too, would have our freedom, and new courage has come to me to continue the battle for the women of my race.

It is being hampered at every turn, merely because I am a woman, that is so discouraging in Japan. I feel that I must make all the women of Japan realize that liberty for women is no idle dream. Most of them look at me aghast when I speak of it. It is not "nice" to discuss such things. The very virtuous shudder and change the subject. But there are those who come back to me quietly, privately, and ask new wistful questions and plead with me to tell them more. So you see we have made a beginning.

When I first began to speak in public in a big hall in the city of Tokyo, there were often demonstrations against me, but I persevered. I worked on the stage, published my magazine, and made public addresses until my health gave out. So I decided to come to this country and increase my knowledge. I feared that I might be on the wrong track. But since talking to some of the great suffrage leaders in America I am full of new courage and new hope. I shall carry with me a great message of encouragement when I go back.

Madame Komaku has brought with her clippings from Japanese newspapers showing Congresswoman Jeannette Rankin's face looking out at one from the quaint remoteness of Japanese printed characters.



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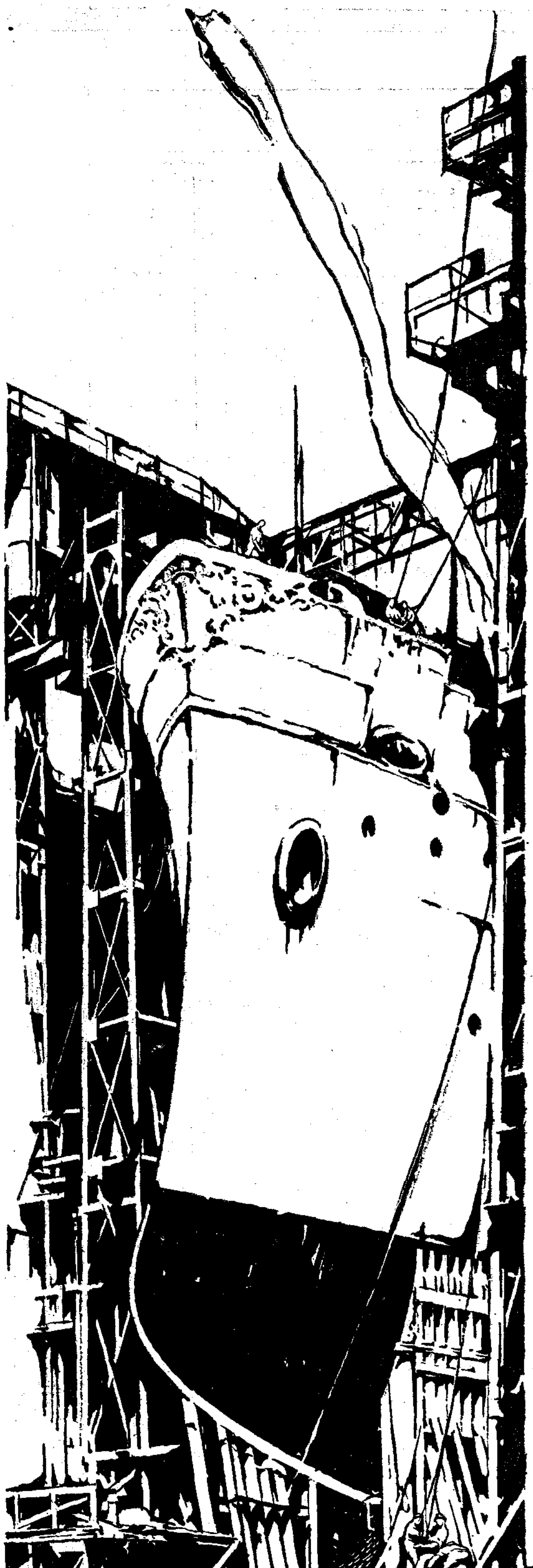

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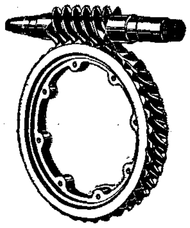

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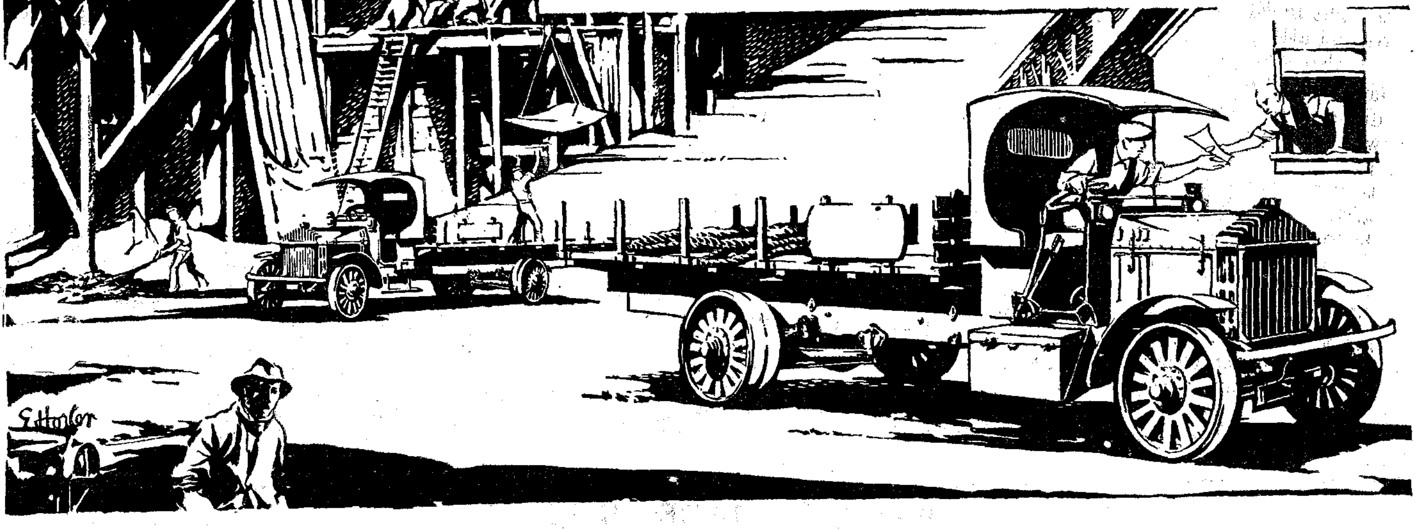


THE SPICE OF LIFE

Family Growing Rapidly.—Mr. and Mrs. Paul Fremont are the proud parents of a fourth son since last Thursday.—*Decorah (Ia.) Republican.*

Encouraging Sign.—MOTHER—"Do you think Charles means business?"

DAUGHTER—"Well, every night he calls I see in his pocket *The Real Estate Bulletin* listing the houses for rent."—*Brooklyn Citizen.*

American Attitude.—"American as you are, don't you think you would really be awed by the presence of a king?"

"Not if I held an ace."—*Baltimore American.*

Defining Melodrama.—"What's the difference between a drama and a melodrama?"

"Well, in a drama the heroine merely throws the villain over. In a melodrama she throws him over a cliff."—*Judge.*

Not Infectious.—MISTRESS (engaging new maid)—"You say the last family you worked for were Germans?"

MAID (apologetically)—"Yes'm—but they was sterilized when war broke out."—*Snap-Shots.*

Prudent.—"Do you want your wife to vote?"

"I don't like to express myself," said Mr. Meekton. "If I advocate it and Henrietta finds she doesn't like politics, she'll blame me for getting her into it."—*Washington Star.*

A Well-Mannered Snake.—NOTICE—I have put a bull-snake in my alfalfa field, north of town, to catch the gophers. Please do not bother him or shoot at him, as he is a good, well-behaved snake and harmless except to gophers and mice.—*H. L. Humphrey—Adv. in the Abilene (Kan.) Register.*

Progressive Ireland.—An Irishman and a Scot were arguing as to the merits of their respective countries.

"Ah, weel," said Sandy, "they tore down an auld castle in Scotland and found many wires under it, which shows that the telegraph was knoon there hoondreds o' years ago."

"Well," said Pat, "they tore down an ould castle in Oireland, and there was no wires found undher it, which shows that they knew all about wireless telegraphy in Oireland hundreds av years ago."—*Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph.*

Chinese Situation Serious.—One of Washington's citizens recently saw Admiral Gleaves, the man who drove the submarines away from the Pershing flotilla, walking in civilian clothes. There is an order requiring officers to wear uniform at all times. The citizen went to Secretary Daniels.

"Mr. Secretary," he whispered breathlessly, "I just saw Admiral Gleaves in citizen's clothes. Why is he in disguise?"

"Sh!" said the Secretary. "It's the Chinese situation."

"Chinese situation?"

"Yes," replied the Secretary, in all seriousness. "Admiral Gleaves's last clean uniform did not come back from the laundry."—*New York Evening Journal.*

Off the Griddle.—The hotel was overcrowded and a very fat man had been forced to spend the night on a wire cot minus blankets and mattress. "How did you sleep?" inquired the clerk the next morning.

"Oh, I slept all right," the fat man assured him, "but I certainly looked like a waffle when I got up this morning!"—*Milestones.*

Exemption Refused.—Samuel Horowitz, who wanted an exemption from military service upon the ground that he is a vegetarian, said that the officials of his local board had told him that he wouldn't have to "eat the Germans," but "fight them." Isaac T. Flatto, chairman of the committee to which his appeal was referred, found this answer of the local officials quite fair and recommended that it be affirmed.—*New York Evening Sun.*

Hailed a New Topic.—The kindergarten had been studying the wind all week—its power, effects, etc.—until the subject had been pretty well exhausted. To stimulate interest, the kindergartner said, in her most enthusiastic manner:

"Children, as I came to school to-day in the trolley-car, the door opened and something came softly in and kissed me on the cheek. What do you think it was?"

And the children joyfully answered, "The conductor!"—*Harper's Magazine.*

Blacksmith's War-Garden

The village blacksmith planted peas
And carrots, too.
'Twas a small garden, if you please,
He had in view.

But neighbors let their poultry stray
From divers pens.
The blacksmith now puts in the day
A-shooing hens.

—*Louisville Courier-Journal*

New Use for Motorists.—As the motor-car dashed through a little village the driver pulled up with a frantic jerk. A man was standing right in front of his machine waving his arms violently, and shouting: "Stop! Hi! Stop!"

"What's the trouble?" snapt the motorist. "Is it a police-trap? Because, if it is, I wasn't driving more than twenty miles an hour——"

"That's all right, sir," said the countryman, blandly. "I ain't no policeman. Only my wife has been invited to a wedding to-morrow, and I wanted to ask if you could spare her a drop o' gasoline to clean her gloves with."—*Tit-Bits.*

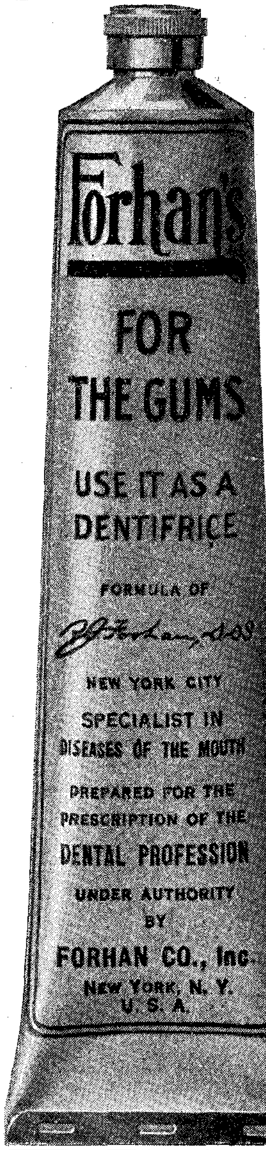
An Awful Penalty.—"I have come here," said the angry man to the superintendent of the street-car line, "to get justice; justice, sir. Yesterday, as my wife was getting off one of your cars the conductor stept on her dress and tore a yard of frilling off the skirt."

The superintendent remained cool. "Well, sir," he said, "I don't know that we are to blame for that. What do you expect us to do? Get her a new dress?"

"No, sir, I do not intend to let you off so easily as that," the other man replied gruffly. He brandished in his right hand a small piece of silk.

"What I propose to have you do," he said, "is to match this silk."—*New York Times.*

Are your gums relaxing yet?



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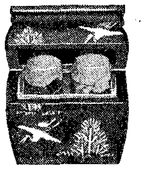

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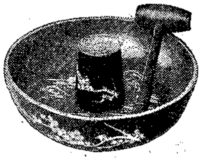

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CURRENT EVENTS

THE WAR

AMERICAN OPERATIONS

November 1.—A United States Treasury warrant for $435,000,000 is turned over to representatives of the British Government for war-purposes.

Washington announces the torpedoing of the transport *Finland.* The ship was not vitally damaged, but nothing is yet known as to the loss of life or injury to those on board.

November 2.—Washington announces that the Government will be prepared to meet any demands for airplanes that may be made by this Government or by the Allies after next July.

The Navy Department announces that two members of the gun-crew of the *Finland,* two enlisted men, and four members of the ship's civilian crew were killed when she was torpedoed. A naval seaman is missing. Five of the victims were drowned. A French dispatch states that among the survivors of the *Finland* were several members of the crew of the torpedoed *Antilles.*

November 3.—In a dispatch lacking details Washington reports that twelve members of the crew of a picket-boat of the battle-ship *Michigan* are lost when their boat founders in home waters.

Members of the American Field-Service who were returning home on the *Finland* reach Paris. Only one man on board saw the periscope of the attacking submarine, and there was no time to give an alarm before the shot struck.

Three Americans were killed, five wounded, and eleven captured during a German raid on a trench held by American infantry on November 3, General Pershing reports.

November 5.—In order to avert the menace of enemy aliens the Washington authorities are considering plans for rounding them up and shipping them to points at least 100 miles inland.

A man supposed to be a German spy is found by Secret-Service agents secreted in the crow's-nest of a United States transport. When arrested he tore into small bits a paper that was afterward pieced together and information of a vital nature, according to the agents, was discovered.

Details of the attack on the trench held by the American infantry on November 3 state that the United States troops were cut off from relief by a superior force, and, tho they fought gallantly, were finally overwhelmed by numbers.

November 6.—Washington dispatches state that 500,000 more men will be summoned for the Selective-Draft army of the United States before spring.

The American soldiers wounded in the German raid are reported to be doing well in the base-hospital. The artillery-duel still continues. The American Congressional party visits the zone where the troops are billeted.

November 7.—Secretary McAdoo announces that the subscriptions to the second Liberty Loan amounted to $4,617,532,300, in which 9,400,000 men and women of the country participated.

The American war-mission, headed by Col. E. M. House, arrives safely at a British port. They will attend the inter-Allied conference for the purpose of coordinating all resources in a supreme drive against Germany.

Dispatches from the French front report the German artillery as unusually active, shells of all calibers raining down upon the American positions. A second raid was anticipated but did not develop.

WITH AMERICA'S ALLIES

November 1.—Sir Eric Geddes, First Lord of the British Admiralty, announces in Parliament that between 40 and 50 per cent. of the German submarines operating in the North Sea and the Atlantic and the Arctic oceans have been sunk, and that during the last quarter the enemy lost as many under-sea craft as during the whole of 1916.

In a statement to the Associated Press Premier Kerensky declares that Russia is worn by the war-strain, and says that the people are asking: "Where is the British fleet?"

Advices received at the Italian Embassy in Washington state that British and French reenforcements have arrived on the Italian front, and that 30,000 of these troops will be available within four or five days. London reports state that the main part of General Cadorna's armies has crossed the Tagliamento River in good order and is forming on the west bank to check the Austro-German advance. A Berlin report states that the invaders have cut off a portion of the Italian rear guard, capturing 60,000 additional prisoners, making a total of 180,000 for the drive.

London reports two successful air-raids by Allied aviators on towns in Rhenish Bavaria, eighty miles from the French border. Eight persons are reported killed and twenty-one injured in a German air-raid on London.

British forces in Palestine resume their offensive, London announces, occupying Beersheba, despite determined resistance, and capturing 1,800 prisoners.

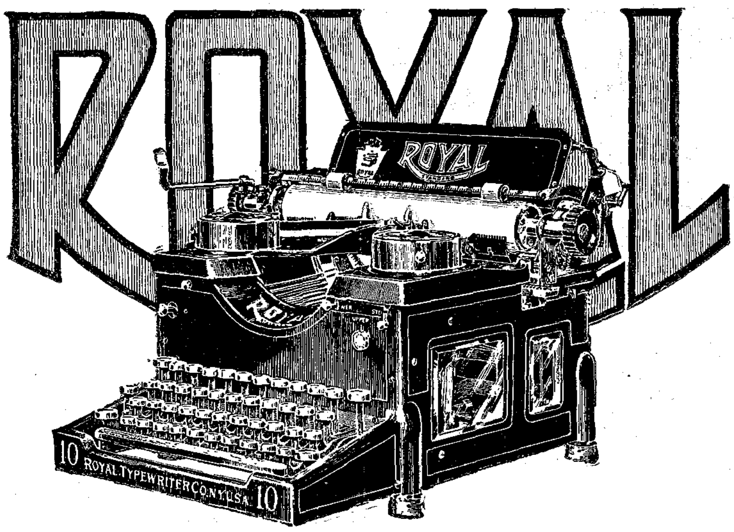
November 2.—An announcement from Berlin, by way of London, states that the German forces have begun a retreat from the Chemin des Dames north of the Aisne River and east of Soissons where the battle-line approaches nearest to Paris. The withdrawal is believed to have been caused by the tremendous pressure of General Pétain's troops.

London reports that large German forces are being rushed to the Trentino front for the purpose of striking the flank and rear of the armies of General Cadorna which are now massed on the west bank of the Tagliamento River in fighting contact with the van of Field-Marshal Mackensen's invading army. A fleet of *Zeppelins* is reported to have left Lake Constance for the Trentino, and German troop-trains for Trent are being doubled. Already heavy artillery-fire on both sides is reported as each side is feeling out the other's positions.

Discussing the reports from abroad that Russia was out of the war, Premier Kerensky assures the Associated Press representative in Petrograd that while his country is not out of the conflict she needs aid urgently in the form of money and supplies. He appeals to the world not to lose faith in the Russian revolution. Washington announces at the same time that a loan of $31,700,000 to Russia has been authorized.

November 3.—In a sharp naval battle in the Kattegat, an arm of the North Sea, British destroyers sink the German auxiliary cruiser *Marie* and ten armed patrol vessels. Sixty of the crew of the *Marie* were killed, and many wounded.

London reports that the Germans evacuate the whole section on the Aisne front for a distance of thirteen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miles. After a retreat of a mile they make a temporary stand, but are being closely followed up by the French forces. Vigorous artillery fighting is continued in the Chavignon sector. War material captured by the French since October 23 includes 200 heavy field-guns, 222 trench cannon, and 720 machine guns. On the Aisne front two enemy surprize attacks are repulsed. During the battle of Malmaison French aviators fight 611 aerial engagements, bringing down sixteen enemy airplanes and destroying three captive balloons.

According to dispatches received in London no important action is reported from the Italian front. Skirmishing continues, and Berlin claims 200,000 prisoners already captured.

In reply to Premier Kerensky the British First Lord of the Admiralty, Sir Eric Geddes, declares that it would be madness for a British fleet to enter the Baltic Sea, which, he says, would prove a death-trap.

November 4.—Paris reports little actual fighting on the Italian front. Premier Lloyd George arrives in Paris on his way to Italy to make the dispositions of the British forces, and it is expected that Italy will soon be the theater of huge military operations. The British Premier was accompanied by Lieut.-General Smuts, Major-General Maurice, chief director of military operations, and Major-General Wilson, of the General Staff.

Associated Press dispatches announce that the French advance in pursuit of the Germans on the Chemin des Dames has attained an average of a mile and a half, the southern bank of the Ailette being reached. Craonne, Ailles, Cerny, and Courtecon are now occupied by the French.

November 5.—London dispatches report that Austro-German forces have crossed the Tagliamento River and are proceeding westward in their invasion of Italy. At the same time a heavy pressure is being exerted further north with the evident intention of cutting the Italian line in two. The crossing of the Tagliamento was made at Pinzano, where Berlin reports 6,000 additional prisoners were taken.

An Associated Press report from the French front announces that the Germans still hold the northern slope of the valley of the Ailette after their retreat from the Chemin des Dames.

November 6.—Passchendaele on the point of the ridge northeast of Ypres, dominating the plains of Flanders, is taken by the Canadian forces in a brilliant dash. The enemy had been ordered to hold the position at all costs.

London dispatches announce that the Italians have been forced to abandon their entire line along the Tagliamento. The retreat is reported as being conducted in an orderly manner with the Piave River, twenty-five miles west, as their objective.

November 7.—A new revolutionary movement is inaugurated in Russia, Petrograd reports, when an armed naval detachment under orders of the Maximalist committee, seizes the offices of the official telegraph agency, the State bank, and the Marie Palace. In the latter, Parliament was forced to suspend its deliberations. Premier Kerensky is unwilling to take extreme measures, altho it is stated that he has a considerable force in readiness.

The *U*-boat toll for the past week is the lowest since the announcement of unrestricted warfare. The following is the report of the British Admiralty: Arrivals, 2,334; sailings, 2,379. Merchant vessels of more than 1,600 tons sunk by mine or submarine, 8; less than 1,600 tons, 4.

London reports that the German invaders of Italy advance 10 to 12 miles, slowly pushing the Italian forces back on the Livenza River, which it is believed is the objective selected by General Cadorna for a stand.

THE CENTRAL POWERS

November 1.—Berlin reports that Count von Hertling has accepted the Imperial Chancellorship.

A Copenhagen dispatch states that Norway has presented to Germany a note in connection with the sinking of Norwegian steamships in the convoy of neutral merchantmen, and calling attention to the fact that a year ago, after the sinking of Norwegian steamships in the polar seas, Germany was notified that Norway would consider any new case a violation of the laws of humanity.

November 3.—The German War-Office announces that as a result of the thrust at the Rhine-Marne canal North-American soldiers were brought in as prisoners.

November 6.—Washington reports the patrol-boat *Alcedo* torpedoed and sunk by a German submarine in the war-zone. One officer and twenty men are missing.

DOMESTIC

November 1.—Following a day of wild selling the governing committee of the New York Stock Exchange adopts a rule checking short sales.

S. Davies Warfield, president of the National Association of Owners of Railroad Securities, files a memorial with the Interstate Commerce Commission stating that the net income of the railroads of the United States shows a decrease of $225,200,000 during 1917.

November 2.—The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck leading, plays "The Star-Spangled Banner" as the closing number at the public rehearsal in Symphony Hall before a large and curious audience. Major Higginson, founder of the orchestra, stated that Dr. Muck had placed his resignation in his hands, but that it had not yet been acted upon.

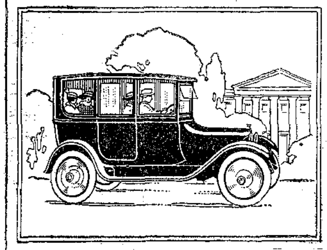
November 3.—Southwestern coal-miners' representatives reject the proposal to penalize strikers, and, defying Fuel-Administrator Garfield, abruptly break off negotiations and leave Washington for their homes.

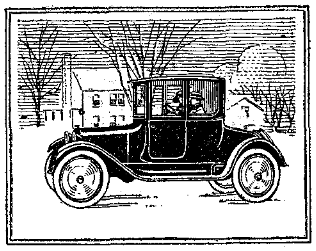
November 4.—Eighteen homeless men are burned to death in a fire that destroys a Salvation Army lodging-house in Paterson, N. J.

The United States Ship-building Labor Adjustment Board announces a uniform minimum wage-scale for the Pacific coast ship-building yards—a guide for the ship-yards of the country. The decision results in an increase of from 10 to 30 per cent. over the old scale.

November 5.—Fuel-Administrator Garfield announces his plan for commandeering 10 per cent. of the entire coal output of the country as it is brought out of the mines. This amount is to be set aside to relieve emergency needs, subject to the control of the Administrator.

November 6.—John F. Hylan, the Tammany candidate, is elected Mayor of New York City by a sweeping vote. The State goes for woman suffrage, making the thirteenth to swing into line.





The Force of Friendly Thoughts

Dodge Brothers business has just reached and passed another milestone in its history.

In less than three years more than two hundred thousand Dodge Brothers Motor Cars have been placed in the hands of owners.

If this sales-record represented the appeal of a price, the total would not be particularly impressive.

The important thing is that the car is not thought of in terms of price, but in terms of value.

How often you hear the car spoken of—and how seldom the price!

It is the quality of thought that surrounds it which makes this success noteworthy.

Because people think well of these cars, it is still impossible for Dodge Brothers to build enough of them.

Seldom has there been a finer example of the force of friendly thoughts.

It is an inspiration and an encouragement to build well—because the reward, in America, is so great and so sure.

With nothing but good will toward them in American homes—how could Dodge Brothers do less than they have done?

Nothing has checked or hindered for so much as a single week, the continued bestowal of this recognition and reward.

The eagerness to own the car is greater today than it ever has been.

The reason is not far to seek.

Take first the mere numerical ownership.

Remember that the satisfaction of these two hundred thousand owners is not casual, but deep and profound.

Multiply them by the average family of even three.

Remember that all of these are warm friends.

Then think of that leaven of thought leavening the whole mass.

You will begin to understand, then, why Dodge Brothers have been building new buildings ever since the business began.

You will understand why the works in which the car is built are still steadily spreading and expanding.

You will get an idea of how much men can do when the homes of America are solidly behind them.

The gasoline consumption is unusually low
The tire mileage is unusually high

Touring Car or Roadster, $885. In Canada, $1290
Winter Touring Car or Roadster, $1050. In Canada, $1525
Sedan or Coupe, $1350. In Canada, $1965

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INVESTMENTS - AND - FINANCE

HOW RAILWAYS EARN MORE AND SAVE LESS

RAILWAYS continue to show what *Bradstreet's* calls "noteworthy earning power," but they are unable to hold "any considerable share of the intake," because of the expansion in operating expenses. That paper believes there is no question but that the roads "are more efficient than they have been, and that they are using available equipment for pretty near all that it is worth." The trouble with them is that "they can not gain the upper hand of expenses, tho skimping on everything save transportation expenses is practised." They continue to find it "impossible to circumvent the high cost of doing business on present rates." Because of these conditions the Eastern roads have petitioned for a rehearing of the rate question. A hearing of their case was begun in Washington on November 5. In detail, the writer says:

"Tonnage continues of remarkable proportions, and therefore it is not astonishing to find, as we do, that operating revenues in August last aggregated $365,055,298, the largest total ever recorded, and a sum that shows an increase of 11.6 per cent. over the really striking total registered in August, 1916. It used to be thought that any month with gross receipts of $300,000,000 was to be deemed remarkable, but the tides of business have been running so strong that even larger sums attract only passing attention. But the big income just noted is robbed of some of its favorable aspects by the fact that operating expenses in August this year absorbed $246,128,383, or 21.6 per cent. more than in August, 1916, in consequence of which net revenues from railway operations receded 3.8 per cent. from August of last year, the aggregate for the month this year having been $118,926,915, against $123,642,751 in the like month last year. In August a year ago gross receipts advanced 21.1 per cent. while net revenues increased 28.1 per cent., and in the preceding year gross moved up 1.4 per cent. while net expanded 10.7 per cent. In the following table gross revenues, operating expenses, and net revenues for August this year and last are summarized:

	August 1917	*August 1916*	*Inc. P. C.*
Gross earnings	$365,055,298	$326,950,719	11.6
Operating expenses	246,128,383	203,307,968	21.6
Net earnings	$118,926,915	$123,642,751	*3.8

*Decrease.

The following table shows the trend of railway earnings over a period:

	Per Cent. Gross 1917	*Inc. Net 1917*	*Per Cent. Gross 1916*	*Inc. Net 1916*	*Per Cent. Gross 1915*	*Inc. Net 1915*
January	15.2	11.0	21.7	56.7	*7.7	*2.5
February	.9	*26.7	27.7	57.0	* .9	35.4
March	9.2	*8.0	25.1	42.9	*6.6	1.2
April	13.5	.5	22.1	30.0	*2.8	10.4
May	14.8	3.5	28.2	52.2	*1.1	23.9
June	16.8	10.0	21.6	25.4	*1.2	15.0
July	15.0	3.0	18.6	25.8	*.07	10.8
August	11.6	*3.8	21.1	28.1	1.4	10.7
September	....	....	13.1	9.8	5.4	19.5
October	....	....	10.6	7.7	14.7	36.3
November	....	....	7.4	*1.3	28.0	77.6
December	....	....	7.7	*4.8	28.1	75.6

*Decrease.

"Expenses and taxes for August touched a new high-water point for a period marked by open weather, this fact being exemplified in the following table reflecting how expenses and taxes compare for each of the eight months ending with August, this year and last:

	1917	*1916*
January	$228,764,517	$196,137,642
February	221,708,728	196,902,301
March	243,512,773	207,079,863
April	242,726,090	203,409,042
May	253,693,531	209,295,430
June	252,158,254	209,888,026
July	254,146,126	208,548,009
August	263,070,317	217,080,904
Total	$1,959,780,336	$1,648,341,217

"The following table gives a four-year average of gross revenue by months, together with net revenue as well as operating income, the average being compared with the actual figures for each of the months named:

Gross Revenue	*Average, 1913-16*	*Actual, 1917*	*Index*
January	$238,333,190	$300,694,385	126.1
February	226,233,729	265,263,852	117.2
March	253,784,853	317,087,310	124.9
April	247,679,621	319,529,688	129.0
May	259,471,369	345,773,079	133.2
June	264,321,080	349,739,636	132.3
July	271,047,814	348,437,306	128.5
August	286,499,474	365,055,298	127.4
Total	$2,047,371,130	$2,611,580,554	127.5

Net Revenue	*Average, 1913-16*	*Actual, 1917*	*Index*
January	$60,424,164	$85,743,194	141.9
February	55,954,361	57,380,353	102.5
March	72,722,654	88,067,135	121.1
April	68,305,379	91,794,357	134.3
May	75,357,690	107,090,200	142.1
June	82,810,072	114,148,863	137.8
July	87,508,251	110,616,001	126.4
August	99,046,301	118,926,915	120.0
Total	$602,128,872	$773,767,018	128.5

Operating Inc.	*Average, 1913-16*	*Actual, 1917*	*Index*
January	$49,171,544	$71,929,868	146.2
February	44,706,399	43,555,124	97.4
March	61,345,308	73,574,537	119.9
April	56,852,443	76,803,598	135.0
May	63,714,592	92,079,548	144.5
June	70,692,399	97,516,514	137.9
July	75,833,126	94,291,180	124.3
August	87,095,575	101,984,981	117.0
Total	$509,411,386	$651,735,350	127.9

"In a preceding paragraph reference was made to the fact that everything save transportation expenses had been skimped, and at a time, too, when heavy traffic meant great wear and tear. So as to cover this point, we have extracted some figures from the latest full report of the Interstate Commerce Commission, this being for the seven months ended July 31 last, which figures disclose the following increases in gross revenues, maintenance of way, maintenance of equipment, transportation expenses and taxes, comparison being with the first seven months of 1916, as well as with the like period in 1915:

	Inc. Over 1916	*P. C.*	*Inc. Over 1915*	*P. C.*
Gross revenues	$246,000,000	12.3	$619,000,000	38.0
Maint. of way	18,000,000	7.4	51,000,000	24.5
Maint. of equip	42,000,000	12.4	108,000,000	40.0
Transp. expenses	178,000,000	26.8	268,000,000	46.6
All expenses	250,000,000	18.6	437,000,000	37.8
Taxes	16,000,000	18.0	26,000,000	33.0

THE EFFECT OF LIBERTY BOND SALES ON CORPORATION BONDS

From the close of the first Liberty bond campaign on June 15 until the close of the second on October 15, there were declines all through the list of corporation bonds. From a table prepared for *The Wall Street Journal* it appears that these declines ran in individual cases from 4½ to 9⅜ points, but that the average was 3.47 points. This table comprises forty representative bonds. It gives not only prices, but the investment yields, as follows:

HIGHEST PRICE RAILS

Issues	*Due*	*June 15 Close*	*June 15 Yield*	*October 29 Close*	*October 29 Yield*
Atch. gen. 4s	1995	90	4.46	85½	4.60
Balt. & Ohio gold 4s	1948	86	4.89	80½	5.29
C., B. & Quincy gen. 4s	1958	90¾	4.51	84⅞	4.85

Put Your Motoring on a War Basis with the Franklin Car

SOME people think they can solve the thrift question by talking about it. The war situation is actual and real. Every man feels it is his duty to help the country, but he tells you what the Government ought to do instead of taking the first practical step—meeting the plain facts in the things close at hand; things he buys and uses and pays to maintain.

Gasoline and rubber are prime necessities of War. Yet many a car owner who talks thrift is actually destroying *fifty per cent more* of these commodities than his motoring should require.

War Time Activity Demands Economy in Motor Car Operation

Ask the man who gets eight, ten or twelve miles to the gallon of gasoline and five or six thousand miles to the set of tires. He probably has the feeling—almost the conviction—that he can do better with the Franklin, but it is easier to close his eyes to the facts and wonder whether the Franklin's record for gasoline and tire saving is really and actually true.

He does not *investigate*—he takes refuge in general doubt.

Another way he has of side stepping the issue is to argue that in these days it is better economy to hang on to his old car. He knows how wasteful it is to run, yet he overlooks the fact that the Franklin saving in gasoline, tires and oil would more than carry his *investment* in a Franklin Car.

Perhaps he says he will meet conditions by using his car less. He forgets that while the average car is standing idle its *depreciation* offsets any reduction in running expense he could make.

He ought to see that it is true conservation for him to put his motoring on a War basis *now;* clean up his old car proposition; take a fresh start and get an automobile that actually fits conditions as they are *today*.

War time thrift and economy are possible to every motorist without reducing his mileage or curtailing the use of his car. War time activity makes this fact of vital interest. Thousands of men are finding increased demands upon their time and more work for their automobile.

Franklin Holds World's Records for Thrift and Efficiency

The Thrift and Efficiency Standards of the Franklin Car are matters of public record.

On May 1st, 1914, in all parts of the country, 94 Franklin cars averaged 32.8 miles to the gallon of gasoline.

While May 1st, 1915, 137 Franklin Cars averaged 32.1 miles to gallon.

On July 13th, 1917, 179 Franklin cars established the remarkable average of *40.3 miles to the single gallon of gasoline.*

All records under Standard Efficiency Test Rules.

In the Yale University Fuel Economy Test, Professor Lockwood and Arthur B. Browne, M. E., established the fact that the Franklin Car uses *less* gasoline per mile than any other car with six or more cylinders.

On November 17th, 1915, a Franklin Car covered 1046 miles on a single gallon of oil—a run from New York to Chicago.

Right Now Is the Time for All Motorists to Investigate the Franklin

Franklin Economy and Efficiency as demonstrated by these records of low gasoline consumption, continue throughout the car. Franklin owners' individual *tire mileage reports*, for instance, over a period of five years, give a national average of 10,203 miles to the set.

The *value of the Franklin Car as an investment* is clearly shown every time you find a used Franklin for sale. It brings a 20% higher price than any other fine car in proportion to its first cost and the use it had. The time is close at hand when the motorist must choose between a restricted use of his car or meeting conditions in a *constructive way* with the economical Franklin.

Touring Car	2280 lbs.	$2050
Cabriolet	2485 lbs.	2850
Town Car	2610 lbs.	3200
Runabout	2160 lbs.	2000
Sedan	2610 lbs.	2950
Limousine	2620 lbs.	3200
Four-passenger Roadster	2280 lbs.	2050
Brougham	2575 lbs.	2900

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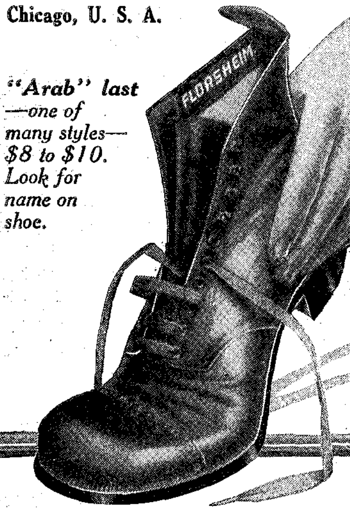

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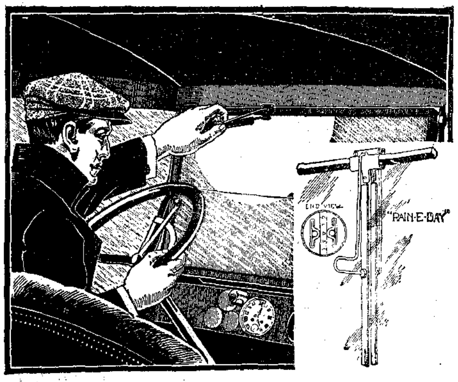

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N. Y. Central first 3½s	1997	80	4.41	74½	4.74
Norf. & West'n first 4s	1996	89⅝	4.48	86½	4.64
North'n Pac. prior lien 4s	1997	88¼	4.55	83⅞	4.79
Pennsylv'a consol. 4½s	1960	102½	4.37	99⅞	4.51
Sou. Pacific first ref. 4s	1955	85½	4.85	84	4.94
Union Pacific first 4s	1947	93	4.42	90⅞	4.56
NEXT GRADE RAILS					
Atchison adjustm't 4s	1995	82	4.90	77⅞	5.16
Ches. & Ohio gen. 4½s	1992	84¾	5.33	79⅜	5.69
C., R. I. & Pac. gen. 4s	1983	80⅞	4.99	76¾	5.26
Col. & South'n ref. 4½s	1935	80	6.39	76¾	6.80
D. & R. G. first con. 4s	1936	71½	6.72	67¼	7.22
Erie R.R. prior lien 4s	1996	80	5.02	77½	5.19
Kansas City So. ref. 5s	1950	86⅛	5.98	79⅝	6.52
St. L., I. M. & S. gen. 5s	1931	97¼	5.30	94¼	5.63
Sou. Rwy. first cons. 5s	1994	98¼	5.08	93	5.38
Virginian Rwy. first 5s	1962	94⅞	5.30	92½	5.45
PUBLIC UTILITY BONDS					
Cal. Gas & Electric 5s	1937	95⅛	5.40	92⅛	5.66
Detr. Un. first con. 4½s	1932	81	6.56	75	7.34
Interb. R. T. first ref. 5s	1966	92¾	5.43	84¾	5.96
Montana Power first 5s	1943	96¼	5.27	90	5.75
N. Y. Gas & Elec. 5s	1948	98⅞	5.01	98	5.13
N. Y. Teleph. first 5s	1939	94	5.47	93⅞	5.48
Pacific T. & T. first 5s	1937	96¾	5.27	93½	5.57
Pub. Serv. N. J. gen. 5s	1959	87	5.84	84	6.06
South'n Bell Tel. 1st 5s	1941	96⅝	5.26	94⅝	5.41
Third Ave. first ref. 4s	1960	65¾	6.36	62½	6.68
INDUSTRIAL BONDS					
Armour Co. first 4½s	1939	90½	5.24	89	5.37
Beth. Steel first ref. 5s	1942	99⅜	5.04	90	5.78
Cent. Lea. Co. 5s	1925	99⅞	5.02	95⅜	5.78
Distillers Securities 5s	1927	62	11.34	76	8.63
General Electric deb. 5s	1952	101½	4.91	99	5.06
Indiana Steel first 5s	1952	101⅝	4.90	98	5.12
Liggett & Myers 5s	1951	99	5.06	94	5.38
Rep. Ir. & St. first 5s	1940	100⅛	4.99	96½	5.27
U. S. Steel Cor. s. f. 5s	1963	104⅞	4.73	100⅜	4.98
Va. Car. Chem. first 5s	1923	97½	5.46	94	6.00

"Some extensive declines in prices are here shown. Among the rails, Atchison general 4s are off 4½ points; Baltimore & Ohio gold 4s 5½; Burlington general 4s 5⅞, and Kansas City Southern refunding 5s 6½. Average declines compare as follows, taking the average prices by groups:

	June 15	*Oct. 29*	*Off*
10 highest grade rails	89.77	85.94	3.83
10 second grade fails	85.56	81.49	4.07
10 public utilities	90.41	86.84	3.57
10 industrials	95.64	93.22	2.42
Combined aver. 40 bonds	90.34	86.87	3.47

"While the smallest average recessions were in the public utility and industrial lists, the most extensive individual declines were in those groups. For instance, Interborough Rapid Transit 5s dropt 8 points and Bethlehem Steel refunding 5s 9⅜. But one issue of the entire forty recorded an advance—that was the Distillers Securities 5s, which rose 14 points, due to the special circumstances affecting the company as result of the shutting-off of the production of whisky, thus giving a greater value to the stocks on hand. N. Y. Telephone 1st 5s lost but an eighth."

WAR'S EFFECTS IN SOLIDIFYING BRITISH FINANCES

George Foster Peabody has recently given further publicity to an analysis of British war-expenditures, made by an English business man, in which it is shown that the war has had a notable influence in solidifying the nation's finances. He cites the policy of paying as it goes as an embodiment of the nation's rule to fight hard and honestly to the end that "the foundations of peace shall be well and truly laid, financially and otherwise." This analysis sets forth also the magnitude of the sacrifices the British people have made. According to this writer's figures, as summarized by the New York *Times Annalist*, in the two years and eight months of war, the British raised by taxation $5,682,000,000, of which $2,575,000,000 was the amount above normal peace revenues, and this could be listed as war-taxation. In this period—August 1, 1914, to April 1, 1917—the total expenditures of the Government were $21,278,000,000, and the increase in Government cash balances $107,000,000. The normal peace expenditure for this period would have been $2,760,000,000. Hence the writer estimates the actual war-expenses at $18,625,000,000 for a period of two years and eight months; roughly, an average of $7,000,000,000 a year. This sum included $4,800,000,000 of advances to Allies and Dominions, which presumably will be paid back after the war; so that England's war-expenses on her own account, for the period named, were $13,825,000,000.

The English writer is then quoted directly on his subject as follows:

"Leaving out of account altogether peace revenue and peace expenditure, we can see that against $18,625,000,000 of war-expenditure there have been raised $2,575,000,000 of extra war-taxes—a portion of $1 of purely war-tax to $7.23 of purely war-expenditure. Taking the total spent during the period of the war on all services and comparing it with the total sum raised by war-taxes ($21,278,000,000 and $5,410,000,000, respectively), we get a proportion of $1 raised by taxation to $3.93 spent on all accounts. If we rule out of the expenditure the loans to Allies, etc., we get a proportion of $1 raised by taxation to $2.56 spent on all accounts except that of loans. Both the economist of whatever nationality and the patriotic Britisher may safely contemplate these figures with satisfaction.

"The estimates for the year which will end on March 31, 1918—estimates made on the hypothesis that the war will go on throughout that period—show that the same conservative financial policy as before is to be maintained. The levy on war-profits is raised from 60 to 80 per cent., and with the help of an additional duty on tobacco the revenue of the United Kingdom for the year should amount to $3,190,000,000. But part of this revenue, the excess-profits duty, will not be available after the war, and thus the framer of the first peace budget will lose $1,000,000,000 of annual revenue on the present scale. He may also expect to lose some $90,000,000 of special war-revenue from other sources. This will leave a budget-maker a reasonable expectation of $2,100,000,000 of revenue.

"This will provide, with a small margin, for war-pensions and other permanent additions to expenditure, for the maintenance of ordinary expenditure by the Government on the same level as before the war, and for putting the whole of the debt on a 5½ per cent. basis. Now, the actual average rate at which money has been borrowed has been 4¾ per cent., and on this basis of 5½ per cent. it would be possible to redeem the whole of the war-loans issued for Great Britain's own account in under forty-three years. This is supposing the war to last till March 31, 1918, and is making no allowance for the recovery of normal revenue from such services as the post-office when peace conditions return.

"The extent of this financial effort made by Great Britain is of essential interest to all who wish to form a fair judgment of the nature of the war. Particularly is this the case when one bears in mind that the financial effort has gone side by side with a military effort for which no one in Great Britain was, before the war, prepared, and that in a country governed by representative democratic institutions want of national unanimity quickly shows itself in the failure of the Government to obtain the funds necessary for its plans. But of still greater interest is the method by which a belligerent country raises the funds it has been necessary to spend. If we find a country following the advice of the last German Finance Minister, that, 'As things are, the only method seems to —

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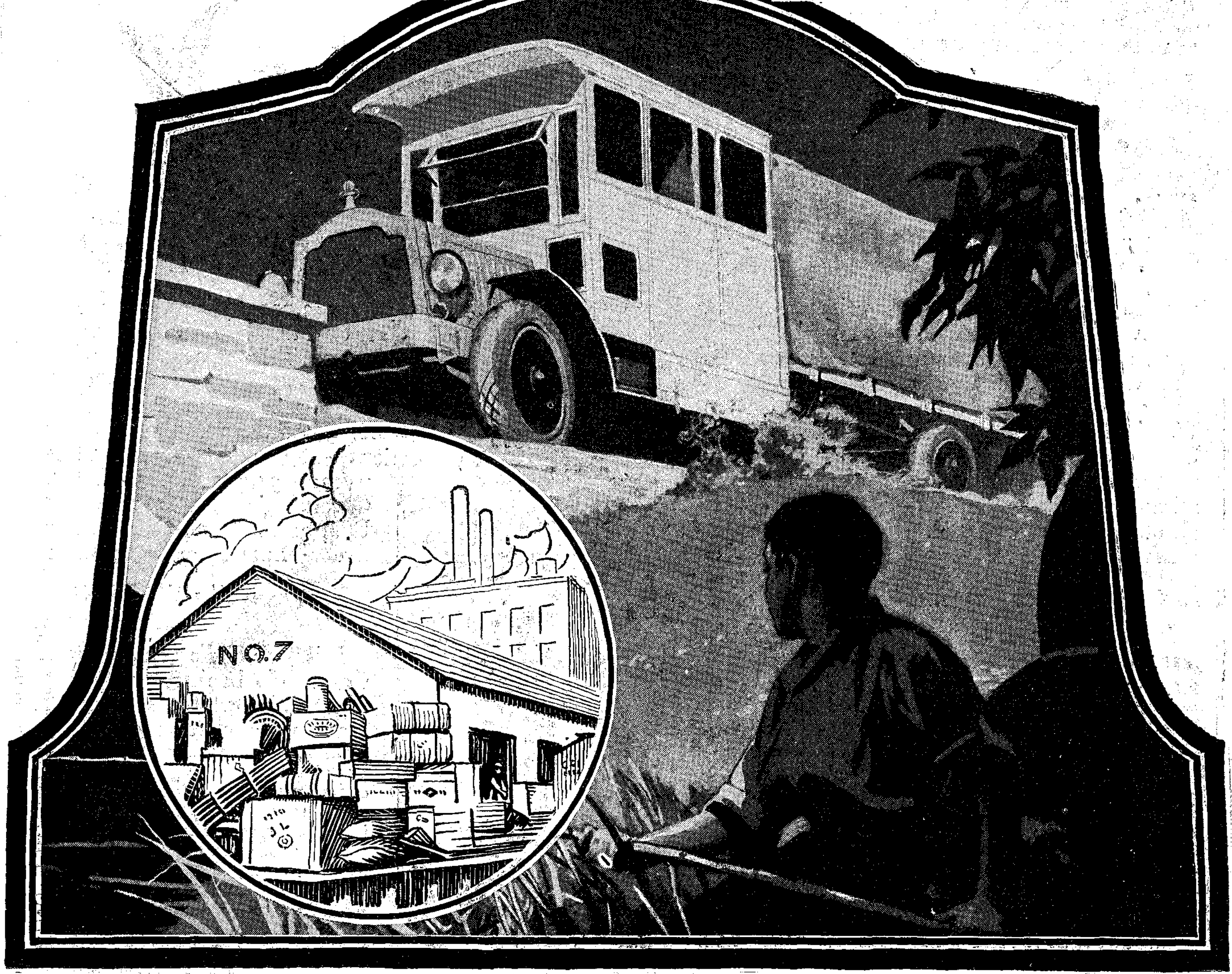

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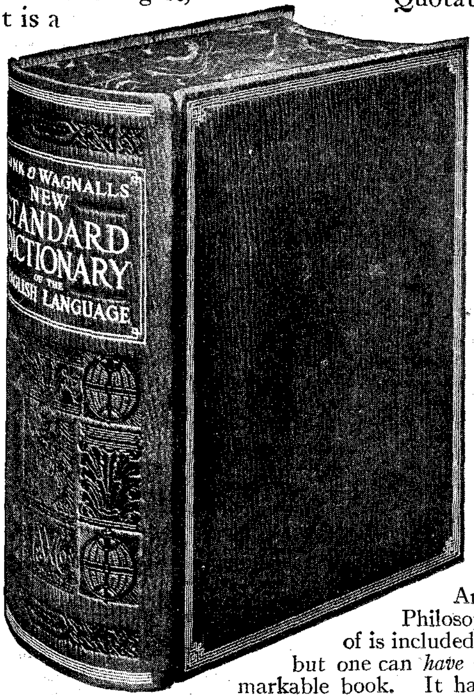

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FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, 354 Fourth Ave., New York be to leave the settlement of the war-bill to the conclusion of peace and the time after peace has been concluded,' we can usually assume that there is something wrong. For, unless invasion or some similar military cause has dislocated the economic life of a nation, failure to meet a good proportion of the war-bill out of taxation has always indicated that the nation in question is either gambling wildly on quick victory or has not sufficient confidence in its Government to face the economic facts.

"President Wilson rightly laid stress on the necessity for meeting as much of the war-costs as possible out of revenue, and this has been the policy of Great Britain for over two and a half years of hard fighting. As a former British Chancellor of the Exchequer said, 'When on examination it appears that we never borrow a pound without making provision in advance by new taxation sufficient to cover both interest and a liberal sinking-fund, the foundations upon which alone national credit can be built up are exposed to view.'

"Compare the position in this regard in Germany with that of England. If peace comes a year hence, supposing no indemnities on either side, the English taxpayer will have no fresh burdens to face. The German taxpayer, on the other hand, will have to pay thrice as much as before the war, unless his Government is to meet its annual deficit by fresh borrowing to meet interest on old ones—this, too, when all Germany's economic strength will be required to restore the depleted German reichsmark as a necessary preliminary to the rebuilding of German foreign trade.

"Here business men who are normally unconcerned with politics can detect another of the many reasons which in Germany, and not in England, induce the Government to keep the people ignorant of the financial situation until the last desperate throw has been made. The British Government's receipts for 1917-18 will show an increase of $2,150,000,000 compared with the last year of peaceful conditions; the receipts of the German Government an increase of $310,000,000. Which of these nations is facing the facts?

"The proof that Britain's financial effort has been made cleverly as well as energetically lies in the fact that despite everything British credit abroad is maintained. Before America came into the war the New York financial market was open to all European borrowers alike. Up to the end of 1916 American bankers and investors had extended to Great Britain, on the merits of British credit, $1,125,000,000 of loans; to Germany they had loaned $20,000,000. There was no need for Americans to lend this money to England if they doubted the security, for America was not yet pledged to the overthrow of Prussian militarism and autocracy. British finance got what help it needed on its merits, just as American finance got the help of London and Paris in 1907, because England and France believed in the ultimate solvency of the United States.

"Another instance that may be taken to show the soundness of British methods is the text of exchange. Amsterdam is near enough to both England and Germany and in close enough relations with both, to make the comparison a fair one. The English pound, since the war broke out, has never shown a depreciation of as much as 11 per cent. in Amsterdam, and subsequently it has recovered to a depreciation of only 3 per cent. The German mark by the middle of April, 1917, showed a depreciation of 37½ per cent. in the same city, and this depreciation was also the greatest since the war began, there being apparently little or no power of recovery."

HEAVIEST OF ALL BANK-CLEARINGS IN OCTOBER

Bank-clearings in September showed repression, but in October they more than made up the ground lost. Bank-clearings always tend upward in October, "but the significant fact in respect to last month's operations," says *Bradstreet's*, "is that the total swept away any previous record." This development, according to the same authority, "was superinduced by the outpouring of subscriptions for the second Liberty Loan, by high prices for commodities, activity in industry, large governmental orders, and relatively favorable movements in the larger lines of trade." Bank-clearings for October aggregated $27,976,336,376, or an increase of 15 per cent. over September of 3.2 per cent. over the preceding high point, established in December, 1916, and of 9.5 per cent. over October last year, "when payments were also exceptionally heavy." The writer adds other interesting facts in detail:

"Twenty-four of the leading centers outside of New York show up record totals, Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia, St. Louis, Pittsburg, Kansas City, New Orleans, Atlanta, Baltimore, San Francisco, Richmond, Seattle, and Minneapolis being conspicuous with new high levels. New York City's total for October, $15,723,393,638, does not equal by any means the record of $16,935,000,000 registered in December of last year, nor does the showing measure up to that for June of this year, but the exhibit is the best ever established in October, and the total payments last month exceeded those of September by 13 per cent., and contrast with October of last year reveals a gain of a small fraction of 1 per cent. Outside of New York payments for the month of October aggregate $12,252,942,738, by far the largest total ever recorded, and a sum that eclipses September's to the extent of 23 per cent., while disclosing a rise of 25 per cent. over that for October, 1916. In the annexed monthly record high points for a number of cities are given:

New York	December, 1916	$16,935,607,252
Chicago	October, 1917	2,267,387,502
Boston	October, 1917	1,176,956,075
Philadelphia	October, 1917	1,569,400,621
St. Louis	October, 1917	681,756,827
Pittsburg	October, 1917	359,437,897
Kansas City	October, 1917	812,990,180
San Francisco	October, 1917	460,461,516
Minneapolis	October, 1917	192,165,000
Baltimore	October, 1917	212,223,741
Cincinnati	July, 1917	185,882,087
New Orleans	October, 1917	208,124,466
Cleveland	July, 1917	365,364,877
Detroit	May, 1917	244,102,000
Omaha	October, 1917	203,149,223
Louisville	January, 1917	105,675,781
St. Paul	November, 1915	79,253,855
Seattle	October, 1917	123,160,000
Milwaukee	October, 1917	126,192,347
Atlanta	October, 1917	219,492,458
Denver	October, 1917	106,670,532
Buffalo	October, 1917	94,589,626
Providence	October, 1917	55,378,400
Portland, Ore.	October, 1917	168,442,951
Duluth	November, 1915	55,329,242
Indianapolis	January, 1917	60,600,000
Savannah	October, 1917	64,175,114
Memphis	October, 1917	73,800,000
Richmond	July, 1917	162,274,000
St. Joseph	March, 1917	76,922,000
Salt Lake City	October, 1917	74,169,379
Spokane	October, 1917	39,531,000

"Following are the aggregates of clearings monthly at all cities, compared with the like periods in four preceding years:

[Six figures omitted.]

	1917	*1916*	*1915*	*1914*	*1913*
January	$25,433	$19,994	$13,429	$16,100	$16,090
February	21,471	18,159	11,865	12,770	13,481
March	24,582	20,598	13,790	14,148	13,985
1st quarter	$71,486	$58,751	$39,084	$43,018	$43,556
April	$24,821	$19,233	$14,963	$14,791	$14,153
May	26,120	20,547	14,574	13,061	13,980
June	26,543	20,512	14,064	13,841	13,580
2d quarter	$77,484	$60,292	$43,601	$41,693	$41,713

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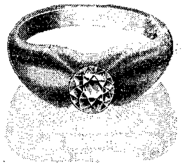

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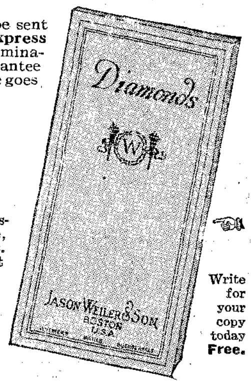

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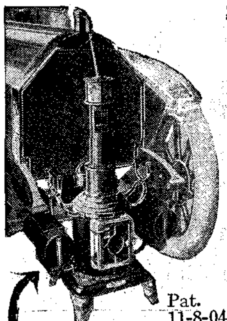

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[Six figures omitted.]

	1917	1916	1915	1914	1913
July	$25,491	$19,292	$14,875	$14,385	$13,422
August	24,907	19,659	14,234	9,840	12,260
September	23,818	22,659	15,348	9,927	13,293
3d quarter	$74,116	$61,610	$44,457	$34,152	$38,975
October	$27,976	$25,503	$20,101	$11,624	$15,551
November	......	26,610	19,297	10,982	13,742
December	......	27,075	20,236	12,540	14,537
4th quarter	......	$79,188	$59,634	$35,146	$43,830
Gd. total	......	$259,841	$186,776	$154,009	$168,074

"In the following table figures for the country outside of New York are shown:

[Six figures omitted.]

	1917	1916	1915	1914	1913
January	$10,306	$7,664	$6,138	$6,725	$6,752
February	8,677	7,055	5,369	5,529	5,686
March	10,353	8,050	6,219	6,300	6,100
1st quarter	$29,336	$22,769	$17,726	$18 554	$18,538
April	$10,169	$7,610	$6,145	$6,243	$6,095
May	10,536	7,986	5,939	5,825	6,015
June	10,444	7,958	6,048	6,000	5,826
2d quarter	$31,149	$23,554	$18,132	$18,068	$17,936
July	$10,305	$7,853	$6,188	$6,204	$6,076
August	10,228	7,891	5,697	5,257	5,496
September	9,934	8,303	6,086	5,301	5,840
3d quarter	$30,467	$24,047	$17,971	$16,762	$17,412
October	$12,253	$9,792	$7,369	$6,010	$6,860
November	......	9,972	7,468	5,583	6,156
December	......	10,139	7,905	6,013	6,537
4th quarter	......	$29,903	$22,742	$17,606	$19,553
Gd. total	......	$100,273	$76,571	$70,990	$73,439

"The following table shows the returns for New York City by months:

[Six figures omitted.]

	1917	1916	1915	1914	1913
January	$15,127	$12,327	$7,288	$9,372	$9,339
February	12,794	11,106	6.482	7,237	7,795
March	14,229	12,548	7,566	7,849	7,886
1st quarter	$42,150	$35,981	$21,336	$24,458	$25,020
April	$14,652	$11,622	$8,812	$8,548	$8,055
May	15,583	12,560	8,635	7,238	7,963
June	16,099	12,553	8,025	7,844	7,753
2d quarter	$46,334	$36,735	$25,472	$23,630	$23,772
July	$15,185	$11,439	$8,695	$8,180	$7,344
August	14,679	11,767	8,537	4.581	6,762
September	13,883	14,356	9,264	4,628	7,456
3d quarter	$43,747	$37,562	$26,496	$17,389	$21,562
October	$15,723	$15,711	$12,739	$5,609	$8,693
November	15,723	16,653	11,829	5,399	7,587
December	......	16,936	12,331	6,529	7,999
4th quarter	....	$49,300	$36,899	$17,537	$24,279
Gd. total	......	$159,578	$110,204	$83,018	$94,634

"Changes in clearings in July, August, September, and October are shown by sections in the following table, comparisons being with the corresponding months in 1916:

	Inc., July, 1917	*Inc., Aug., 1917*	*Inc., Sept., 1917*	*Inc., Oct., 1917*	*Inc., Ten mos.*
New England	25.5	34.0	17.5	17.7	17.0
Middle	32.0	25.6	*.9	2.4	18.8
Western	34.9	31.5	18.2	15 0	30.1
Northwestern	26.5	18.3	14.4	19.4	25.4
Southwestern	43.6	37.7	28.5	38.4	40.6
Southern	31.3	32.1	22.4	34.4	26.2
Far-western	42.2	36.0	21.6	35.5	35.8
Total, United States	32.1	26.7	5.1	9.6	21.8
New York City	32.7	24.7	*3.6	.07	17.4
Outside New York	31.2	29.6	19.6	25.0	28.7
Canadian	15.7	12.6	11.5	27.0	23.1

*Decrease.

"Examination of the above ratios of change in October this year, as compared with that month last year, discloses the fact that the Middle group has the smallest increase, only 2.4 per cent.; on the other hand, the Southwest, South and far West contribute gains of 38.4 per cent., 34.4 per cent., and 35.5 per cent., respectively.

"For ten months ending with October bank-clearings at all centers aggregate $251,147,814,073, a gain of 21.8 per cent. over the corresponding time last year. New York City's total, $147,957,247,192, reflects an increase of 17.4 per cent., while for the country outside of the metropolis the showing for ten months, $103,190,566,881, discloses a rise of 28.7 per cent. over the ten months ending with October, 1916."

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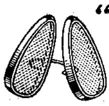

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THE LEXICOGRAPHER'S EASY CHAIR

In this column, to decide questions concerning the current use of words, the Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter.

Readers will please bear in mind that no notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

"H. E. K.," Los Angeles, Cal.—"'Then Leland smiled a smile as weird as were the face of Rameses II. should he, at his *post-mortem* age, indulge in mirth.' An editor, in publishing one of my short stories, objected to the *were* in the foregoing sentence. What is the matter with it?"

You should have preserved concord of tenses. Had Leland packed his troubles in his own kit-bag, and smiled a different kind of smile, the editor might have been contented with "would be" as a substitute for "were."

"M. G. S.," St. Louis, Mo.—Verdun is 43 miles west of Metz, and, as the crow flies, 138½ miles from Paris.

"C. E. W.," Berkeley, Cal.—"I wish to correct a very common error made in your answer to 'P. D.,' in the LEXICOGRAPHER'S EASY CHAIR in your issue of September 15, 1917. *Diego* does not mean *James* at all. It is the Spanish for *Didacus* (in Latin), a saint whose feast day is celebrated on the 13th of November."

"H. H.," Silver City, N. Mex.—"If *Diego* is translated *James* in English, it is a great mistake, since *Diego* and *Jacobo* are two different personages. *James*, Spanish *Jacobo*, or *Santiago*, Latin *Jacobus*, French *Jacques*, is one of the Apostles. *Diego*, Latin *Didacus*, French, *Didace*, was a Friar Minor. I think that the mistake of translating *Diego* by *James* comes from the similarity of the words *San Diego* and *Santiago*."

The answer given by the LEXICOGRAPHER is supported by the NEW STANDARD DICTIONARY, which, under *Diego*, page 707, says: "A Spanish personal name, the equivalent of *James*," and on page 1311, under *James*, where it gives, as the Portuguese forms, *Jayme* and *Diogo*, and the Spanish forms *Diego*, *Jago*, and *Jaime*. THE STANDARD is supported by the "New English Dictionary," published at Oxford University, which in volume 3, page 337, says: "Spanish *Diego*, the name *James* being that of the patron saint of Spain." These works are supported also by the following English-Spanish and Spanish-English Dictionaries: Neumann and Barretti, fifth edition, 1837, page 877; Lopes and Bensley, 1877 and 1882, pages 258, 365, and 655; Velazquez de la Cadena, 1889, page 674; Cuyas, 1903, page 582; Barwick, 1908, page 409; Elwes, 1910, page 600; Angeli and McLaughlin, 1911, page 270. In addition the new edition of Lopes and Bensley, which is based on Velazquez de la Cadena, and the Spanish Dictionaries of Terreros, Salva, Dominguez, Seoane, and others, which has recently been revised by Señor de la Torre, on page 364, column 1, gives the following: "*Iago*, James." "The Catholic Encyclopedia," volume 13, page 353, enters the following: "*St. James of Compostela* (Santiago de la Espada). . . . The name [of] the national patron of Spain, St. James the Greater, under whose banner the Christians of Galicia began in the ninth century to combat and drive back the Mussulmans of Spain."

"E. J. B.," Clinton, Iowa.—The word *timber-yard* has come down to us from the Anglo-Saxon and has acquired a very respectable age. Its synonym, *lumber-yard*, is of much later date; in fact, it is at least seven hundred years younger. The lumberman's place is frequently no longer a yard, but a building. Therefore, a word that might be defined "a building or other place or establishment fitted with machinery, where goods are stored, and in which a certain industry is carried on" may cover modern needs. Such a word is *mill*, and with this sense it has been in use since 1502. *Lumber-mill* seems as good a word as can be used. Among other words already in use are the following: *lumber-office*, 1687; *timber-works*, 1703; *lumber-house*, 1728. There is in addition, *lumber-works*. All these are terms well recognized in the English language, and the LEXICOGRAPHER doubts the wisdom of trying to introduce another term by coinage in view of the fact that it takes many years to familiarize the public with such terms. The profession of the lumberman is one with which *lumber-mill* or

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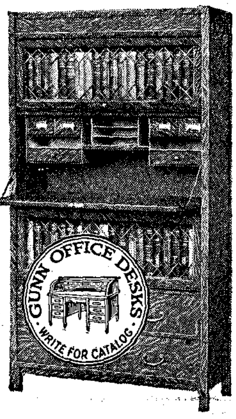
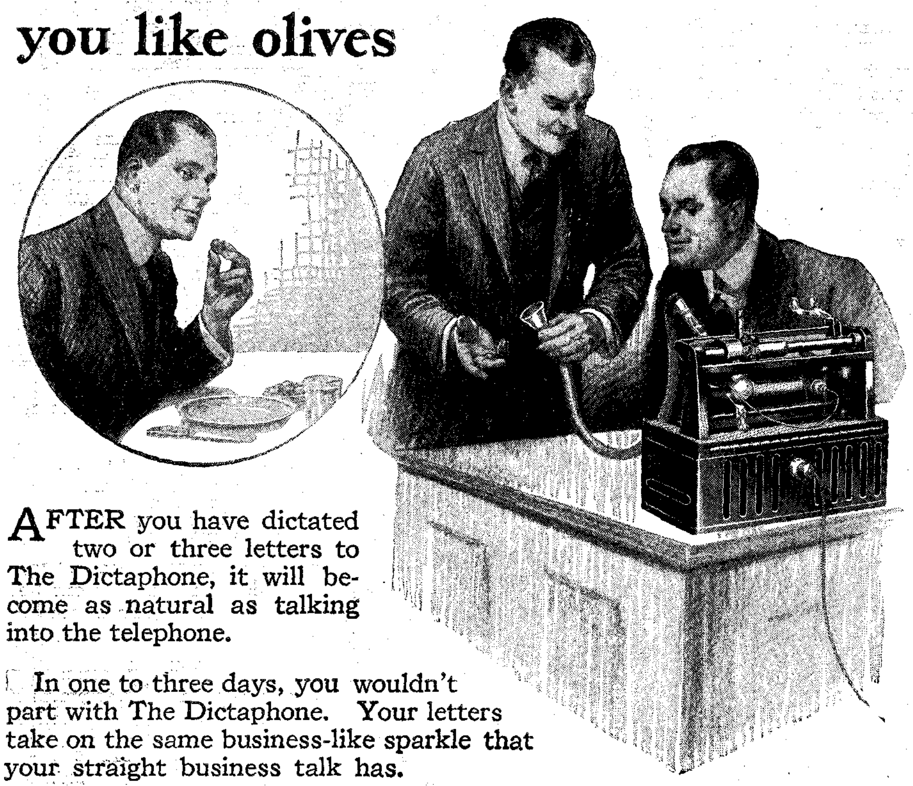


You have to eat three olives before you like olives



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yard has been associated for years. Few men following this profession would care to have the place called a *timbery* or a *lumbery* on the analogy of *grocery* or *bakery*.

It is not, of course, the province of a lexicographer to assist in coining words. He is a mere recorder, and it is his duty to place on record such words as have been used in his time by persons who are qualified by their profession or calling to use them. The following may serve to show how widely the terms *lumber-yard* or *timber-yard* differ in foreign languages: Dutch, *timmerwerf* or *houttuin;* French, *chantier;* German, *Zimmerhof;* Italian, *cantiere;* Japanese, *zaimokuya;* Latin, *materia aria;* Portuguese, *estancia de madeiras;* Spanish, *deposito de madera de construcción;* Swedish, *timmergaard*.

"W. P. P.," Mokpo, Korea.—(1) *Serail* is an obsolete form of *seraglio*. Both words may be found on page 2231 of the NEW STANDARD DICTIONARY in column 2. (2) English editions of American magazines invariably contain the same reading matter but not always the same advertisements. (3) Yes, THE LITERARY DIGEST is published in London, and can be obtained from our office, 133–134 Salisbury Square, Fleet Street, E. C.

"G. M. C. J.," Ramseur, N. C.—*Mother-of-pearl* is a hard, iridescent layer of various shells, as the pearl oyster, the abalone, etc. The shells are found in tropical seas. The Australian and Philippine products are perhaps the best, but excellent mother-of-pearl is obtained from shells found off the coasts of California, Ceylon, and Cuba.

"M. B.," Hamilton, Bermuda.—The word you seek is *œlurophobia*. It is defined as "abnormal dread of felines" (cats, etc.). The condition is not uncommon. Shakespeare ("Merchant of Venice," act iv, sc. 1) tells us that "some . . . are mad if they behold a cat." According to tradition Henry III. of France swooned whenever he caught sight of a cat. Napoleon Bonaparte had a morbid horror of them, so did also one the German Ferdinands.

"W. R. T.," Grand Prairie, Texas.—"Kindly tell me (1) the number of adherents in the Christian churches; (2) the percentage of illegitimate births in the leading nations; (3) the number of English-speaking people in the British Empire; (4) the proportions of foreign and colored elements in the population of the United States."

(1) 564,510,000. (2) Complete statistics are not available. The following percentages have been published: Carinthia, 37; Salzburg, 25; Styria, 24; Lower Austria, 22; Uruguay, 21; Sweden, 15; Mecklenburg, 14; Saxony, 14; Anhalt and Bavaria, 12; Denmark, 11.67; Brunswick, 11; Japan, 10; Alsace, German Empire, and Hungary, 9; France, 8.50; Prussia, Roumania, Tyrol, and Wurttemberg, 8; Baden, Norway, and Scotland, 7; Carniola, 6.50; Belgium and Hesse, 6; Tasmania, 5.75; Victoria, 5.71; New South Wales, 5.60; Oldenburg, Panama, Queensland, and Switzerland, 5; Western Australia, 4.50; Dalmatia, England, Italy, Schaumburg-Lippe, and South Australia, 4; Ireland, 3, and Holland, 2. Of births in Nova Scotia (1914–15) there were 13,171, of which 339 were illegitimate; and out of 12,040 in Panama (1915), 8,077 were illegitimate. (3) English is taught throughout the British Empire and it has been estimated that 150,000,000 people speak the language: United Kingdom, 50,000,000; Europe, 240,000; British America, 11,000,000; Australia, 7,000,000; Africa, 25,000,000; Asia (excepting India), 5,000,000; India (out of a total population of 315,000,000), 52,000,000 = 150,240,000. (4) The percentage of races of the United States at the last census was: White, 88.9; negro, 10.7; Indian, Chinese, and Japanese, 0.4. The percentage of the nationalities of the peoples was found to be: *British:* England, Scotland, and Wales, 9.0; Ireland, 10.0; Canada and Newfoundland, 9.0—28.0; Germany, 18.5; Russia and Finland, 12.8; Austria-Hungary, 12.4; Italy, 9.9; Norway, Sweden, and Denmark, 9.3; all others, 9.1.

"C. A. H.," Neligh, Neb.—"Please give me a list of the best art-centers of Europe, regardless of war."

Among the principal art-centers of Europe are Paris, Rome, Florence, Verona, Dresden, Munich, and Stuttgart.

"C. A.," Kine, Me.—The manner of registering at a hotel is a matter of temperament, not of rule. Some men write "John Smith and wife"; others "Mr. and Mrs. John Smith." Inasmuch as such registration is tacit evidence of agreement to occupy premises assigned it is purely a business transaction, and, therefore, should be done in one's name without trimmings.

"L. V. E.," Philadelphia, Pa.—"'His reckless driving will result in an accident *sooner or later.*' Is the phrase 'sooner or later' correct? Should it be 'soon or late'?"

"Sooner or later" means at some time or another, and is used usually to imply that some event is certain to happen at a future time. "Soon or late" means "at an early period or at a late one," as in Macaulay's lines from "Horatius":

Then out spake brave Horatius,
  The captain of the gate;
"To every man upon this earth
  Death cometh *soon or late.*
And how can man die better
  Than facing fearful odds
For the ashes of his fathers
  And the temples of his gods?"

"M. L. G.," North Yakima, Wash.—The answer to the question you ask depends on what you mean by "drugless physicians."

"J. H. H.," Boston, Mass.—The word *con-jure'* means "to appeal to solemnly; to call on in the name of a sacred person or thing," and is pronounced kon-zhur'—*o* as in "not" and *u* as in "rule." Its homolog *con'jure* means "to perform mysterious acts by pretended supernatural aid as by juggling," and is pronounced kun'zher—*u* as in "but" and *e* as in "over."

"W. P.," Fresno, Cal.—(1) The word *indelible* is spelled with an *i* to-day because John Milton's nephew, Edward Phillips, published a dictionary in 1658 under the title "The New World of English Words," in which he gave this spelling as the correct one notwithstanding the fact that Thomas Blount, a brother lexicographer, who had published his "Glossographia, or a Dictionary Interpreting . . . Hard Words," in 1656, printed the word *indeleble.* Although derived from the Latin *indelebilis,* the first record of the word as used in English, which has been found, credits Sir Thomas More with the spelling *indelible* in 1529. The two forms existed side by side in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, but after the publication of Phillips's Dictionary *indelible* was established. (2) The word *deraign,* which is obsolete except in law, means: 1. To prove; as to *deraign* the title. 2. To determine, as a claim, by judicial argument and decision. 3. To vindicate. 4. To derange; disorder. The word is derived from the Old French *deraisnier,* which means "to render a reason or account of; explain; plead; defend."

"M. N.," Hillsboro, Ohio.—"Can you tell me anything about the following superstitions: (1) spilling salt; (2) ill-omen if a black cat crosses one's path; (3) whistling in a theater? Are there any other superstitions connected with the stage?"

(1) Knowlson in his "Origins of Popular Superstitions and Customs," says that nobody can say why it is accounted an unlucky omen to spill salt. The superstition may perhaps be traced to Bible times: "And Abimelech fought against the city all that day; and he took the city, and slew the people that was therein, and beat down the city, and *sowed it with salt*" (*Judges* ix : 45). From the Book of the Prophet Jeremiah (xvii : 5–6) we learn: "Thus saith the Lord: Cursed be the man that trusteth in man . . . and whose heart departeth from the Lord. For he shall be like the heath in the desert, and shall not see when good cometh; but shall inhabit the parched places in the wilderness, in *a salt land* and not inhabited." In these times it was customary to draw plows over the walls of conquered cities and to strew salt over the place. There is also the story of Lot and his wife (Gen. xix : 17–26): "Escape for thy life; look not behind thee . . . escape to the mountain, lest thou be consumed. . . . But his wife looked back . . . and she became a pillar of salt."

(2) Black cats for *good luck* is the superstition, probably because the cat is a very old symbol of Liberty, for it is enemy to all constraint. It was held in such veneration by the ancient Egyptians that whoever killed a cat, even by accident, suffered death as a punishment. The Roman Goddess of Liberty was represented as holding a cup in one hand, a broken scepter in the other, with a cat lying at her feet.

(3) There are many superstitions connected with the stage. To whistle in a theater is believed to bring the worst luck in the world—why the Lexicographer does not know. Actors in vaudeville are said to believe it bad luck to change any costume in which they have achieved success. To hum the Witches' Song in "Macbeth" is to cast an evil spell over one's associates. There was once a strong superstition against speaking the last lines of a play at a rehearsal. To upset one's make-up box; to let another person look into a mirror over one's shoulder; to allow a musician to play in the orchestra on a yellow clarinet, these are all ill-omens of stageland.

"C. J. H.," Hueneme, Cal.—(1) The lines:

They sang of love, but not of fame,
  Forgot was Britain's glory;
Each heart recalled a different name,
  But all sang "Annie Laurie."

are from William Cullen Bryant's poem, "A Song of the Camp." (2) An "immigrant" is one who *comes into* a country as distinguished from an "emigrant," one who *goes out* of it.

"W. J. C.," Lexington, Ky.—In commercial usage an *advice* is a notification, as of shipment of goods. In the postal service it is a notification bearing the names and addresses of the remitter and payee of a money-order together with the amount. In its general sense, however, *advice* is "something said or written as counsel, recommendation, or warning." The word is not synonymous with *information* in this sense; for, in general, information is "knowledge acquired by observation, study, reading, and conversation."

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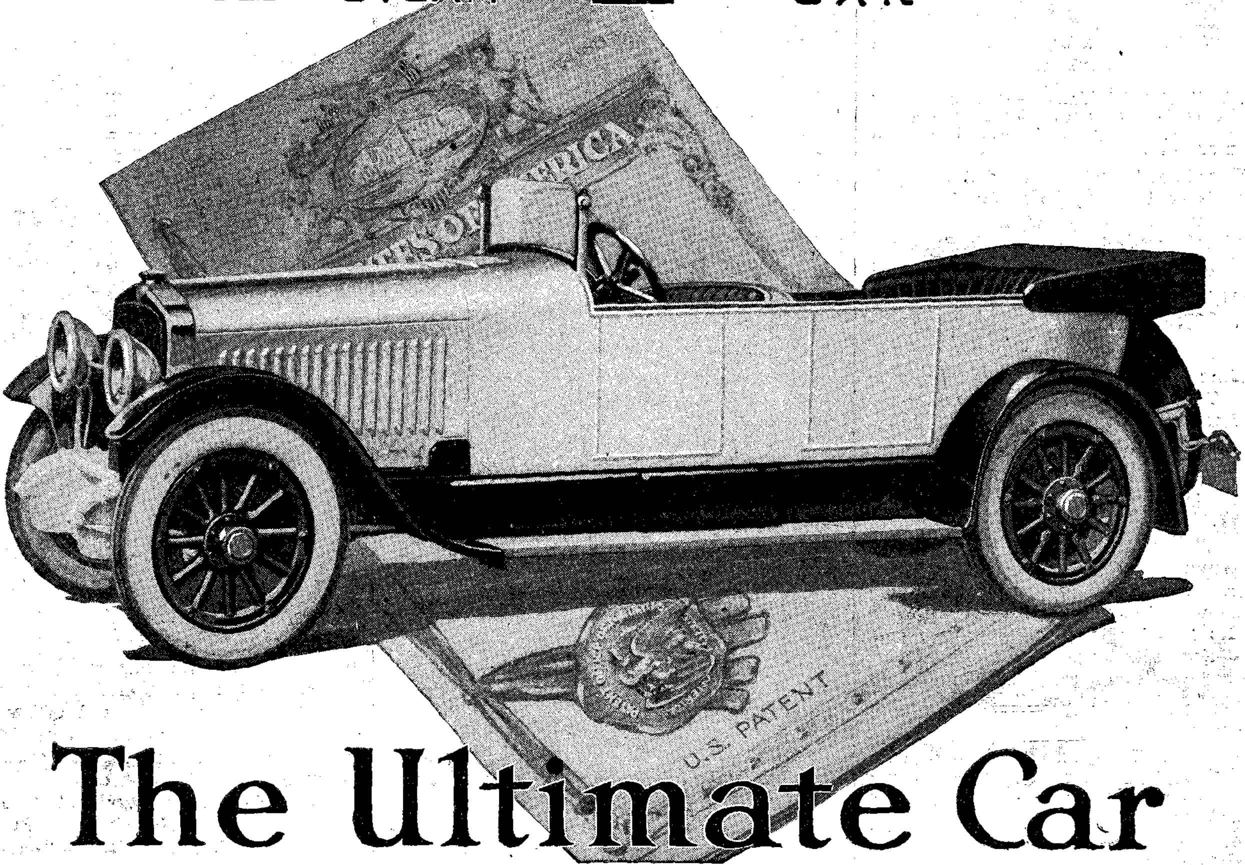

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